The Illustrated July 1980 65p

LONDON NEWS



Chris Brasher
THE LAST OLYMPICS?

E.R. Chamberlin
LITERARY VILLAGES: SELBORNE

Adrian Hope
THE VIDEO REVOLUTION

Charles Allen

MARINES IN THE ARCTIC

Photographs by Richard Cooke



MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
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The Illustrated DON

Number 6984 Volume 268 July 1980

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Victoria's Children



Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa Princess Royal of Great Britain, Empress of Germany 1840-1901



Albert Edward Prince of Wales, Future King Edward VII 1841-1910



Alice Maud Mary Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Saxony, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt 1843-1878



Alfred Ernest Albert Duke of Edinburgh, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha 1844-1900



Helena Augusta Victoria Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein 1846-1923



Louise Caroline Alberta Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Argyll 1848-1939

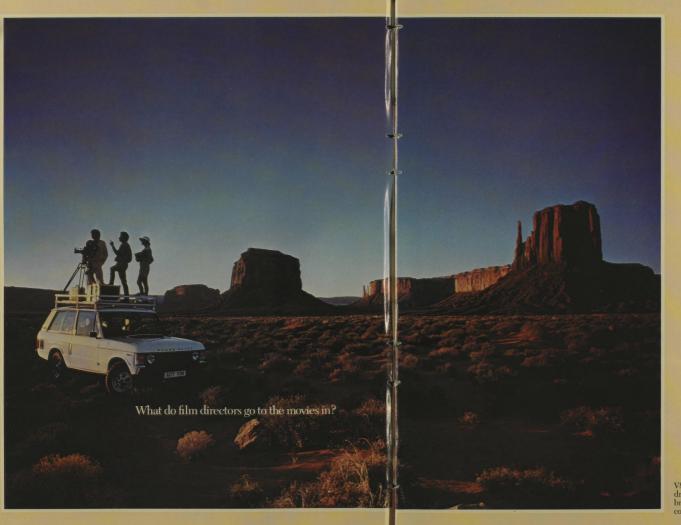


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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

After Magritte/The Real Inspector Hound. Two plays by Tom Stoppard, directed by Jeremy James Taylor. Young Vic, The Cut, SEI. Until July 21.

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Anna Christie. Last year's production from Stratford's The Other Place of Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Jonathan Lynn. With Fulton MacKay, Susan Tracy & Gareth Thomas. Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2. Until July 22.

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace*, *SW1*.

The Arbor. Expanded version of Andrea Dunbar's play about events surrounding a 15-year-old's pregnancy, from the 1980 Young Writers' Festival, directed by Max Stafford-Clark. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1. Until July 12.

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.

Barnardo. Musical written, composed & directed by Ernest Maxin, based on the life of the founder of the children's homes. With James Smillie, Fiona Fullerton & John Arnatt. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2.

Before the Party. Rodney Ackland, away for too long, returns with a revival of his splendid adaptation & expansion of a Somerset Maugham story: one about a widowed daughter who shocks her conventional family, between the wars, by announcing that she murdered her husband. Understanding performances by Jane Asher & Michael Gough, in particular. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave. WI.

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols's play about a curiously composed family may have a wider meaning. In the theatre it drifts along with one particularly apt performance by Barry Foster. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of Harlequinade. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.

Buried Child by Sam Shepard. Drama with Julie Covington & Stephen Rea, directed by Nancy Meckler. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. Cambridge, Earlham St., WC2.

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. Lyttelton.

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2*.

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2. Dr Faustus. Marlowe's tragedy, played by a cast

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's tragedy, played by a cast of eight, grows with the night though it is self-conscious at times. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2*.

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an ageing Shakespearian actor and his loyal dresser has settled into an applauded success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.

Educating Rita. New play by Willy Russell, directed by Mike Ockrent. Warehouse. Until July 25.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1*.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. Prince Edward, Old Compton St., W1. The Fatted Calf. New play by Jeremy Sandford. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1. Until July 6.

Jeeves Takes Charge, based on the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Devised, directed & performed by Edward Duke. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6*. Until July 12.

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; directed by Jim Sharman. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1. Until Aug 23.

John Bull's Other Island. Shaw's play about Anglo-Irish relationships, directed by Alan Strachan. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10. Until July 5. The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&-Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. Palladium, Argyll St, WI.

A Knight at the Bubble by Rony Robinson. Comedy directed by Bob Carlton. Bubble Theatre: Cheam Park, Sutton, July 1-19; Clapham Common, SW4, July 22-26; Blackheath, SE3, July 29-Aug 2.

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. The revival shows only that Frederick Lonsdale's mid-1920s comedy of epigram has slipped farther into the shadows. Chichester Festival Theatre, West Sussex. Until July 5.

The Life & Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. Stage adaptation by David Edgar of Dickens's comic novel, performed over two evenings. Directed by Trevor Nunn & John Caird, with Roger Rees, Ben Kingsley & Willoughby Goddard. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2. Until July 26. Macbeth. Sound and forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket*, *Haymarket*, *SW1*.

The Merchant of Venice. Revival of last year's production by George Murcell. St George's.

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave. W1.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The Bristol Old Vic Company in a production directed by Richard Cottrell. With Nickolas Grace, Clive Wood, Robert O'Mahoney & Meg Davies. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SEI, Until July 19.

Motherdear. Royce Ryton, in his Royal Family researches, has written competently about the stiflingly possessive Princess—later Queen—Alexandra and her unhappy daughter, Victoria. Ably performed by Margaret Lockwood, Polly James, and—in one sharply-imagined scene—Frank Barrie as Lord Rosebery. Ambassadors Theatre, West Street, WC2.

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. St Martin's, West St, WC2.

Much Ado About Nothing. The New Shakespeare Company with Bernard Bresslaw, Gary Raymond & Annabel Leventon, directed by David Conville. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NWI.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. Adelphi, Strand, WC2.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longestrunning comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. Strand, Aldwych, WC2.

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. Savoy, Strand, WC2.

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.

On the Twentieth Century. The title refers to the once famous luxury train which ran between Chicago & New York. Among its passengers in a highly agreeable American musical—which manages to fit a show-business narrative into the journey—are Julia McKenzie, superbly in control, & Keith Michell. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all

Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman. Trevor Nunn directs. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1*. Until Aug 16.

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. Olivier.

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Piccadilly*. Until Aug 6.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noel Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Rose. Glenda Jackson is entirely true & lucid as a harassed Midlands school-teacher in a taut civilized play by Andrew Davies. *Duke of York's*, St. Martin's Lane. WC2.

Rosencrantz & Guildenstern are Dead, by Tom Stoppard. Directed by Jeremy James Taylor. Young Vic. Until July 19.

Shadow of a Gunman, by Sean O'Casey. Directed by Michael Bogdanov, with Michael Pennington & Norman Rodway. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Sisterly Feelings. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Alan Ayckbourn & Christopher Morahan. With Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank, Michael Gambon, Stephen Moore, Anna Carteret & Penelope Wilton. Olivier.

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play; the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Ian Ogilvy & James Cossins are the principals. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.

The Suicide by Nicholai Erdman. Last year's production from The Other Place, directed by Ron Daniels. *Warehouse*. From July 31.

Terra Nova. Seeking to describe Scott's Antarctic expedition, a young American dramatist, Ted Tally, has interpolated too many confusing hallucinations & fantasies. But Hywel Bennett's Scott is a brave performance, & Peter Dews directs atmospherically. Chichester Festival Theatre. Until July 26.

They Shoot Horses Don't They? Ray Herman's play based on the novel by Horace McCoy, directed by Bob Carlton. *Bubble Theatre*.

Tom Fool. English version of Franz Xaver Kroetz's play about the effect of a father's unemployment on his family. Directed by Nancy Duguid, with Rachel Beck & Michael Packer. Half Moon, 27 Alie St, E1. Until July 19.

Tomfoolery. The words, music & lyrics of Tom Lehrer, with Robin Ray, Jonathan Adams, Martin Connor & Tricia George. Directed by Gillian Lynne. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.

Travelling North, by David Williamson, directed by Michael Blakemore. *Lyric, King St, W6*. Until July 5

Twelfth Night. Cherie Lunghi's Viola & John Woodvine's Malvolio are happiest in last year's self-indulgent revival by Terry Hands transferred from Stratford. The play opens during a hard winter in Illyria. Aldwych.

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's more testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruickshank & Eva Griffith as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl: Christopher Hampton's translation is new. Olivier.

First nights

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Directed by Celia Bannerman, with Bernard Bresslaw, Deborah Grant & John Gregg. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1. July 1-Aug 23.

Sweeny Todd. Musical based on the story of the demon barber of Fleet Street. With Denis Quilley & Sheila Hancock. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2*. July 2.

Hamlet. New production directed by John Barton, with Michael Pennington, John Bowe, Derek Godfrey & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks, July 2

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks. July 3.

Much Ado About Nothing. Directed by Peter Dews, with Christopher Neame, Gerald Harper & Gemma Jones. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex. July 8-Sept 19. The Strongest Man in the World by Barry Collins. An Open Space production directed by Nikolas Simmonds about the Russian authorities' search for a potential Olympic weight-lifting champion. Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1, July 8-26.

A Lesson from Aloes. Athol Fugard's drama about the effects of government repression on South Africans, performed by The Market Theatre of Johannesburg. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SEI. July 10.

The Long Adolescence. Roy Spencer's one-man show marking the 50th anniversary of D. H. Lawrence's death. *Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1*, July 14-20.

The Elephant Man by Bernard Pomerance. The story of John Merrick, exhibited as a freak in 19th-century London, and his rescue by the eminent surgeon Sir Frederick Treves. Directed by Roland Rees, with David Schofield, Arthur Blake, Peter McEnery, Jenny Stoller & Heather Tobias. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1. July 15.

A Short Sharp Shock . . . for the Government. An attack on today's Tory government by Howard Brenton & Tony Howard. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1. July 16.

Compagnie Philippe Genty, puppet theatre. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1. July 28-Aug 9.

Old Heads & Young Hearts by Dion Boucicault, adapted by Peter Sallis. Directed by Michael Simpson, with Judy Parfitt, Christopher Strauli, Lewis Fiander, Frank Windsor & Peter Sallis. Chichester Festival Theatre. July 29-Sept 20.

Androcles & the Lion. Shaw's comedy directed by Richard Digby Day, with Chris Harris, James Cairncross & Philippa Gail. *Open Air Theatre*. July 29-Aug 22.

I Have Been Here Before. A group of people reexamine their past in this play by J. B. Priestley performed by the Horseshoe Theatre Company, transferred from the Oxford Festival, Directed by Guy Slater. Old Vic, The Cut, SE1. July 30-Aug 23.

★ CINEMA★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All Quiet on the Western Front. New film version of Erich Maria Remarque's anti-war novel, directed by Delbert Mann. With Richard Thomas, Ernest Borgnine, Donald Pleasence, Ian Holm & Patricia Neal.

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all the way through.

American Gigolo. Thriller set in California with Richard Gere as a gigolo involved in a murder case. Written & directed by Paul Schrader.

... And Justice for All. "Let's kill all the lawyers," cried Shakespeare's Jack Cade. That's rather how one feels after this souped-up Norman Jewison melodrama in which justice is not even seen to be done. Al Pacino stars.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's nearmasterpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

Bad Timing. A complex, allusive account of an obsessive love affair set in modern Vienna. Nicolas Roeg directs & the result has the fascination of an animated mosaic.

Cattle Annie & Little Britches. Directed by Lamont Johnson, with Amanda Plummer & Diane Lane, the film is based on a true story of two teenage girls who went West in 1893 to meet famous outlaws.

City on Fire. Disaster film directed by Alvin Rakoff, with Barry Newman, Shelley Winters, Ava Gardner, Henry Fonda & James Franciscus.

Courage Let's Run. Comedy written, directed & produced by Yves Robert, with Jean Rochefort & Catherine Deneuve.

The Electric Horseman. Robert Redford as a retired cowboy saves a famous racehorse from a heartless corporation aided, and even abetted, by Jane Fonda. Seductive.

The Empire Strikes Back. The inevitable sequel to "Star Wars": a technological bore.

Les Enfants du Paradis. Recently acclaimed as the best French film ever made, this sumptuous recreation of the Paris of Louis-Philippe is essential viewing, whether for the first or the fifth time.

The Final Countdown. A modern American aircraft-carrier & its crew are transported back in time to take part in the battle of Pearl Harbour.

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BONDEN

Boyden International Ltd., 11-15 Arlington Street, London. SWIA 1RD Executive Search Consultants Directed by Don Taylor, with Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen & James Farentino.

The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle. Drama-documentary directed by Julien Temple about how the punk group the Sex Pistols swindled the record

Hide in Plain Sight. Directed by James Caan, the film is based on true events in a father's search for his two children, now that their mother is married to an informer given a new identity by the US police. With James Caan, Joe Grifasi & Jill Eikenberry.

Hurricane. Remake of the 1937 drama set in the South Pacific. Directed by Jan Troell, with Jason Robards & Mia Farrow.

Hussy. Written & directed by Matthew Chapman, with Helen Mirren as a hostess in a London night-club who falls in love with an American.

Jaguar Lives. Thriller about a special agent pursuing a gang of assassins. Directed by Ernest Pintoff, with Joe Lewis, Christopher Lee, Donald Pleasence & Barbara Bach.

The Jerk. Comedy about the rise & fall of the adopted son of a family of black American farm workers. Directed by Carl Reiner, with Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Catlin Adams & Mabel King.

King of the Gypsies. Relationships among three generations of a violent gypsy family. Directed by Frank Pierson, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon & Judd Hirsch.

Knife in the Head. An interesting German film about the exploitation, by right & left wings, of an incapacitated scientist. Bruno Ganz, a rising German star, gives a memorable performance as the stricken patient.

Kramer vs Kramer. Heart-wrenching but in the end life-affirming study of what happens when parents split & father is left bringing up the child: Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep & Justin Henry are superb.

The Last Married Couple in America. Romantic comedy with George Segal, Natalie Wood & Richard Benjamin, directed by Gilbert Cates.

Long Weekend. Australian thriller directed by Colin Eggleston where Nature threatens to destroy man. With John Hargreaves & Briony Behets.

Mirror. Andrei Tarkovsky's poetic, allusive account of growing up in Russia. The images are very eloquent; but piecing them together is often like doing a very difficult jigsaw.

Nijinsky. Based on the life of the Russian ballet dancer, starring George de la Peña as Nijinsky, with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne & Anton Dolin. Directed by Herbert Ross.

1941. Comedy directed by Steven Spielberg dealing with 24 hours in December, 1941, where the Americans open fire on their own troops under the misapprehension that they are being attacked by the Japanese. With John Belushi, Lorraine Gary & Christopher Lee.

North Sea Hijack. Will Roger Moore foil an attempt by dastardly villains to take over a British oil production platform? The answer (unsurpris-

ingly) is Yes.

Rocky II. The successful boxer played by Sylvester Stallone is forced into retirement on health grounds & fritters his winnings away before being goaded into a return bout with the world champion. Written & directed by Stallone & costarring Talia Shire & Burgess Meredith.

The Rose. The superbly talented Bette Midler redeems a hackneyed tale about the decline & fall of a late 1960s, Joplinesque superstar.

Saturn 3. Science-fiction thriller starring Farrah

Fawcett & Kirk Douglas. Directed by Stanley Donen.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Alan Alda's story of a man whose ambition begins to destroy his marriage. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Alan Alda, Barbara Harris & Meryl Streep.

Silver Dream Racer. Love story set in the world of international motorcycle racing. Directed by David Wickes, with David Essex, Beau Bridges & Cristina Raines.

SOS Titanic. Film based on the events of the ship's disastrous maiden voyage. Directed by Billy Hale, with David Janssen, Cloris Leachman, Susan St James, David Warner, Ian Holm & Helen Mirren. Starting Over. Alan Pakula's wryly romantic look at the problems of the divorced male with Jill Clayburgh in stunning form as a nervy nursery-school teacher.

Sweet William. A contemporary romance written by Beryl Bainbridge, directed by Claude Whatham. With Jenny Agutter & Sam Waterston.

10. Unfunny comedy about the male menopause in which Dudley Moore lumbers through some protracted sequences with Julie Andrews supplying love interest & Bo Derek sexual diversion.

The Tin Drum. Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlondorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

Tom Horn. Not many Westerns about these days but this elegiac one, directed by William Wiard, is both handsome & moving & stars Steve McOueen as an old hero facing a new era.

The Wanderers. Comedy about gang warfare set in 1963 New York. Directed by Philip Kaufman, with Ken Wahl, John Friedrich, Karen Allen &

★ BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent

Giselle, choreography Coralli/Perrot, music Adam, with Park, Wall, July 3; with Makarova, Dowell, July 5, 15; with Porter, Jefferies, July 21; with Collier, Jefferies, July 29; with Porter, Dowell, July 31.

Romeo & Juliet, choreography MacMillan, music Prokofiev, with Park, Wall, Coleman, July 7; with Collier, Baryshnikov, Wall, July 9, 14; with Kirkland, Dowell, Jefferies, July 10, 22; with Porter, Wall, Coleman, July 16; with Park, Eagling, Coleman, July 25.

Royal Ballet School performance: Concerto, Les Deux Pigeons. July 11.

Royal Ballet Gala: Divertissements with guests Kirkland, Baryshnikov, Makarova, Dowell. July

Enigma Variations, choreography Ashton, music with Mason/Eyre/Mason, Rencher, Collier/Jackson/Ellis, Dowell/Eagling/Coleman; Song of the Earth, choreography MacMillan, music Mahler, with Mason/Mason/Collier, Wall/Wall/Jefferies, Dowell/Eagling/Coleman. July 18, 19 2pm, July 19.

Manon, choreography MacMillan, music Massenet, with Penney, Eagling, Wall, July 23; with Makarova, Dowell, Coleman, July 24; with Penney, Eagling, Dowell, July 30.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa/Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky, with Makarova, Dowell, July 26 2pm; with Porter, Wall, July 26.

MERCE CUNNINGHAM & DANCE COM-PANY, Sadler's Wells Theatre, EC1:

Repertory of 11 ballets. June 30-July 5.

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave. EC1:

Three programmes, June 25-28.

NUREYEV FESTIVAL, London Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane, WC2:

Nureyev with the Zurich Ballet in his version of Don Quixote, June 24-July 1.

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme/Who Cares/Rubies.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour: Cinderella, Last of Three/Incognita/Ten Easy Pieces.

Theatr Clwyd, Mold. July 1-12. Cinderella.

Playhouse, Derby. July 15-19.

Key Theatre, Peterborough. July 21-26. Playhouse, Oxford. July 29-Aug 2.

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THEATRE on tour: Housewarming, Coppélia, Masquerade, Introduc-

tion to the Dance, Peter & the Wolf, Charades, Soirée Musicale, Street London, Castles in the Air. Leisure Centre, Ebbw Vale. July 8.

Coleg Harlech Arts Centre, Harlech, July 9. St Donat's Arts Centre, Llanwit Major, July 11-

The Hexagon, Reading. July 14-16.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2: Parsifal, conductor Sillem, with Peter Hofmann as

Parsifal, Kurt Moll as Gurnemanz, Gwynne Howell as Titurel, Franz Mazura as Klingsor, Norman Bailey as Amfortas, Yvonne Minton as Kundry, July 1.

Norma, conductor Gardelli, with Sylvia Sass as Norma, Agnes Baltsa as Adalgisa, Charles Craig as Pollione, Robert Lloyd as Oroveso. July 4, 8,

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Aida, La Vie Parisienne, The Damnation of Faust. The Coronation of Poppea, Count Ory. Season opens on July 31.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

Falstaff, conductor A. Davis, with Renato Capecchi as Falstaff, Ugo Trama as Pistol, Ber-

nard Dickerson as Bardolph, Claire Powell as Mrs Page, Teresa Cahill as Mrs Ford, Nucci Condò as Mistress Quickly, Lucia Aliberti as Nannetta, Max-René Cosotti as Fenton, Alberto Rinaldi as Ford, July 2, 4, 8,

Der Rosenkavalier, conductor Haitink, new production by John Cox, designed by Erté, with Felicity Lott as Octavian, Rachel Yakar as the Marschallin, Donald Gramm as Baron Ochs, Claudio Desderi as Faninal, Krisztina Laki as Sophie. July 5, 7, 10, 12, 16, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29, 31, Der Zauberflöte, conductor A. Davis/Haitink, Ryland Davies as Tamino, Stephen Dickson/Benjamin Luxon as Papageno, Norma Burrowes/Isobel Buchanan as Pamina, Rita Shane as the Queen of the Night, Francis Egerton as Monostatos, Willard White as the Speaker, Thomas Thomaschke as Sarastro. Meryl Drower as Papagena. July 6, 9, 11, 13, 18, 21, 24, 28.

Le fedeltà premiata, conductor Rattle, with Kate Flowers as Nerina, James Atherton as Lindoro, Ferruccio Furlanetto as Melibeo, Brenda Boozer as Amaranta, John Rawnsley as Perrucchetto, Max-René Cosotti as Fileno, Evelyn Petros as Celia, Elizabeth Ritchie as Diana. July 19, 23, 26,

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH on

Count Ory, Rigoletto, A Village Romeo and Juliet. Theatre Royal, Norwich. July 1-5. WELSH NATIONAL OPERA on tour:

Ernani, Eugene Onegin, The Jacobin, Madam Butterfly

Astra Theatre, Llandudno. June 26-July 5.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Coldstream Guards, conductor Tausky; Yonty Solomon, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. July 6, 7.30pm.

Wren Orchestra, New Westminster Chorus & Massed Choirs of 300 voices, conductor Mawby; Julie Kennard, soprano; Timothy Penrose, counter-tenor; James Griffett, tenor; Michael George, bass; Ian Curror, organ. Handel, Messiah. July 13, 7.30pm.

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Groves; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Robin Leggate, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass. Elgar, The Light of Life, Pomp & Circumstance March No 4, The Spirit of England, July 15, 7,30pm.

The 86th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, July 18-Sept 13.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT BOWL, SE19:

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. conductor Georgiadis; Alan Stringer, trumpet. Weber, Invitation to the Dance; Haydn, Trumpet Concerto; music by the Strauss family; firework display. July 6, 8pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Davison. Rimsky-Korsakov, Capriccio Espagnol; Smetana, Three Dances from The Bartered Bride: Elgar, Pomp & Circumstance March No 1; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances: Handel, Music for the Royal Fireworks with firework display. July 13. 8pm

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tjek-navorian. Sibelius, Finlandia; Bizet, L'Arlésienne Suite No 2; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. July 20,

National Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Handford; Howard Shelley, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). July 27, 8pm.

Tickets from GLC, Room 89, County Hall, SE1. HOLLAND PARK COURT THEATRE, off Kensington High St. W8:

Northern Brass Ensemble. Verdi, Susato, Pezel, Tchaikovsky, Salzedo, Holt, Hughes, Ewald, Sousa. July 6, 7.30pm.

The Chandos Players, director Georgiadis; Patricia Cope, soprano. Songs & music by the

Strauss family, Lanner & Krein. July 13, 7.30pm. London Mozart Players, John Glickman, conductor & violin; Malcolm Messiter, oboe & oboe d'amore; Christopher Hyde-Smith, flute. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos 3 & 5, Concerto for violin & oboe, Suite No 2, Concerto for oboe d'amore. July 20, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra Wind Ensemble. Krommer, Octet-Partita Op 57; Jacob, Serenade; Mozart, Serenade No 11 K 375. July 27, 7.30pm. KENWOOD LAKESIDE, Hampstead Lane,

Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor del Mar. Elgar, Enigma Variations;

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 5. July 5, 8pm. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Fistoulari. Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian); Bizet, Suite Carmen; Ravel, Bolero. July

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tieknavorian. Sibelius, Finlandia; Stravinsky, Firebird Suite; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. July 19, 8pm. London Schools Symphony Orchestra, conductor Carewe. Franck, Le Chasseur Maudit; Maxwell Davies, Five Klee Pictures; Vaughan Williams, Symphony No 2 (London). July 26, 8pm.

Tickets from GLC, Room 89, County Hall, SE1.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Specialist Musicians & Chamber Orchestra of Wells Cathedral School, conductors Knight, Hickman. Elgar, Serenade in E minor; Burgon, Oboe Quartet; Tippett, Little Music for Strings; Arnold, Concerto for two violins; Bruckner, Inter mezzo in D minor; Janacek, Suite for strings. July 3, 7.30pm.

Little Venice Chamber Orchestra, conductor Stamp; Sally Burgess, soprano; Philip Pilkington, piano. Mozart, Adagio & Fugue K546, Piano Concerto No 27 K595, Exultate Jubilate K165, Symphony No 33 K 319. July 4, 7.30pm.

Andras Schiff, piano. Bach, Italian Concerto, Four Duets BWV802-5, French Overture. July 7,

Sheila Armstrong, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Martin Isepp, piano. Wolf, Songs from the Italian Song Book. July 14, 1pm.

Addison Chamber Orchestra, McNamara; Catherine Rogers, contralto. Vivaldi, Concerto in D minor Op 3; Warlock, Capriol Suite for Strings; Mahler, Kindertotenlieder; Barber, Adagio; Stravinsky, Pulcinella Suite. July 15, 7,30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR=Purcell Room)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Eugene Istomin, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2, Symphony No 2. July 1, 8pm. FH.

Geraint Jones Orchestra, conductor Jones; Winifred Roberts, violin; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 94 (Surprise); Mozart, Adagio in E K261, Rondo in C K373, Piano Concerto in C K467. July 2, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti; Clifford Curzon, piano. Stravinsky, Four Norwegian Moods; Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K595; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian); Falla, Three dances from The Three-Cornered Hat. July 3, 8pm. FH.

Louis Kentner, piano. Schumann, Fantasy in C Op 17; Liszt, Sonata in B minor; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor (Appassionata). July 3, 7.45pm EH

Alfred Brendel, piano. Haydn, Sonata No 20; Beethoven, Sonata in D minor Op 31 No 2; Schubert, Sonata in B flat D960. July 4, 8pm. FH. Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Isaac Stern, violin; Paul Tortelier, cello. Brahms, Variations on the St Anthony Chorale, Symphony No 3, Concerto in A minor for violin, cello & orchestra. July 6, 7.30pm. FH.

Peter Katin, piano. Chopin. July 6, 3pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Previn; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. Strauss, Tod und Verklärung; Liszt, Die Lorelei, Vatergruft, Die drei Zigeuner, Mignon Lied; Shostakovich, Symphony No 1. July 8, 8pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Isaac Stern, violin. Brahms, Hungarian Dances, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 4. July 10, 8pm, FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Croydon Philharmonic Choir, conductor Gaddarn; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Michael Rippon, bass; Ian le Grice, organ. Elgar, The Kingdom. July 11, 8pm, FH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Alwyn; Laureen Livingstone, soprano; Jean Temperley, mezzo-soprano; Ian Kennedy, tenor; Ian Wallace, bass-baritone. An evening of Gilbert & Sullivan. July 12, 7.45pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor A. Davis. Mahler, Symphony No 7. July 13, 7.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor A. Davis; John Lill, piano. Webern, Five Pieces Op 10; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Strauss, Ein Heldenleben. July 15, 8pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Del Mar; Louis Kentner, piano. Liszt, Mephisto Waltz No 1; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No (Emperor), Symphony No 6 (Pastoral). July 16, 8pm. FH.

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Johann Strauss Orchestra & Dancers, Jack Rothstein, director & violin; Gillian Humphreys, soprano; Edmund Bohan, tenor. Magic of Vienna, music, songs & dances of Old Vienna. July 20, 7.30pm; July 21-26, 7.45pm. EH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Haydn series: Delmé String Quartet, Craig Sheppard, piano. Haydn, String Quartets in D Op 17 No 6, in C Op 74 No 1, Piano Sonatas in E flat Hob 52, Hob 25. July 1, 7.30pm.

Pro Arte String Quartet of Salzburg, Craig Sheppard, piano. Haydn, String Quartets in E flat Op 17 No 3, in F Op 74 No 2, Piano Concertos in A Hob 26, in D Hob 51. July 2, 7.30pm.

Pro Arte String Quartet of Salzburg, Esterhazy Baryton Trio. Haydn, String Quartets, in F Op 17 No 2, in G minor Op 74 No 3, Baryton Trios in B minor Op 96, in D Op 48, in D Op 85, in C Op 110. July 3, 7.30pm.

Pro Arte String Quartet of Salzburg, Tomotado Soh, violin; Craig Sheppard, piano; Karoly Botvay, cello. Haydn, String Quartets in E Op 17 No 1, in G Op 76 No 1, Arietta con variazione in E flat for piano, Piano Trios in C Hob 27, in F sharp minor Hob 26, Piano Variations in F minor. July 4, 7,30pm.

Delmé String Quartet. Haydn, Quartets in G Op 17 No 5, in F minor Op 20 No 5, in D minor Op 76 No 2. July 5, 7.30pm.

Delmé String Quartet. Haydn, Quartets in C minor Op 17 No 4, in F minor Op 20 No 5, in C Op 76 No 3. July 6, 7.30pm.

Delmé String Quartet. Haydn, Quartets in C Op 20 No 2, in G minor Op 20 No 3, in B flat Op 76 No 4. July 7, 7.30pm.

Pro Arte String Quartet of Salzburg, Craig Sheppard, piano. Haydn, String Quartets in E flat Op 20 No 1, Op 76 No 6, Piano Sonatas in E Hob 22, in C Hob 50, July 8, 7,30pm.

Pro Arte String Quartet of Salzburg, Krisztina Laki, soprano; Craig Sheppard, piano. Haydn, String Quartets in D Op 20 No 4, Op 76 No 5, Six Canzonets (1794), Six Canzonets (1795). July 9, 7.30pm.

Delmé String Quartet; Tomotado Soh, violin; Craig Sheppard, piano; Karoly Botvay, cello. Haydn, String Quartets in G Op 77 No 1, in F Op 77 No 2, Piano Trios in A Hob 9, in E minor Hob 12. July 10, 7.30pm.

The Songmakers' Almanac; Felicity Palmer, soprano; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Graham Johnson, piano; Mozart, Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls; Schumann, Liederkreis Op 39; Schubert, Viola; Wagner, Wesendonk Lieder. July 11, 7.30pm.

The Songmakers' Almanac; Felicity Palmer, soprano; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Britten, Winter Words; Poulenc, Tel jour telle nuit; Turina, Canción de Mujer; Schumann, Spanisches Liederspiel Op 74. July 13, 7.30pm.

Music Group of London; Keith Puddy, clarinet; Geoffrey Gambold, bassoon; Alan Civil, horn; Hugh Bean, violin; Christopher Wellington, viola; Eileen Croxford, cello; Keith Marjoram, double bass; David Parkhouse, piano. Schubert, Piano Trio in E flat Op 100; Beethoven, Septet in E flat Op 20. July 19, 7.30pm.

The Songmakers' Almanac; Alexander Oliver, Julian Pike, tenors; Sarah Walker, mezzosoprano; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Beethoven, An die ferne Geliebte; Schumann, Dichterliebe; Janacek, Diary of one who disappeared. July 20, 7.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet. Wolf, Italian Serenade; Borodin, Quartet No 2 in D; Beethoven, Quartet in A minor Op 132. July 23, 7.30pm.

Chilingirian String Quartet; Jane Manning, soprano. Haydn, Quartet in E flat Op 64 No 6; Schönberg, Quartet No 2 in F sharp minor with voice; Mozart, Quartet in E flat K428. July 25, 7.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in G Op 33 No 5; Delius, Late swallows; Schubert, Quartettsatz; Borodin, Quartet No 1 in A. July 27, 7.30pm.

Philip Pilkington, piano. Bach, English Suite No 2 in A minor; Five Preludes & fugues, French Suite No 6 in E, Toccata in C minor, Italian Concerto. July 29, 7,30pm.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST, 33 Warwick Sq. SW1: Derek Hammond-Stroud, baritone; John Bruzon, piano. Handel, Schubert, Finzi, Britten, Songs. July 1, 7.30pm.

* FESTIVALS *

Pitlochry Festival Theatre Season, Perthshire. Until Oct 4.

Chester Festival 80, Cheshire. Until July 6.
Ludlow Summer Festival, Salop. Until July 6.
Minack Theatre Festival, Cornwall. Until Sept 6.
Wavendon Summer Season, Nr Milton Keynes,

Bucks. Until July 13.

Cheltenham International Festival of Music, Glos.
June 29-July 13.

Christchurch Spitalfields Festival, London E1. June 29-July 5.

Sanskritik Festival of the Arts of India. Cheltenham, July 1, 2; Luton July 5; Nottingham, July 6; Brighton, July 9; Coventry, July 12; Southampton, July 13; Queen Elizabeth Hall, SEI, July 15-19.

Fair Oak Festival, Rogate, Hants. July 4-Aug 3. Stratford-upon-Avon Poetry Festival, Warwicks. July 6-31.

Festival of the City of London, various venues. July 6-19.

July 6-19. London Entertains, festival of many cultures,

various venues. July 7-12.
Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod,
Clwvd. July 8-13.

Oxford Festival, July 8-Aug 24.

Winchester Arts Festival, Hants. July 17-Aug 2. Haslemere Festival, Surrey. July 18-26.

Brownsea Open Air Theatre Festival, Poole, Dorset. July 21-Aug 8.

Buxton Festival, Derbys. July 22-Aug 10. King's Lynn Festival, Norfolk. July 25-Aug 2.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Until Nov 9, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Ancient Chinese bronzes & gilt bronzes from the Wessen Collection. Eskenazi, 166 Piccadilly, W1. July 11-25, Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm.

The Ancient Olympic Games. Scale model of the site at Olympia, statues, vessels & artefacts illustrating athletic events. British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1. Until Oct 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Edward Ardizzone. Scottish Arts Council exhibition of watercolours, sketches, children's book illustrations & Ardizzone's work as a war artist. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. July 6-Aug 3, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. The Artist's Eye. R. B. Kitaj chooses over 30 paintings from the Gallery's collection to hang with his own works. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Until July 20, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun

Artists of today & tomorrow. Work by well known & young artists including Hitchens, Herman, Frink, & Greenham. New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1. I, until July 16; II, July 24-Sept 17, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

Arts Council Collection, paintings, drawings, sculptures & prints acquired between 1942 & 1980. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1. July 9-Aug 10, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Mon-Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. 80p.

Beautiful women, from 18th to 20th centuries. Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8. Until Aug 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

The Benedictines in Britain. Benedictine life & achievement, through MSS books dating from the Middle Ages, in celebration of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict. British Library, British Museum. July 11-Nov 30.

Douglas Percy Bliss, an 80th birthday retrospective. Watercolours, oils & woodcuts from the 20s to the present day. Alpine Club Gallery, 74 South Audley St, W1. July 1-12, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum*. Until Apr 1981. 60p.

The British in Italy: five centuries of guide books

and tourism. *British Library*, *British Museum*. July 25-Oct 31.

Gunter Brus. Drawings, printed books & four illuminated MSS. Whitechapel Gallery, Whitechapel High St, E1. Until July 13, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Children's books of the year, with bookstall, stories and competitions. *National Book League*, 45 East Hill, SW18. July 23-Aug 9, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Chinese blue & white porcelain, Wan Li to K'ang Hsi, exhibition & sale. S. Marchant & Son, 120 Kensington Church St, W8. July 13-25, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm.

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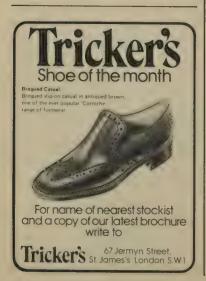
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Sir George Clausen RA. A major retrospective of watercolours, oils, prints & drawings. Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, WI. July 12-Aug 24, daily 10am-6pm, £1 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm). Arthur Cotterell, oil paintings. Woodlands Art Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3. July 19-Aug 26, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Covent Garden market old & new. The background to the area currently being redeveloped by the GLC. Museum of London, London Wall, EC2. Until Aug 31, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Erik de Graaff, folding & adjustable chairs in beech & plywood. Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1. July 12-Aug 2, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Gaspard Dughet. 17th-century landscape paintings by this Roman artist & his influence on British artists such as Gainsborough, Turner & Richard Wilson. Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood House, Hampstead Lane, NW3. July 11-Sept 28, daily 10am-7om.

Early Armenian Printing, 1512-1850. Exhibition to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. *British Library*, *British Museum*. July 1-Dec 31.

English seals of medieval times. British Library, British Museum. Until Sept 30.

From Pole to Pole. Celebration of the achievements of the Royal Geographical Society over the past 150 years. *Geological Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until end September, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6.30pm.

Patrick George, paintings & drawings from 1937-80. Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2. Until July 13, daily 10am-7pm.

The Great Optical Illusion: 50 years of TV broadcasting. Science Museum. Until Sept 28.

Greenwich Printmakers' Association. Exhibition in connexion with the Greenwich Festival. Woodlands Gallery. Until July 15.

Brian Grimwood, gouaches & silkscreen prints. Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arblay St, W1. June 30-July 25, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Nigel Hall, early work with sculpture & drawings 1965-80. Warwick Gallery, 33 Warwick Sq., SW1. Until July 11, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Here be dragons! Dragons from Islamic legend, illustrated in Persian, Mughal & Turkish paintings. British Library, British Museum. Until Aug 31.

David Hockney, travels with pen, pencil & ink. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. July 2-Aug 3, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Polly Hope. Sculptures for wearing, ten exotic garments. *National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SEI*, Until July 20, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

A hundred years of the Royal Tournament, its evolution from early skill-at-arms competitions to today's spectacle. *National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3.* July 2-Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

Images of Ourselves, printmakers & figurative themes including works by Cézanne, Hamilton, Tilson & Warhol. *Tate Gallery*. Until July 27.

Japan Style, design & craft in Japan today. Victoria & Albert Museum. Until July 20. £1.35. Japanese prints, 300 years of books & albums. British Museum. Until Oct 5.

Kedah, stamps from the collection of Thomas Traill. Stanley Gibbons Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2. July 1-31, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm.

Kelpra Studio, artists' prints 1961-80, including works by Caulfield, Hamilton, Kitaj, Paolozzi & Tilson. *Tate Gallery*. July 9-Aug 25.

David Lloyd-Jones, recent work. Craftsmen Potters' Association, Marshall St, W1. June 24-July 5, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-

Many Happy Returns. Photographs of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother from childhood to the present. Westminster Abbey, Norman Undercroft, Broad Sanctuary, SW1. Until Sept. Mon-Fri 9.15am-4,30pm, Sat, Sun until 5pm.

Masks. Major exhibition of ethnic masks, makeup, dance, fashion, language & communications technology. *Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8*. June 25-Sept 7, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.

Tom Merrifield, dance sculptures & drawings. Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1. July 21-Aug 23, Mon-Sat 6-10.30pm.

Modern British pictures, watercolours & oils by 20th-century painters including Ayrton, Brangwyn, Clausen, Ginner, John, Knight, Minton, Nash, Nicholson & Seago, Spink's, 5-7 King St, SWI. June 24-July 11, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30 pm.

Paul Nash, paintings, watercolours & graphic work. Blond Fine Art, 33 Sackville St, W1. Until July 19, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Ben Nicholson, recent works. Waddington Galleries I & II, 2 & 34 Cork St, WI; etchings. Waddington Graphics, 31 Cork St, WI. July 1-26, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Patterns of diversity, exhibition in connexion with the 150th anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society featuring the Society's 1977-78 expedition to Sarawak. *Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd., SW7*. Until end Sept, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The portrait surveyed, British portraiture 1670-1870. Agnew's, 43 Old Bond St, W1. Until Aug 1, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm.

The Queen Mother: a celebration. Paintings & photographs. National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2. June 27-Sept 28, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Arnulf Rainer. Paintings, drawings & drawings on photographs by Austrian artist. Whitechapel Gallery. Until July 21.

Russian artists of the 20th century. Hermitage Gallery, 25 Lowndes St, SWI. Until July 11, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. The work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. British Library, British Museum. June 27-Dec 31. Sea, sky & sun, a group of 16 oil sketches by Turner found in the early 1960s. Tate Gallery. Until July 6.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1. Until Oct, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

Harry Snook, Fred Watson, sculptures. Moira Kelly Fine Art, 97 Essex Rd, N1. Until July 19, Tues-Sat 11am-6pm.

Southwark & the Thames, the development of riverside industries & a look at the area's future. Livesey Museum, 682 Old Kent Road, SE1. Until July 19, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Summer Exhibition. Royal Academy. Until Aug 24. £1.50 (half-price Sun until 1.45pm).

Summer Show, I. Works selected from an open submission by Alan Miller. Serpentine Gallery, July 19-Aug 10.

Svensk Form, modern Swedish design. Experimental crafts juxtaposed with essentials such as cutlery, tools, wheelchair, pneumatic drills & overalls, Victoria & Albert Museum. July 9-Sept 14.50p.

Pat Tucker, watercolours & pen drawings of views of London & the Kent countryside. Woodlands Gallery. July 19-Aug 26.

The Universal Penman. Survey of western calligraphy from Roman times to the present day. Victoria & Albert Museum. July 2-Sept 28.

Floris van den Broecke, new designs for seating. Crafts Council Gallery. Until July 5.

Varieties of western woodcuts, showing the wide range of uses to which the medium has been put in Europe. *British Museum*. Until Oct 5.

The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our growing knowledge of the Viking people. *British Museum*. Until July 20. £1.40.

Jacques Villon, prints: Belle Epoque 1900-1908. Lumley Cazalet, 24 Davies St, W1. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm; Cubism 1909-1921. David Carritt, 15 Duke St, W1. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm. Until July 11.

Spm. Until July 11.

Andrew Wyeth. The first major exhibition in Europe of this American Realist's paintings.

Royal Academy. Until Aug 31, £1 (half-price Sununtil 1.45pm).

Antiques fairs

Brighton Antiques Fair. Corn Exchange, Brighton, E Sussex. July 8-13.

Welsh Antiques Fair. Hotel Metropole, Llandrindod Wells, Powys. July 10-12.

Antiques Fair. Ascot Racecourse, Berks. July 13. Lincoln Antiques Fair. County Assembly Rooms, Lincoln. July 17-19.

★ SALEROOMS ★

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7: Wine. July 1, 11am.

Modern paintings & drawings. July 2, 11am.

Contemporary art. July 2, evening. European oil paintings. July 3, 10, 24, 31, 11am. English & Continental furniture. July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 2.30pm.

Porcelain & works of art. July 4, 18, 25, 11am. Silver & plate. July 8, 22, 11am. Watercolours & drawings. July 9, 11am. Jewels & objects of vertu. July 11, 11am. Decorative arts 1870-1940. July 11, 11am. Textiles, costumes, lace & accessories. July 16, Ham

Old Master paintings. July 17, 11am.

Pot lids, commemoratives, Goss, fairings, July 18.

Printed books. July 23, 2pm.

Bygones, toys, dolls & games. July 25, 11am. Prints. July 30, 11am.

CHRISTIES, 8 King St. SW1: Old Master prints. July 1.

Impressionist & modern watercolours & drawings. July 1.

Contemporary art. July 1

Indian, Himalayan & south-east Asian works of art. July 2

The Castle Ashby vases. July 2.

Persian & Islamic works of art. July 2.

Modern prints. July 2

French & Continental furniture. July 3. Indian miniatures and watercolours. July 3. Wine. July 3, 22, 24, 31.

Eastern rugs & carpets. July 3.

19th-century, Impressionist & modern drawings & sculpture. July 4.

Chinese export porcelain & works of art. July 7. Japanese prints & paintings. July 8.

Old Master drawings. July 8. Arms & armour. July 8.

Chinese jades & snuff-bottles, July 9.

Jewelry, July 9, 30. Silver, July 9, 23

Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries,

Eastern rugs & carpets. July 10. Russian & Greek icons. July 10, 29.

Old Master pictures. July 11. Continental pottery. July 14.

Chinese porcelain & works of art. July 14.

Collection of weights & measures. July 14. Art Nouveau. July 15.

19th-century drawings. July 15.

Coins, July 15.

Japanese porcelain & works of art. July 16. Sculpture. July 16.

Musical instruments. July 16. English furniture. July 17, 31.

Old Masters. July 18.

Chinese porcelain, July 21.

English pottery. July 21.

English watercolours. July 22.

Objects of vertu. July 22.

Tribal art. July 22

Antiquities. July 23.

Clocks, July 23.

English pictures. July 24.

Victorian pictures. July 25.

19th-century ceramics. July 28.

Decorative & sporting prints. July 29.

Modern art reference books. July 30.

CHRISTIES, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old

Brompton Rd, SW7:

Uniforms, militaria, badges & fountain pens. July

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. July 4, 10.30am.

Scientific instruments, domestic & other machines. July 10, 2pm.

Wine, July 15, 11am

Sewing machines. July 17, 2pm. Dolls. July 18, 2pm.

Natural history & sporting trophies. July 19, 2pm. Lead soldiers & Dinky toys. July 24, 2pm.

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings &

Goss. July 29, 2pm.
Mechanical music. July 30, 2pm.
STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St,

Great Britain stamps, including Adam Hunter's collection of New Zealand Postal History. July 3,

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:

Furniture, carpets & works of art. July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

Jewelry. July 1, 11am & 2pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. July 2, 16, 30, 11am.

Postcards & cigarette cards. July 2, noon.

Postage stamps. July 3, 24, 11am. Silver & plate. July 4, 11, 18, 25, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. July 7, 14, 21, 28,

19th century paintings. July 8, 11am.

Chinese & Japanese ceramics and works of art. July 9, 23, 11am.

Dolls & dolls' houses. July 9, noon. Arms & armour. July 9, 2pm. Art Nouveau & decorative arts. July 10, 11am.

Books, MSS & maps. July 10, 31, 1.30pm. Watercolours. July 14, 28, 11am.

Prints. July 14, 2pm.

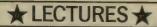
Pot lids, fairings, commemorative china & Goss. July 16, noon.

Miniatures, fans & icons. July 16, 2pm. Musical instruments. July 17, 11am.

Scripophily. July 17, 1pm.

Modern pictures. July 22, 11am. Jewels. July 22, 1.30pm. Sporting items. July 23, noon. Costumes, lace & textiles. July 24, 11am.

Oil paintings. July 28, 2pm. Clocks & watches. July 29, 2pm. Automobilia. July 30, noon.



BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILD-HOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:

A walk around Spitalfields, D. Severs. July 5, 3pm. Meet on corner of Bishopsgate & Brushfield St. EC2

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

Shakespeare—the man, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri. 1.15pm.

Gallery talks:

Here be dragons, B. Brend, July 4, 11, 18, 25, noon.

Treasures of Illumination, J. Lee, July 5, 12, 19, 26, noon.

The Benedictines in Britain, D. Taylor, Mon-Fri from July 21, 2.30pm; J. Lee, July 19, 26, 1.45pm. MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2

In connexion with the exhibition on the history of Covent Garden Market area: Covent Garden: a critique of conservation, C. Amery, July 2; "To live & let live": the Covent Garden Community, S. Marking, July 9; Every day except Christmas (film), July 16; 1.10pm.

Parks & gardens in London: Front gardens, C. Lycett-Green, July 4; The flowering city, P. Stagg, July 11; 1.10pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2: A time & a place: Paris 1855, Exposition Universelle, Courbet & aspects of Realism, M. Wilson, July 2; Paris 1900, the joys of La Belle Epoque, A. Tyndall, July 9; Vienna 1900, Klimt & Schiele in the city of Freud, A. Smith, July 16;

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Old

Hall, Greycoat St, SW1: The charisma of colour, M. Best. July 8, 2.30pm. SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Surveying instruments, A. Wilson, July 3, 1pm. Heat & the restless atom, A. Wilson. July 5, 3pm. Wind & water power, A. Tulley. July 8, 1pm.

The shrinking computer (for age 12-14), J. Stevenson. July 9, noon & 2.30pm; July 10, 11, 11am & 2.30pm; July 12, 3pm.

Firemaking, J. Stevenson, July 15, 1pm. Iron & steel, A. Tulley, July 17, 1pm.

The world of plastics, A. Tulley. July 19, 3pm. Telescopes, A. Wilson. July 22, 1pm.

The world of sound, A. Wilson. July 26, 3pm. Ships, J. Stevenson. July 31, 1pm.

100,000-piece jigsaw puzzle (Viking ship restoration). July 2, 4, 5, 1 pm.

The hunt for the X5 (Diving). July 9, 11, 12, 1pm.

Nuclear energy. July 16, 18, 19, 1pm. River engineer. July 23, 25, 26, 1pm.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1: Malevich's Abstraction, P. Turner, July 1, 1pm. Matisse "Warm South" (The Snail), S. Wilson.

Summer sunsets by Turner, S. Reid. July 3, 1pm. "The Poet Reclining" by Chagall, M. Slee. July 4, 1pm.

Gainsborough: the rustic idyll, S. O'Brien-Twohig. July 5, 3pm.

Gainsborough & Reynolds as portraitists, S. O'Brien-Twohig. July 6, 3pm.

Summer scenes by Tissot, M. Ellis. July 7, 1pm. Matisse's relief sculptures "The Backs", P. Turner. July 8, 1pm

Bourgeois bliss of Bonnard, S. Wilson, July 9, 1pm.

Sunlight as subject, L. Bradbury. July 10, 1pm. Brancusi's "Maiastra"-a master work, S. O'Brien-Twohig. July 11, 1pm.

Painterly parallels—Turner & Cézanne, L. Bradbury. July 12, 3pm. In praise of technical skills, L. Bradbury. July 13,

The Fauve summer, M. Slee. July 14, 1pm.

Matisse's paintings of the nude, P. Turner. July 15, Picasso "Nude in Red Armchair", S. Wilson. July

16, 1pm. Love & the Pre-Raphaelites, G. Cohen & C.

Conrad. July 17, 1pm.

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CRUMMLES & CO. 2 Cromer Road Poole Dorset Tel: (0202) 766877 Lytton Strachey—a masterpiece of portraiture by Lamb. A. Graeme-Dixon. July 18, 1pm.

Klee's imaginative eye, L. Bradbury. July 19,

Art & anxiety-brilliance on the borderline, L. Bradbury. July 20, 3pm.

Gabo's sculptural space, S. O'Brien-Twohig. July

Constable's Hampstead Heath, G. Lord. July 22,

London paintings by Turner & others, G. Lord. July 23, 1pm.

Matisse's "Red Studio", T. Measham, July 24; M. Ellis, July 25; S. O'Brien-Twohig, July 31; 1pm. Palmer's vale of dreams, L. Bradbury. July 26,

The legacy of Dada, L. Bradbury, July 27, 3pm. Seasons in paint, L. Bradbury. July 28, 1pm. Eternal summer shall not fade, L. Bradbury. July

Painted ships on painted oceans, L. Bradbury. July 30, Ipm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd.SW7:

Great Britons: Nicholas Hilliard, R. Parkinson, July 6; Inigo Jones, L. Gribbin, July 13; Thomas Chippendale, P. Barton, July 20; Robert Adam, R. Parkinson, July 27; 3.30pm.

Chado: the Japanese way of tea, M. Birch. July 9, 16, 2.45pm & 3.45pm.

Gallery talks in French:

Porcelaine française du 18e siècle, A. Ceresole. July 10, 11, 30am.

Meuble et décor: Splendeur baroque-Elégance néo-classique, July 17; Le gothique retrouvé, July 24; Les années 30, July 31; A. Ceresole, 11.30am.



XXII Summer Olympic Games. Moscow. July 19-Aug 3 ATHLETICS

Amoco International Games, field & track events, Crystal Palace, SE19. July 13.

CRICKET

England v West Indies, Third Cornhill Test Match. Old Trafford. July 10-15.

England v West Indies, Fourth Cornhill Test Match. The Oval. July 24-29.

Benson & Hedges Cup final. Lord's. July 19. Gillette Cup quarter-finals, July 30.

(SC) = Schweppes Championship, (GC) = Gillette Cup, (JPL) = John Player League.

Lord's: Middx v Ireland (GC), July 2; v Northants (SC), July 5; v Derby (JPL), July 6; v Hants (SC), July 9; v Kent (SC), July 26; v Kent (JPL), July 27.

The Oval: Surrey v Northants (GC), July 2; v Yorks (SC), July 12; v Yorks (JPL), July 13; v Glos (GC), July 16 (or Northants v Glos); v Glamorgan (JPL), July 20. CROOUET

Open Championships. Hurlingham, SW6 & Roeoton, SW15. July 14-19.

EOUESTRIANISM

Royal Show. Stoneleigh, Kenilworth, Warwicks. June 30-July 3.

Southampton Show. Hants. July 4-6.

Great Yorkshire Show. Harrogate, N Yorks. July

Kent County Show. Maidstone. July 10-12. Lambert & Butler July International. Hickstead, W Sussex. July 10-13.

City of Hereford Show. Hereford. July 11-13.

Royal International Horse Show. Wembley Arena, Middx. July 14-19.

East of England Show. Peterborough, Cambs. July 15-17.

Royal Welsh Show. Builth Wells, Powys. July 22-

GOLE

Carlsberg European Ladies' Championship: Finham Park, Coventry, W Midlands, July 3, 4; Arcot Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 10, 11. English Classic. The Belfry, Sutton Coldfield, W Midlands. July 9-12.

Open Championship. Muirfield, E Lothian. July

Ladies' British Open Championship. Wentworth, Surrey, July 23-26.

English Amateur Championship. Moortown, Leeds, W Yorks. July 28-Aug 2.

PGA Club Professionals' Championship. Turn-

berry, Ayrshire. July 29-Aug 1. HORSERACING

Lancashire Oaks Stakes. Haydock Park. July 5. Coral Eclipse Stakes. Sandown Park. July 5. Old Newton Cup. Haydock Park. July 5. July Stakes, Newmarket, July 9.

William Hill July Cup. Newmarket. July 10.

John Smith's Magnet Cup. York. July 12.

King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes. Ascot. July 26.

Spiller's Stewards' Cup. Goodwood. July 29.

Sussex Stakes. Goodwood. July 30. Goodwood Cup. Goodwood. July 31.

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix. Brand's Hatch, Kent. July 13. POLO

British Open Championship (Cowdray Gold Cup). Cowdray Park, Midhurst, W Sussex. July 3-20.

Cowdray Challenge Cup. Cowdray Park. July 24-Aug 3

Imperial international polo. Windsor Great Park, Berks, July 27.

ROWING

Henley Royal Regatta. Henley, Oxon. July 3-6. National Championships. Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. July 18-20.

SAHING

British Islands race. Start Cowes. July 5, 6.

Channel Week: Cherbourg-Poole, July 6; Poole-Solent, July 9; Solent, July 10; Cowes-Dinard-St

Irish Sea race. Start Holyhead. July 12. TENNIS

Lawn Tennis Championships. Wimbledon, SW19. June 23-July 5.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

Princess Margaret opens the Beth Johnson Sheltered Housing, Stafford, July 1

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Musical Tribute to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother by the Bands of the Regiments of Scotland. Holyrood Park, Edinburgh. July 3.

The Queen Mother visits the Royal Air Force Central Flying School. RAF Leeming, N Yorks. July 4.

Princess Margaret, as President of the Girl Guide's Association, attends the Berkshire Festival of Guiding. Ascot Racecourse, Ascot, Berks. July 5

The Prince of Wales, President, the Bach Choir, participates in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. Exeter Cathedral, Devon. July 5.

The Queen Mother, as Lord Warden, visits the Cinque Ports based in HM Yacht "Britannia". Kent & E Sussex. July 7-11.

Princess Anne visits the Commando Training Centre, Royal Marines. Lympstone, Devon. July

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the commissioning of HMS "Invincible". Portsmouth, Hants. July 11.

The Prince of Wales opens the Britannia Bridge. Menai Strait, Gwynedd. July 11.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Thanksgiving Service for the Queen Mother's 80th birthday, St Paul's Cathedral, EC4. July 15. Princess Margaret attends a gala performance by the Royal Ballet in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund & the Royal Opera House Development Appeal. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. July 17.

Princess Anne attends the National Dairy Council's Diamond Jublice Ball. Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1. July 18.

The Queen Mother attends a reception given by the Battle of Britain Fighter Association to mark the 40th Anniversary of the Battle of Britain. Guildhall, EC2. July 22.

The Oueen Mother dines with the Lord Mayor of London. Mansion House, EC4. July 23.

The Queen attends a Royal Review of The Church Lads' & Church Girls' Brigade. Windsor Great Park, Berks. July 25.

The Queen opens the new Grandstand, Goodwood Racecourse, W Sussex. July 29.

★OTHER EVENTS★

International marching bands contest & concert, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx, July 5

Henryk Szeryng, violin recital, Wimpole Hall, Nr Royston, Cambs. July 6 (Tickets from H. S. & D. Music, 26/28 Sackville St, W1).
RHS Flower Show, RHS New Hall, Greycoat St,

SW1. July 8, 9.

Well-dressing, Buxton, Derbys. July 9-12.

Royal Tournament, Earl's Court, SW5. July 9-

Music in the garden. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Madrigals, July 9; Handel, July 16; Walton, Elgar, Warlock, July 23; Bridge, Britten, July 30; 1pm.

Royal Windsor Rose & Horticultural Show, Windsor, Berks. July 11, 12.

Doggett's Coat & Badge race, London Bridge to Chelsea Bridge, July 14, noon.

Summer events, National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3. July 21-Aug 15. Details from Education Department.

Country Landowners' Association Game Fair. Welbeck Park, Worksop, Notts. July 24-26.

Military Air Day, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. July 27. Searchlight Tattoo, Colchester, Essex. July 30-Aug 2

The spirit of sporting flying yesterday & today, pre-war planes. Shuttleworth Collection. June 29.

★ GARDENS ★

BERKSHIRE

Borlases (Mr Jeremy Taylor), Waltham St Lawrence, Nr Twyford. July 5, 2-6pm.

Newington House (Mrs H. C. A. Robertson), Winkfield, Nr Ascot. July 6, 2-6pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

The Old Farm (Mrs Delap), Bishopstone, Nr Aylesbury. July 27, 2-7pm. Also by appointment. CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Abbots Ripton Hall (Lord de Ramsey), Nr Huntingdon. July 6, 2-7pm.

West Wratting Park (Lady Ursula d'Abo), Nr

Newmarket. July 20, 2-7pm. CHESHIRE

Cobblestones (Mrs E. M. Hilditch), Church St, Malpas. July 27, 2-7pm.

Milngate (Mr & Mrs Roger Wood), Castle Hill, Prestbury, Nr Macclesfield. July 6, 2-7pm. Also by appointment.

Newbold (Maj J. N. Davies Colley), Saighton, Nr Chester. July 20, 2-6pm.

DURHAM

Auckland Castle (Right Rev Lord Bishop of Durham & Mrs Habgood), Bishop Auckland. July 6, 2-6pm.

Fawnlees Hall (Sir James Steel), Wolsingham, Nr Bishop Auckland. July 20, 2-6pm. ESSEX

Kiln House (Mr & Mrs G. P. Pattinson), Gt Horkesley, Nr Colchester. July 13, 2-6pm. Lofts Hall (Maj & Mrs C. R. Phillipson), Elmdon,

Nr Royston. July 6, 2-7pm. White Barn House (Mrs Beth Chatto), Elmstead

Market, Nr Colchester. Daily, except Sun, 9am-

GLOUCESTER

Ilsom (Sir Kenneth Preston), Nr Tetbury. July 20,

The Old Manor (Maj & Mrs Wilder), Twyning, Nr Tewkesbury. July 12, Mon. Also Sat by appointment, 2-7pm.

Court St Lawrence (Lt-Col & Mrs G. D. Inkin), Llangovan, Nr Usk. July 6, 2-7pm.

Rockfield House (Lt-Col J. C. E. Harding-Rolls), Nr Monmouth, July 13, 2-7pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Bentworth Lodge (Mrs H. K. Andreae), Nr Alton. July 6, 13, 2-6pm.

Bohunt Manor (Lady Holman), Liphook. July 13,

Jenkyn Place (Mr G. E. Coke), Bentley. July 6, 20,

2-7pm. Also by appointment.

The Ricks (Mr J. J. Morris), Rotherwick, Nr Hook. July 13, 2-6.30pm.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Capel Manor Institute of Horticulture and Field Studies (London Borough of Enfield), Waltham Cross, Nr Enfield. July 6, 2-6pm.

Furneaux Pelham Hall (Mr & Mrs Peter Hughes), Nr Buntingford. July 13, 2-6pm. KENT

Belmont Park (The Lord Harris), Throwley, Nr. Faversham, July 20, 2.30-6.30pm.

Cobham Court (Mrs Walter Whigham), Bekesbourne, Nr Canterbury. July 6, 9, 2-6pm.

Court Lodge (Mr & Mrs G. F. Bedford), Groombridge, Nr Tunbridge Wells. July 20, 2-7pm. Doghouse Farm (Mr Peter M. Godden), Stone St.

Nr Canterbury, July 6, 7, 27, 2-6pm. Watergate House (Mr Nicholas Graham), Fordwich, Nr Canterbury. July 20, 21, 1.30-5pm.

Weeks Farm (Mrs Pamela Milburne), Egerton Forstal, Nr Headcorn. July 6, 13, 2-6pm. LEICESTERSHIRE

Brooksby Agricultural College (permission of Leicestershire County Council), Nr Melton Mowbray. July 13, 2-6pm.

Thorpe Lubenham Hall (Viscount & Viscountess Kemsley), Nr Market Harborough. July 20, 2-

LONDON

2 Clifton Hill (Lt-Col & Mrs J. F. Jankel), NW8. July 22, 27, 2-7pm.

Highgate gardens: 70 Talbot Road, N6 (Mr J. Daumiller & Miss E. Daumiller; Kenwood Gate (Mr & Mrs K. D. Brough), 40 Hampstead Lane, No. July 13, 2-6pm

2 Melina Place (Mr & Mrs G. A. Yablon), NW8. July 6, 2-6pm.

NORFOLK

Easton Lodge (Mr J. M. Rampton), Easton, Nr Norwich. July 6, 2.30-6pm.

Gayton Hall (Mr Julian Marsham), Nr King's Lynn. July 20, 2-6pm.

Quarles House (Mr Bryan & Lady Carey Bas-

set), Nr Wells-on-Sea. July 24, 2-6pm.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Brackley Grange (Mr & Mrs K. Bailey), Nr Brackley. July 13, 2-5pm.

Easton Neston (Lord Hesketh), Towcester. July 6,

Pytchley House (Sir Gerald & Lady Glover), Nr Kettering. July 27, 3-6.30pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Flintham Hall (Mr Myles Thoroton Hildyard), Nr Newark, July 20, 2-6pm.

Nottinghamshire College of Agriculture (Nottinghamshire Education Committee), Brackenhurst, Nr Southwell. July 6, 2-6pm.

Mattersey House (Mr & Mrs T. P. O'Connor-Fenton), Mattersey, Nr Retford. July 6, 2-6.30pm. OXFORDSHIRE Adwell House (Mr & Mrs W. R. A. Birch Rey-

nardson), Tetsworth, Nr Thame. July 6, 2.30-6.30pm.

Beggars Barn (Mr & Mrs A. E. Shipton), Shut-ford, Nr Banbury. July 19, 20, 2-7pm. Brook Cottage (Mr & Mrs David Hodges), Alker-

ton, Nr Banbury. July 12, 13, 2-7pm. Compton Beauchamp (Mr E. Penser), Nr Shriv-

enham, Wantage. July 6, 2-7pm. Post Cottage (Mr & Mrs W. G. Bamford), Milton,

Nr Banbury. July 20, 2-6pm.
White's Farm House (Mr & Mrs Michael Shone), Letcombe Bassett, Nr Wantage. July 27, 2-7pm. SHROPSHIRE

David Austin Roses (Mr & Mrs David Austin), Albrighton, Nr Wolverhampton. July 6, 2-7pm. Golding (Mr & Mrs H. A. Hartley), Pitchford, Nr Shrewsbury. July 13, 2-6pm.

Barrow Court (Mr & Mrs Richard Longman), Galhampton, Nr Castle Carey. July 6, 2-6pm. Stapleton Manor (Mr & Mrs G. E. L. Sant), Mar-

tock, Nr Yeovil. July 6, 11am-7pm.
University of Bristol Botanic Garden, Leigh Woods, Nr Bristol. July 13, 2-6pm.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Upmeads (Mr & Mrs C. D. Lingwood), Nr Stafford. July 12, 2-6pm. SUFFOLK

Great Thurlow Hall (Mr R. A. Vestey), Great Thurlow village, Nr Newmarket. July 20, 2-7pm. Elm Green Farmhouse (Dr & Mrs J. W. Litchfield), Bradfield St Clare, Nr Bury St Edmunds. July 13, 2-5.30pm.

SURREY Manor House (Sir Ronald Wates), Headley, Nr Epsom. July 5, 6, 2-6pm.

St Mary's Homes (St Mary's Homes), Godstone, Redhill. July 20, 2-7pm.

South Park Farm (Mr & Mrs E. B. Stewart-Smith), South Godstone, Nr Redhill. July 6, 7, 2-

SUSSEX Casters Brook (Mr & Mrs E. B. Owen-Jones), Cocking, Nr Midhurst. July 13, 2-6pm.

Coates Manor (Mr & Mrs G. H. Thorp), Nr Fittleworth. July 6, 7, 8, 11am-6.30pm. Cobblers (Mr & Mrs Martin Furniss), Jarvis

Brook, Crowborough. July 13, 27, 2.30-6pm. Eastham Grange (Mr & Mrs Rufford Whitehead), Guestling, Nr Hastings. July 13, 2.30-

6.30pm. Long House (Mr Michael Richardson), Cowfold,

Nr Bolney. July 13, 12am-6pm. Telegraph House (Mr & Mrs David Gault), North Marden, Nr Chichester. July 5, 6, 2-6pm. Also by appointment.

WARWICKSHIRE

Alscot Park (Capt & Mrs James West), Nr Stratford-on-Avon. July 6, 2-7pm.

Astrop House (Mr & Mrs A. Harvey), Frankton, Nr Rugby. July 13, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Bushton Manor (Mrs George Loveday), Bushton, Nr Wootton Bassett. July 6, 2.30-6.30pm.
Chalke Pit House (Lt-Col & Mrs J. G. Jeans),

Broadchalke, Nr Salisbury. July 6, 2-6pm. Luckington Manor (Mr W. Greville Collins), Nr Chippenham. July 20, 2-6pm.



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LONDONAL NEWS.

Number 6984 Volume 268 July 1980

The American dilemma



The six months of primary elections and caucuses in America ended with what seemed to be clear-cut verdicts for the nomination of candidates for the two parties. On the Republican side Mr Ronald Reagan emerged with 1,463 committed delegates for the convention, which was 465 more than he needed. For the Democrats President Carter won 1.962 delegates, which was 751 more than his main challenger, Senator Edward Kennedy, and 296 more than he required to clinch the nomination on the first ballot at the party convention in New York in August. It thus seems likely that the main contenders for the presidential election will be Mr Ronald Reagan, former Governor of California, and Mr Jimmy Carter, incumbent President and former Governor of Georgia.

Seems? The qualification is necessary because this year the American electoral process has not been following its traditional pattern. In the first place there is a third candidate, Mr John Anderson, a Republican Congressman from Illinois, who declared his candidacy as an independent after failing to win any of the early Republican primaries. There has not been a three-way contest in an American presidential election for more than 60 years, and it may still be unlikely that Mr Anderson's campaign, which has so far been a rather desultory affair, will stay alive. But he has nonetheless clearly identified some of the present discontents in contemporary American society and in the political system, and has evoked a ready response among some bewildered or disillusioned voters. His suggestion that a contest between President Carter and Mr Reagan was not a choice but a dilemma evidently reflects the concern of many American voters at this stage, for according to the opinion polls the two main contenders have completed the primary contests with the lowest popular approval ratings of any candidates since the polls began recording such statistics. Mr Anderson's current rating, which is around 20 per cent, is large enough to worry the main contenders.

President Carter has an additional concern, and it is one which again forces qualifications in the making of electoral assumptions. Presidents





Top, left to right: Ronald Reagan; Jimmy Carter; John Anderson; above, Edward Kennedy.

are not normally seriously challenged within their party for nomination for a second term of office. Mr Carter has been, and is being, seriously challenged by Mr Edward Kennedy, and though the President successfully defeated the Senator in the primaries Mr Kennedy gained a significant amount of ground in the final round by winning five of the last eight primaries, including California and New Jersey. Though conceding that the President had won a majority of delegates, Mr Kennedy has refused to admit defeat and has declared that he would continue his challenge up to the convention itself. As an attempt to win the nomination it may be a forlorn hope, but as a way of influencing the party's policy for the election campaign, particularly on the economy, it could be more successful. The President's main concern now will be to restore some sense of unity to the Democratic Party before the election campaign begins in earnest, and no doubt he will be prepared to make some concessions to win Mr Kennedy's eventual support in the election. Without it he is likely to have to concede the presidency to the Republicans.

For Mr Reagan the primary campaign has

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been remarkably successful. Challenges from Mr John Connally, the former Governor of Texas, from Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee and from Mr George Bush were swept aside with ease, and Mr Reagan will go to the Republican convention in Detroit for a formal nomination ceremony. The smoothness of his victory for the nomination was the result of hard work and skilful campaigning, not just during the six months of the primary elections but for a good many years. He is on the right of his party, and has no doubt been helped by the evident swing to conservatism that has taken place in America, as in many other democratic countries, in recent years. But this in itself would not have been enough to win him the Republican nomination. He has effectively demonstrated that he can win the support of liberal elements in the party as well as that of the right-wing diehards, and if he can conduct the second part of his election campaign, which will be aimed at the voters at large as well as committed Republicans, with equal skill he will present a formidable challenge to his Democratic opponent.

It has to be assumed that this will be Mr Carter, who will have, as incumbent President, some considerable advantages to draw on. These include not just presidential patronage and power, though these are substantial and Mr Carter is a shrewd enough politician to use them to full advantage, as indeed he has already demonstrated in the primary campaign, but also the prestige and authority of the president as head of state. How much this can mean to an incumbent was clearly demonstrated last November, following the seizure of hostages in the American Embassy in Iran, when the sudden surge of support for the President swamped Senator Kennedy's early challenge in the primaries. From such political pluses, which are hardly controllable and certainly unreliable, must be subtracted, in President Carter's case, a record of Administration which can perhaps most charitably be described as muddled. There is every prospect that the forthcoming election, which will preoccupy America for the next five months, will be equally confused and uncertain.

Monday, May 12

Libya agreed to withdraw four mem bers of its mission staff in London who were alleged to have been involved in intimidation of Libvan residents in

President Godfrey Binaisa Uganda was deposed in a coup led by former chief-of-staff Brigadier Ojok and a former minister, Paul Muwanga.

The Pope left the Ivory Coast to return to Rome after a ten-day tour of African states including Zaire, Congo. Kenya, Ghana and Upper Volta.

Wednesday, May 14



The Trade Union Congress's call for a "day of action" in protest at the Government's social and economic policies failed to get general public support.

A 19-year-old police constable lost his right hand and suffered eye injuries when a bomb exploded at Catford police station.

Earnings in Britain rose by 20.1 per cent in the year to March.

Nato's foreign and defence ministers meeting in Brussels unanimously condemned the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan and called on Iran to release the American hostages held there since November, 1979.

Afghanistan's government called for bilateral agreements with Pakistan and Iran to normalize relations and for guarantees by the Soviet Union and the United States on a settlement which might lead to the withdrawal of Soviet troops from the country.

President Carter announced new measures to control the influx of Cuban refugees into the United States. A proper air and sea lift was to be organized and a ban was imposed on the small boats which had been used to bring thousands of refugees to Florida.

Thursday, May 15

President Sadat of Egypt announced his decision not to resume negotiations with Israel on Palestinian autonomy because of an Israeli Bill introduced into parliament on May 14 which sought to make East Jerusalem a part of the Israeli capital.

West Germany's national Olympic committee voted to boycott the Moscow Olympic Games.

Friday, May 16.

The Clegg Commission on pay comparability admitted that it had made a mistake, amounting to £130 million. when reporting on teachers' and lecturers' pay in April. It had awarded a 4 per cent larger increase than it should have done.

The annual rate of inflation in the increased to 21.8 per cent in April-the highest figure for four years. The balance of payments deficit increased to £264 million.

The Forestry Commission reported that it had lost at least 3,000 acres of woodland in fires caused by the recent hot, dry weather. 1,000 acres were also estimated to have been destroyed on private land.

At the Austrian State Treaty anniversary celebrations in Vienna Edmund Muskie, the US Secretary of State, and Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, met for talks-the



first high-level contact between the two countries since the Russian invasion of Afchanistan.

Japan's Prime Minister Masavoshi Ohira called for a general election to be held following the government's defeat on a motion of no confidence.

Saturday, May 17

An Iranian was killed and another seriously wounded when a bomb exploded in a fourth-floor room of a hotel in Bayswater, London. Police believed the men had blown themselves up accidentally. A third man was

An RAF Red Arrow jet crashed into the sea at Brighton, Sussex during an aerobatic display. The pilot ejected and was unharmed.

Customs officers recovered 10 tons of cannabis worth an estimated £10 million following raids in Scotland and in England. It was believed to be the biggest haul ever made in Britain or western Europe.

16 people died and over 500 were injured in Miami during race riots which broke out following the controversial acquittal, by an all-white jury, of four white policemen on charges of beating a black man to death in 1979. The riots caused widespread property damage and a curfew was imposed until May 21.

Sunday, May 18

The EEC decided at a meeting in Naples to impose a partial trade and economic embargo on Iran, retroactive to November, 1979, because of the lack of progress made by the Iranian government for the release of the American hostages there. On May 19 the British Government announced that the British embargo would only apply to contracts made after the order

A violent eruption of Mount St Helens volcano in Washington State, on the west coast of the USA, caused devastation to a wide area, 21 people were known to have been killed and further 70 were reported missing. President Carter declared the State a disaster area, making it eligible for federal funds for relief and reconstruc-

China successfully launched its first intercontinental ballistic missile, with a range of 7,000 miles, into the Pacific.

Wilfried Martens was appointed head of Belgium's new government by King Baudouin. Mr Martens, who resigned on April 3 because of disagreement over the government's Devolution Bill, headed a new coalition which included the right-wing Liberal Party which had been in opposition since 1977.

Monday, May 19

Doctors and dentists were awarded pay increases of 31.4 per cent by the Government following the recommendations made by the Review Body on Doctors' and Dentists' Remunera-

President Brezhnev of the Soviet Union and President Giscard d'Estaing of France met in Warsaw for five hours of talks.

Tuesday, May 20

A referendum in Quebec, Canada, on plans to form a politically independent region was rejected by 59.5 per cent of those voting.

South Korea's Prime Minister and Cabinet resigned following antigovernment demonstrations

Kwangju. On the following day armed civilians seized the city in protest at the imposition of martial law on May 17. The army sealed off the city, and later re-entered it to take control.

Wednesday, May 21

Charles Haughey, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, met Margaret Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, for talks in London-the first formal talks between the two leaders since Mr Haughey took office. He reaffirmed his government's objective to achieve a united Ireland with full consent and by neaceful means

Thursday, May 22

An independent inquiry into the value of index-linked pensions in the public sector, to be headed by Sir Bernard Scott, was announced by the Prime Minister.

The Aberdeen to London night express train, travelling at 80mph, was derailed with 200 passengers on board at Prestonpans near Edinburgh. No one was injured. An object had been put on the track and a 17-year-old youth was later charged with causing

Friday, May 23

Egypt's referendum on amendments to the constitution resulted in 98.96 per cent of the 12 million voters accepting the changes. Among the changes President Sadat was given the right to rule indefinitely, the multi-party system would be formalized and the Arab Socialist Union set up by Nasser would be abolished.

81 black nationalist guerrillas were killed by South African troops in Namibia. Five South African soldiers died when they walked into an ambush on the border, and the security forces then moved over the border, killing some of the terrorists and destroying weapons and ammunition.

The Ariane 02 space launcher, produced by the European Space Agency, crashed shortly after its launch in French Guiana on its second proving flight.

Father Edward Hull, an 87-year-old Benedictine monk, was found battered to death at his home in Ramsgate. His housekeeper died two days later from her injuries. On May 29 Henry Gallagher, an escaped prisoner, was recaptured in York and was later charged with the murders.

Northern Ireland won the British football championship for the first time since 1913-14 when they beat Wales by one goal to nil in Cardiff.

Saturday, May 24

The Queen arrived in Canberra at the start of a five-day tour of Australia.

Japan's national Olympic committee decided to boycott the Moscow Olympic Games

Sunday, May 25

Dr Bruno Kreisky, Austria's Chancellor, arrived in Iran accompanied by Olof Palme of Sweden and Felipe Gonzalez of Spain on a fact-finding mission to try to help secure the release of the American hostages held in Iran since November, 1979.

Ezer Weizman, Israel's defence minister, resigned because of disagreements with the government's plans to cut Israel's defence budget and the continuing policy of occupying land seized from the Arabs in 1967

Monday, May 26

George Bush withdrew from the US Republican presidential nomination campaign, leaving Ronald Reagan as the Party's presidential candidate.

The Camp David deadline for reaching agreement on negotiations on Palestinian autonomy passed with talks between Israel and Egypt in deadlock.

The first Hungarian cosmonaut was launched into space with a Russian commander to link up with the Salvut 6 orbiting space station.

Tuesday, May 27

At an inquest into the death of Blair Peach, the 33-year-old New Zealand teacher who was fatally injured during a demonstration against the National Front in Southall, London, in April, 1979, the jury returned a verdict of death by misadventure.

The International Olympic Committee announced in Lausanne that 85 countries had accepted invitations to attend the Olympic Games in Moscow. 29 countries had declined the invitation and 27 had not yet replied.

Dr Milton Obote, former President of Uganda until he was ousted by Idi Amin, returned to Uganda after nine vears in exile.

Wednesday, May 28

The island of Espiritu Santo in the Franco-British colony of New Hebrides was taken over by some 800 plantation workers, armed with bows and arrows, and 50 French-speaking white settlers led by Jimmy Stevens who demanded autonomy for the island when the New Hebrides became independent in July.

Two South African coloured students were shot dead by police at Elsie's River near Cape Town during a demonstration by thousands of black and coloured students against their inferior education.

Nottingham Forest retained the European Cup when they beat Hamburg by one goal to nil in Madrid.

Thursday, May 29

Vernon Jordan, a prominent American black civil rights leader, was shot and seriously wounded in Indiana.

Friday, May 30

Britain's motorway service areas were put up for sale on 125-year leases. The sales were expected to raise £60 million for the Government, which hoped that increased competition would raise standards

The managing director of the British National Oil Corporation, Alastair Morton, resigned in protest at the recent appointment of Philip Shelbourne as chairman-designate.

The Pope began a four-day visit to France. He was the first Pope to visit the country for 176 years.

Saturday, May 31

Mirabelle Topham, former owner of Aintree racecourse, died aged 88.

South Africa beat the British Lions by 26 points to 22 in the first rugby test match of their tour in Cape Town. Sunday, June 1



The Musicians' Union began a strike in protest at the BBC's plans to disband five of its 11 orchestras with the loss of 172 jobs.

The Kuwait Oil Company's offices in New Bond Street, London, were blown up by a bomb. No one was injured but some shops were damaged. Monday, June 2

Government accepted new proposals for Britain's contribution to the EEC budget which had been finally agreed at a meeting of Foreign Ministers in Brussels on May 30. The new terms would mean a refund of £710 million in 1980 and £860 million

Three of South Africa's major oilfrom-coal installations in the Transvaal were set on fire by saboteurs causing an estimated £3.3 million of damage. The militant black nationalist group, The



African National Congress, claimed responsibility

Two Palestinian majors were seriously injured by booby-trap bomb explosions on the West Bank and several Arab civilians were wounded by bomb attacks in Hebron. The attacks were thought to have been caused by right-wing Jewish extremists.

British Shipbuilders won orders for six ships valued at £55 million, including two from China.

Tuesday, June 3

The Criminal Division of the Court of Appeal ruled that the vetting by police of potential jurors was a legal and necessary practice to prevent disqualified people from sitting on juries.

President Carter was assured of the Democratic nomination for the US presidency when he won three of the final eight Democratic primary elections. Despite this Senator Edward Kennedy announced he was not withdrawing from the campaign.

Wednesday, June 4

All but 12 of 321 silver ingots stolen from a lorry on the A13 in Barking, Essex, in March were recovered by police following a raid on a lock-up garage near Oakwood Underground station in North London. Four men were later charged with the robbery.

John Turnly, the Irish Independent Party leader, was shot dead by gunmen as he arrived in his car with wife and children to attend a meeting in the village hall at Carnlough, Co Antrim.

Henbit, an American-bred horse ridden by Willie Carson, won the 201st Derby at Epsom. It was Carson's second successive win. He went on to win the Oaks and the French Derby.

Thursday, June 5 Britain's 15th heart transplant patient, John Power, collapsed and died ten weeks after receiving his new heart at Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire. He was 36.

Two schoolboys were killed when they were struck by lightning as violent storms swept across northern Britain. The deaths occurred in Accrington. Lancashire, and Brownhills, Staffordshire. A caravan site was flattened by storms at Naim near Inverness where nine people were injured.

Friday, June 6

President Carter's veto seeking to reinstate a Bill imposing a 10 cents a gallon import tax on oil products was overriden by both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Saturday, June 7

A 30-year-old part-time member of the Ulster Defence Regiment was shot dead by Provisional IRA gunmen at his shop in Co Fermanagh.

Henry Miller, author of Tropic of Cancer and other controversial novels, died in California aged 88.

Sunday, June 8

Muslim guerrillas in Afghanistan were reported to be fighting Soviet troops in the mountains surrounding Kabul. The Afghan government announced that 11 people had been executed including a former chief of the secret police.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Miami flare-up: Race riots in Liberty City, the ghetto area of Miami City, followed the acquittal by a white jury of four white policemen accused of beating to death a black prisoner while he was in custody in 1979. In a weekend of violence 16 people died, over 500 were injured and damage to property was estimated at over £90 million. An army of 3,600 state militiamen was swiftly brought in to control the rioting, and there were promises of Federal attention to the grievances which had sparked off the trouble. Besides allegations of police brutality, the riots reflected discontent at the high level of black unemployment. A surge of immigrants from Cuba, Haiti and Vietnam into the area has made matters worse as they have taken jobs in service industries formerly done by blacks.



A police car overturned and set on fire by rioters.





The numerous injured included both blacks and whites. State militiamen numbering 3,600 were brought in to ring the area and prevent the violence from spreading.



Cars were prime targets for attack. Looting followed the breaking of shop windows as angry blacks raced through the streets of Miami's ghetto area.



Many stores and shops were set on fire and damage to property was estimated at over £90 million. Whites formed vigilante groups in some districts.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD WINDOW ON THE WORLD

The eruption of Mount St Helens: At least 21 deaths have been confirmed and a further 70 people are still missing after the eruption of Mount St Helens, a volcano in Washington State, USA. Among the fastilities was the volcanologist David Johnston whose last radio message from an observation point 5 miles from St Helens provided the only clear warning of the cruption. Timed at 8.31 am, it ran: "Vancouver, Vancouver, This is it."

After seven weeks of quiet rumbling the catastrophe occurred at 8.32am on Sunday, May 18, when the mountain ripped itself apart in an explosion 500 times greater than that of the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima

With a blast that could be heard 200 miles away, clouds of ash were thrown 12 miles into the air clouds of the were thrown 12 miles into the air clear lethal suspensions of ash and gas, at temperature upon the 800°C, were propelled downslope at human velocities. More than 120 square miles of Douglas first forest were totally devastated, and many home bridges and roads were demolished by torrents of steaming mult reveiling at 30 miles per hour.

For several hours after the initial explosion the volcano continued to pump debris skyward, and ash layers over 2 inches thick were deposited up to 600 miles away in central Montana, Altogether nearly a cubic mile of rock is estimated to have been ejected—almost 1 ton for every person on earth—and the ore 9,700 foot peak is now 4-mile lower and searred by a new 14-mile wide crater.

The social, economic and ecological repercussions are likely to be severe. Although the fine ash lingering in the atmosphere is not expected to produce harmful acidic rainfall, there is concern over the effects that burial in ask could have on the valuable wheat, apple, peach and cherry crops which may be choked or crushed before havesting is possible. Volcainci dust is also disrupting heavy industrial machinery, car engines, and filtration plants to public water supplies. Across the north-west, town- and city-dwellers have been advised to continue wearings breathing masks to avoid inhaling microscopic daggers of silica-rich ash that may damase the lunes.

Lumber supplies have also been badly hit and, unless substantial numbers of trees can be salvaged, the US stands to lose almost one fifth of her 1980 timber allocation for housing construction. Meanwhile, a 20-mile-long iam of cut logs has halted commercial shipping along the Columbia rhy.

On the mountain itself herds of prime elk and deer (now in calf) have been wiped out, together with millions of salmon and trout, and other wildlife is dying through loss of natural vegetation. It will take generations to restore what was lost in only minutes.

The future behaviour of the volcano is not predictable. Having been dorman for 123 years it may continue to belch ash and steam for decades, though possibly not so violently; thick lava flows may also break through the surface. Of the expelled ash, some is likely to encircle the globe many times before falling to earth, but dramatic climatic changes are improbalged.

Although speciacular and tragic; the Mount St Helens activity has not been phenomenal by volcanic standards. More material was expleid during the AD 79 cruption of Vesavius which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the 1883 septiosion of Krakatoa in Indonesia, which gave vent to "the biggest bang in modern history", was 25 times greater still.

The eruption of Mount St Helens, right, which reduced the height of the peak by Jmile, scattered ash, rock and dust for up to 600 miles. Far right, top and centre, rescue helicopters searched the devastated area for victims and many people are still missing. Far right, bottom, the effects of the eruption were felt a day later 130 miles away in Richland where the sky turned black with ask.









WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Faces of Uganda: In his first public appearance since fleeing before Tanzanian forces last year, former President Idi Amin, right, said he was ready to return to Uganda to help his people. It was a condition of an interview he gave for BBC television that his whereabouts should not be named. Following the recent military coup in Uganda led by Brigadier David Oyite-Ojok, in which President Godfrey Binaisa was deposed, the country continues unstable. At the Kaabong Mission in north Uganda many people, such as members of the Karamajong tribe below, are starving.







Riots in South Korea: Demonstrations by armed civilians in protest against the imposition of martial law over the whole country continued for ten days in and around Kwangju before the South Korean Army took control of the city. What had begun as a small scale student demonstration escalated into a popular uprising in which at least 100 people were killed and many more were injured.





Papal visit to France: At the start of his four-day visit to France Pope John-Paul II, the first Pope to visit that country for 176 years, drove down the Champs-Elysées with President Giscard d'Estaing, top, to the Place de la Concorde where the two exchanged speeches; the Pope then celebrated Mass in the packed square in front of Notre-Dame cathedral. During his stay Pope John-Paul also celebrated an open-air Mass at Le Bourget airport for an estimated 300,000 people; addressed scientists at the Unesco head-quarters in Paris where he appealed to them to use their collective strength to end the threat of a nuclear holocaust; and went to the small town of Lisieux where he visited the shrine of St Theresa and blessed the crowds in front of the basilica, above.







Derby double: Willie Carson won his second successive Derby on *Henbit*, despite the horse cracking a cannon bone in his off-fore foot. He took the race by three-quarters of a length from *Master Willie*, ridden by Philip Waldron, with *Rankin* ridden by Greville Starkey third. The race drew a record crowd of 400,000, centre. The Queen, whose horse *Dukedom* was withdrawn, was among the racegoers with Princess Michael of Kent, top.



Young skipper: Ian Botham 24, captained England for the two Prudential Trophy one-day matches against the West Indies at Headingley and Lord's and became the youngest player ever to skipper England. England lost the Headingley match by 24 runs, largely because of fine West Indian bowling, but won the second by three wickets. Botham was also selected to lead England in the Cornhill five-day Test series.



The gallant fleet sails again: Forty years after the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from the Dunkirk beaches after the fall of France, a flotilla of 33 veteran little ships sailed across the Channel from Ramsgate to Dunkirk, taking their crews to join 3,000 veteran soldiers for a commemorative fly-past and thanksgiving services.

The revealing faces on the front bench

by Enoch Powell

Every schoolboy knows, as Macaulay used to say, that the oblong shape of the House of Commons contributed to form the historic two-party system, to which British politics persistently reverts. But the oblong shape has many effects much less expected and less well-publicised than that. One of them I have been savouring for the first time recently, after 30 years as a Member. Belonging to a minority party, I continued after last year's general election to sit on the left or Opposition side of the House, while the two main parties changed over. In visual terms, it has been a revelation.

For 30 years (except during the eight when I was in government or shadow cabinet myself) I had always looked at the faces of the Labour leaders but the back of the necks of the Conservative leaders. Now suddenly, and for the first time, I was watching Conservative ministers full face while the Labour spokesmen had become, for all practical purposes, invisible.

It is one of the peculiarities of the House of Commons, and one which I fancy may have profound psychological and political effects, that an official party spokesman is always addressing his opponents, that row of faces opposite to him wearing expressions which range from stony incredulity to hostile mirth. If he wants a glimpse of something less unsympathetic he has to turn through 90° to enfilade his own front bench below the gangway or else, as inexperienced performers do until they learn better, pivot right round and speak to his own side, thereby "losing the mike" and courting cries of "Address the Chair!" or, more ironically, "Tell us about it, too!"

For those on the back benches, which of course is the great majority of the House, there is an even more paradoxical consequence of its shape. When you sit day after day and month after month watching a row of people, you get to know them extremely well, even if you never exchange a single word with them. The members of a party thus become really familiar with the opposing team, whether in government or opposition; but a corresponding intimacy with their own side is denied to them. One book lies open with its pages legible—but that is their opponents-whereas of the other book only the covers and the title on the spine are visible—and that is their own leaders.

It is extraordinary how much one can learn from observing people's faces in the House of Commons. Whatever else we are, nobody could say we are pokerfaced. It is of the atmosphere of that place that all the time all of us are "registering"; and what we "register"

bespeaks not only our individual characters and opinions, likes and dislikes, but the internal relationships in a party—the antipathies between its wings and cliques, and, of even more importance, the state of play and balance of power within a government or an opposition. Cabinet secrecy is all very well; but when cabinet ministers troop in and take their seats on the front bench one knows instantly if "something is up". If there has been a row in cabinet there is the record of it on the faces of the ministers; and without too much risk of error one can tell who was on which side.

Few spectacles are more fascinating than the various attitudes and expressions of government ministers when one of their number is performing at the box. There can be a ludicrous contrast between the conviction and self-satisfaction of the speaker and the doubt, disapproval, dislike, or apprehension which his colleagues are simultaneously recording, involuntarily or partly so. Such entertainments are often marked by helpful cries from opposite such as "Look behind you!" or "Mind your back", and also by that mutely eloquent sweep of the hand which apprises the person addressing the House that the countenances of those beside him are furnishing an uncomplimentary commentary upon his performance.

Incidentally, all this is one source of enlightenment that is denied to the Press Gallery, which perhaps contributes to the impression of us MPs that they have eyes "that they might not see". The top of men's or even women's heads, to which the view from the Gallery is limited, is remarkably uninformative compared with the aspect of their faces as seen on the level.

The unsought bonus for myself in these last years has been the opportunity to make this intimate facial acquaintance not just with both main parties instead of only one but with two successive governments. As holding the balance or near-balance in the last parliament, we Ulster Unionists learnt to watch like mariners the weather signs on the faces of Foot, Wilson, Callaghan and the rest. In this differently constituted parliament the drama is proving more poignant, though of a strategic rather than a tactical significance. It is to watch recorded from day to day on the faces of Mrs Thatcher and her colleagues the changing fortunes of the struggle which is being waged by a Prime Minister who fights in the knowledge of having no majority in her own cabinet. How do I know? One has only to read the writing-not upon the wall but upon the faces. The story is all

Enoch Powell is Official Ulster Unionist MP for Down, South.

The alternative candidate

by Patrick Brogan

John Anderson's campaign for the presidency began last January, with a joke. All the Republican candidates except Ronald Reagan were sitting in a row in a public auditorium in Des Moines, Iowa, conducting what passes for a public debate in America. One of a panel of reporters would ask one of the candidates a question. He would reply, at length, and then the others would have 60 seconds each to answer the same question.

Question: "How can you cut taxes, increase defence spending and balance the budget, all at the same time?"

A rambling answer came from one of the candidates, concise answers from four others, all saying it was perfectly possible. But Anderson said: "It's easy. You do it with mirrors."

He went on to say that he did not believe in increasing defence spending too much, and was against a tax cut this year or next, but what stuck in everyone's memory was the striking difference between his flat decisiveness, his refusal to pretend that everything is possible, and the other candidates' waffle.

He did not win the Iowa caucuses, nor any of the primaries that followed. He came an honourable (but disappointed) second to Ronald Reagan in his home state, Illinois, almost won in Massachusetts and did well in Connecticut. Then he saw that he was not going to win the Republican nomination and announced on April 23 that he was bolting the party, running as an Independent.

People yearn after a difference. In mid May an opinion poll in *Time* magazine showed that 55 per cent of the electorate was unhappy at being faced with a choice between Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. Unfortunately for Anderson, 59 per cent think he has no chance of winning. The most important figure in the poll showed Anderson getting only 23 per cent of the vote in a three-way race, with Reagan getting 36 per cent and Carter 34.

Now if he can do no better than that in September, when the real election campaign at last begins, then he will have to drop out of the race. Nobody will take him seriously and he will be unable to raise the money he would need to make a fight of it. The deep scepticism over the chances of third-party candidates would ditch him.

Anderson is running two campaigns, ostensibly offering his ideas and his policies but in fact simply offering himself. "I think we have a cause, in the sense that we are willing to go out across the country and tell the truth", he said recently. "Simply tell the truth: not try to paper over our difficulties, nor pretend that the times in 1980 are somehow no

different than they were in 1976 or 1972 or 1968. They are different, and that's the special reason to do what we are doing." But if he gets anywhere, it will be because people can't stand Carter and are terrified of Reagan.

Anderson, as that quotation shows, is inclined to self-righteousness. He has taken on the role of Jeremiah, going around the country telling everyone that America is in a terrible state and that he alone can save it. The only specific policies he advocates to produce this salvation is to put a tax of 50 cents on a gallon of petrol and to reduce social security payments with the money the tax would raise. He also wants to appoint various commissions to look at long-term problems, as though commissions of all sorts, public and private, were not turning out reports in a constant flood.

All that is icing on the cake. His real appeal is that he is not Reagan, he is not Carter. There is an alternative. He can only succeed, therefore, if the predicament gets worse and the weaknesses of his two rivals become more apparent. American politics are in such a state that, theoretically, he might succeed.

His main strength is in the industrial north-east and, rather surprisingly, in the west. He is devoting his main efforts over the summer, while public attention is rivetted on the two main parties' nominating process, on getting his name on the ballot in as many states as possible.

It is an uphill task, because the rules have been designed for the benefit of the two-party system, and he will not succeed everywhere. There is really no chance that he can win the election outright. Reagan will carry the west, Carter will carry the south, they will divide the mid west. Anderson might, however, carry a number of northern states, denying either of the other two a majority of electoral votes.

Americans do not elect their presidents directly. They vote for electors, who are in theory committed to individual candidates. Whoever gets a majority in a state, however narrowly, gets all the electoral votes from that state. A candidate needs a majority of all the electoral votes to win, and if 1980 is as close a race as 1976. Anderson carrying, say, Massachusetts and Connecticut would prevent Carter or Reagan winning that majority. Then the election would go to the House of Representatives, for the third time in American history and then who knows what would happen? Each state would have one vote, so the usual democratic majority would not count.

It is still almost impossible to see Anderson becoming president but he has a lot of enthusiastic supporters, more than any third-party candidate since Teddy Roosevelt in 1912, and the main parties' selections are so lamentable that his chances cannot be completely ruled out.

More moves on the Middle East

by Norman Moss

There are two ways of looking at the Europeans' Middle East initiative.

It can be passed off as a gesture, the striking of an attitude, which consists of uttering the right sounds about the Palestinians to please the Arab oil suppliers, and make amends for *Death of a Princess*, without seriously trying to change anything in the Middle East.

Or it can be seen as the first step in an attempt to play a role in bringing about Arab-Israeli peace, saying things an American administration cannot say for domestic political reasons with the aim of shifting things away from their present sterile deadlock.

Certainly when Lord Carrington proposed it to Britain's EEC partners he intended it to be a serious move, a joint venture in the admittedly choppy waters of Middle East politics. But the complications piled up, and the EEC is holding back for the moment from any serious move in the United Nations. Now it is questionable whether it will go beyond the Venice Declaration.

The initiative would have one advantage that has nothing to do with the Middle East. There has been talk for a long time about Western Europe playing a political role in the world through the EEC, but it has been just talk. Now at last there is a subject on which all the European countries agree. All have a stake in the goodwill of the Arab world. In all, public opinion has shifted in favour of the Palestinians. All have made some approaches, more or less formal, to the Palestine Liberation Organization. Even the Dutch, traditionally the most pro-Israeli people in Europe, are currently having their attitudes altered by the harassment of Dutch soldiers serving with the UN force in the Lebanon by Israeli-backed Lebanese militia.

One reason for launching a European initiative on the Middle East is to have a European initiative on something. This might raise the collective morale of the EEC, and it creates patterns of political co-operation which can be followed: Middle East specialists in the foreign ministries of all nine members have met to work out policy.

The ostensible aim of any European moves is to get concessions from all sides on the vexed question of the Israeli-occupied territories. The Israelis would have to accept the eventual goal of self-determination, not just autonomy, for the Palestinians—not the West Bankers. They might have to accept also the participation in negotiations of the PLO which, if it wanted to take part in the talks, would have to swallow the bitter pill of accepting Israel's right to exist.

The original idea was for Britain to put forward a resolution in the UN Security Council amending Resolution 242, which is the basis of the present



President Anwar Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel: architects of peace in the Middle East.

peace talks. This resolution is pretty bland, affirming the right of every country in the area to live in peace and calling on Israel to withdraw from territories occupied in the 1967 war, without specifying all the territories. It refers to the rights of the Palestinians, but as refugees to be resettled. Their problem, it implies, is humanitarian, not political. The amendment would include an affirmation of their political right to self-determination.

However, the US administration has asked the Europeans not to introduce anything in the UN for the time being. President Carter, answering questions in a TV interview, made it clear that the US is prepared to use its veto in the Security Council. "If the Europeans do come in," he said, "we will not permit in the UN any action that would destroy the sanctity of and the present form of UN 242."

The administration believes that if Resolution 242 is amended Israel will walk out of the autonomy talks, taking the rather legalistic line that the Camp David Agreement made Resolution 242 the basis of any Israeli-Egyptian peace talks. The US intends to keep the talks going as long as possible. "We have a veto power that we can exercise if necessary to prevent the Camp David process from being destroyed or subverted," President Carter said.

The Europeans feel that this is like being warned against destroying a wrecked building. The only difference among the EEC partners on this point is that some governments, such as the British, think the present talks in a Camp David framework have little chance of succeeding, and others, such as the French, think they have none at all.

The Egyptians might be forgiven for taking the same view. Israel, far from moving towards self-government for the people of the occupied areas, has been

erecting new settlements and peopling the area with Israelis, and cracking down on unrest. In fact President Sadat broke off the talks at one point, but then said he was willing to go on, even after the deadline for completion passed on May 26. If he does not get something for the Palestinians he will have no answer to the charge that he sold out the Arab cause in exchange for American help in getting back Sinai.

However, the Egyptian government went along with the Americans in asking Britain not to stir up the UN waters at this moment. True, there was a certain ambiguity in the Egyptian approach, reflected in two headlines on the same day, May 28, in two responsible and authoritative newspapers: *The Guardian* said "Egypt Asks Europe to Delay Initiative", the *Financial Times* "Cairo Encourages Europe To Take Middle East Initiative."

It is not that the Egyptian government has any great hopes of a sudden change of heart in Israel (though a change of government is a possibility); rather, as Cairo sees it, whatever Europe says the US is the only country that can deliver and the only one that can put pressure on Israel that Israel would find difficult to resist. Israel is still dependent on American financial support and American arms sales. So far, the US government has voiced disapproval of Israeli policy on the West Bank, but has shown no sign of disapproving with anything stronger than its voice. President Sadat may despair of it doing so.

However, there are a number of factors that can change things so that there is less room for European action. Saudi Arabia has stepped in. Prince Fahd, the Crown Prince and leading political personality in the country, offered to talk peace with the Israeli government. He made the pre-condition that Israel agree to pull out of all the occupied territories,

which is unacceptable, but none the less the offer appears to be a move away from the purely negative position on peace talks that is taken up by the rejectionist front of Arab countries.

The Israeli government may change. Ezer Weizman's resignation as Defence Minister because of his opposition to its West Bank policy has encouraged opposition and weakened the coalition. Even Prime Minister Begin said he may have to call elections before the date of November, 1981.

No one needs reminding that an election is coming up in America. A Carter administration that won the election without the Jewish vote would be freer to get tough with Israel. A Reagan administration would be less likely to do so.

Also bearing on the Middle East is the present transatlantic discord. Europe and the US are critical of each other's behaviour to the point where there are doubts about the future of the alliance. The US has accused Europeans of a lack of loyalty to their ally in failing to support it in events outside Europe, even where, as in the Arabian Gulf, their vital interests are involved. In the present climate every issue can become a touchstone of loyalty to the alliance. The Europeans are reluctant to lay themselves open again to the charge of preferring appeasement to solidarity, truckling to Arab oil suppliers rather than supporting the efforts of an ally.

Lastly, there are still possibilities of progress on the ground. Autonomy could be granted first to the Gaza Strip, where there are no historic-religious attachments for Israelis, no settlements and a lesser terrorist problem, and where Egypt, its other neighbour, could be a stabilizing influence. Israel could reverse its tactics on the West Bank, if not its strategy, and make concessions that would allow negotiations on autonomy to begin with West Bankers. The PLO would be represented by proxy, in effect, since any West Bank leader would be at least a supporter of the PLO, and Israel has already accepted this tacitly. Israel's settlement policy may falter-indeed it is faltering—because of the difficulty of finding settlers; an Israeli has to be very dedicated or short-sighted to plant roots in an area which is a political pawn.

There are still moves that can be made on the Arab-Israeli chess board. But if there is no progress at all by the time the UN General Assembly meets in the autumn, the Egyptians may join others in asking Britain to introduce that resolution in the Security Council on behalf of the Europeans. If this means that the board is knocked over, perhaps a new game will begin. There has even been talk in Paris of a new international meeting on Arab-Israeli peace, in which the Soviet Union would join.

However, at this writing, it seems more likely that the European initiative will limit itself to declarations, leaving it to the Americans to make peace

Glory returns to Salisbury

by Sir Arthur Bryant

On Wednesday May 14, in Salisbury Cathedral, a first step was taken towards restoring the interior of that noble church to a state worthy of its miraculously beautiful exterior. For, with the unveiling on that day by Yehudi Menuhin and the dedication by the Bishop of Salisbury of a new east window, executed by the great French artist Gabriel Loire of Chartres, a new departure was made in the Cathedral's history.

Henceforward, when the morning sun strikes from the east through the infinite shades of blue in the new window's five lovely lancets, as one looks up from the nave beyond the choir and high altar there will be a glory of colour in the Cathedral's interior almost as arresting and significant as that matchless 14th century spire—the most beautiful in the world-which crowns the great 13th-century church which Bishop Richard Poore built among the Avon water meadows. In the Pitkin Pictorials' booklet which commemorates the unveiling and dedication of the window the Dean, to whose imagination and initiative the Cathedral owes this momentous step in the transformation of its interior, tells the story of how the window came to be made: "It began with some remarks made to me when my appointment as Dean of Salisbury had been announced. Certain friends whose discernment I respected would say, 'It will be interesting to see what you do about the interior of the Cathedral,' or 'Salisbury is all glorious without, but, once inside, you feel that somehow the glory has departed.' Pondering this kind of comment and searching for the truth of it during my first year, I decided that what visitors speak of as disappointing is produced not by the architecture but by the dominant colour. Chilmark stone is grey and the darker Purbeck marble shafts deepen this sense of greyness. In medieval times this grey provided a background for painted colouring . . . Traces of this colour can still be seen on the medieval choir screen now in the Morning Chapel."

For the Protestant reaction against the priestly-interpreted image-worship of the medieval Age of Faith resulted, though in a passionate revival of spiritual thought and awareness, in the destruction at the hands of iconoclastic fanatics and brutal and ignorant mobs of a great national heritage of ecclesiastical painting and sculpture, which almost totally vanished in England after the Reformation, leaving our country the poorer in visual beauty ever since. Before it so tragically disappeared, it was the legacy to the future of an age in which the perception and communication of spiritual awareness and divine truth was effected by visual rather than intellectual means. As I wrote in my

Makers of the Realm, "It was neither the philosopher's cell nor the writer's desk that afforded the supreme expression of medieval faith. It came from the 'engineers' or 'architects' in monastic cloister and cathedral chapter who sketched on deal boards the designs of the huge edifices that arose at abbot's or bishop's command; from the mastermasons, with their squares and compasses, who carried out their conceptions with teams of travelling craftsmen—hewers trimming the stone with axes and dressing it with chisels; setters laying the walls and making mortarmatrixes: turners with stone-lathes shaping columns and shafts; wrights and joiners, carvers and sculptors, slaters, smiths, plumbers and glaziers, fashioning the timber supports from the heart of the tree, graving statues, making ironwork fitting for doors, raising with primitive cranes and pulleywheels the baskets of stone and rolls of lead to the soaring walls and roofs, filling the windows with intricately patterned and brilliantly coloured glass. The plain rounded vaulting, small windows and heavy columns of the Romanesque or Norman past were superseded by delicately pointed arches, clusters of slender pillars, and tiers of long lancet windows which flooded the vast buildings with light—the crying need of the cloudy north-and lit the jewelled shrines, painted walls and stained glass within in radiant hues.'

Our own century has seen a growing awareness, largely lacking in its three predecessors, of the lack of this quality of interpretative and arresting colour in our great ecclesiastical heritage, whose architecture has been so long bereft of the interior illumination which once humanized and adorned it. Westminster and Tewkesbury Abbeys both

now afford examples of what can be done to bring back colour, vividness and lightness to the long unadorned stone skeletons of our greater churches.

In his fascinating story of how the grey interior of Salisbury Cathedral has come to be endowed with "a blaze of colour in the east to catch the eye of the worshipper to counteract the predominant sense of greyness and to speak to the heart of those ... prepared to stand and look and read what is written in the glass and hear what the window is saying," the Dean continues by asking what was the artist, with his lovely art of coloured glass, to be invited to do: should the window be an abstract arrangement of colours or should it illustrate a definite theme? For, he felt, a window in such a commanding position "should express a key Christian affirmation illuminating an aspect of contemporary human experience in the sort of way that the windows of Chartres affirmed the transcendent dimension of contemporary medieval life and occupations." And the theme which the Dean and Chapter chose for Gabriel Loire's great affirmation in colour of Christian truth and virtue is that of those heroic individuals, or groups of individuals, who, guided by no light but that of their consciences and regardless of their own freedom or safety, have thrown down challenges to the false assumptions of those in authority or power. Such men, by standing firm "for the truth against the lie", have "kept alight candles of freedom". In "this 20th century of frightfulness", the Dean decided, the great window which was to bring the sun's light to the ancient Cathedral through a thousand tones of blue and reds, greens and yellows should depict the sufferings, constancy and heroism in the agonized, tormented, yet

enduring faces of those prisoners of conscience who "at the cost of mental anguish, physical pain, spiritual humiliation, isolation or premature death, have upheld by non-violent witness the dignity of the human person against false-hood and tyranny".

It is of these brave prisoners of conscience-men who today and in all ages have chosen to defy the powers of tyrannical kings, dictators, high priests, bureaucrats and tribunes of the people—that the window serves to remind us. It might not be unfitting for those self-appointed champions of the right of English athletes to compete in the Moscow Olympics, regardless of the sufferings of the enslaved people of Afghanistan, to contemplate the meaning of this window, and the well-nigh incredible courage of Russian dissidents like Sakharov who know that the refusal of other countries to condone the Soviet leaders' aggression is the one way of appealing to the human decency of the Russian people over the heads of their ruthless rulers. "Some of the men and women who have stood firm for truth against the lie in situations of ideological and totalitarian oppression," the Dean of Salisbury has written, "have been avowedly of Christian faith, others of Jewish faith; yet others for their sheerly humane convictions have chosen to suffer for justice and freedom and what they hold to be fundamental human values and human rights. All such persons are remembered and commemorated in the two outside lancets of the new window in Salisbury." The greatest of all prisoners of conscience was Christ, the exemplar of all self-sacrifice for human good. That stand, His crucifixion and resurrection, are commemorated and enshrined in the central lancets of this wonderful window

100 years ago



Reported in the *ILN* of July 24, 1880 was Mr J. T. Hartley's second consecutive winning of the lawn tennis championship at the All-England Club, Wimbledon. There were 1,300 spectators, "notwithstanding the half-crown admission fee".

Organizing the Tournament

If "Jumbo" Preston is in town it must be Royal Tournament time. Jumbo, or more formally, Lieutenant Colonel A. J. Preston, formerly of the 9/12th Lancers, has been arena master at the Tournament for 22 years. He started doing the job as a three-week stint while a serving officer but he became such a mainstay that even after retiring to Majorca he volunteered to carry on. Every July he forsakes the Mediterranean for Earls Court and Lancer No 1 dress, complete with spurs and sword.

He is a tradition within a tradition, and that is really what the Tournament is all about: links with the past, loyalty to the Service, the volunteer spirit and lots of dash. About 300,000 people see the show every year.

The Tournament, which this year celebrates its centenary, is a gigantic shop window displaying to the tax-payer what the Services can do, and it has a cast incomparably greater than that of the biggest West End production. This leads to a considerable logistic problem. It is solved by turning Earls Court into a military base and administering it as a regiment: it has a commanding officer, an adjutant, an orderly and even an RSM.

It all started as the Grand Military Tournament and Assault at Arms in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in 1880. It became "Royal" in 1884 (just like a regiment it had to earn the honour by success). The Royal Navy joined it in 1905 and the following year the venue was moved to Olympia. Forty-four years on it moved to Earls Court, where it has taken place ever since. In its first 100 years it has raised about 1.4 million for Service charities. The show is run on a basis of no additional cost to the Treasury. Such items as transport, communications, insurance and presentation are among the costs funded

directly by the production.

The man who runs the Tournament these days is Colonel Dan Reade, a cheery enthusiast who works with a small team in a tiny office at the top of the Horse Guards Parade building. Reade joined the Army as a trooper in the Royal Tank Regiment at the beginning of the Second World War and rose to Colonel in the Queen's Own Hussars before retiring to become chief executive of the Tournament in 1974.

The only times the Tournament has not brightened the London summer scene were during the First and Second World Wars when those particular assaults at arms were altogether too grand to allow servicemen to be spared as entertainers. Even so, only 11 days after that memorable 11th day of the 11th month of 1918, the organizing committee was at work planning a triumphant comeback for 1919. The infant RAF was included and that really was the date when the Tournament moved into the high-technology field.

One of the problems is to get the right balance between hardy annual items, new demonstrations of technology and overseas guest artistes. The Royal Navy field-gun competition and the King's Troop gun-carriage musical drive, both highly dangerous events if attention wanders, are de rigueur. Besides them, this year's show from July 9 to 26 has the massed bands of the Royal Marines School of Music, Deal, the Irish Guards and the RAF. There will be a combined Services physical training display, a motorcycle competition, precision drill by the Marines and a Household Cavalry quadrille. Guests will include Kenyan army gymnasts, dancers and band.

Overseas representation is of long standing. The Arab Legion band has played there, so have the bands of the Gulf States. Canadian and Californian bands and display teams have done their duty, too. As far back as 1910 the Danish and Egyptian armies sent contingents. But the most spectacular attendance must have been in 1903 when hundreds of soldiers from the Indian army put on a durbar pageant.

Problems have been solved on the grand scale. In the 1880s one Colonel Onslow created a river flowing through the Agricultural Hall in a vast canvas channel. Stockades have been defended, mountain passes contested, naval engagements fought, and a few years ago we saw the St George's Day raid on Zeebrugge in the First World War. Prophecy seems to emerge from the tableaux as well as history. In the early 1920s the Sharpshooters and the Westminster Dragoons fought an armoured car action in the arena with a desert setting described as Bardia, a foretaste of the fighting there in Rommel's day in North Africa. Three years ago the crowd cheered as commando troops stormed a building in a desert country to rescue embassy staff...

A characteristic of the Tournament is its sense of family, whether it be the families who loyally return year after year or the regular visits by members of the Royal Family.

And the years ahead? Distinguished men have had a go at telling us what is in store. A general and don has masterminded a brilliant novel about how the West nearly loses the Third World War, a former President of the United States tells us that the war has now started, and a Russian writer says the West has already lost it. Whatever is ahead we can be sure that the Tournament will be keeping the nation informed about the skills of the Services. In the meantime, in a well-ordered Valhalla, Colonel Onslow is no doubt noting instructions for a future spectacular: "Background, a street of tall houses in Princes Gate . . . Enter from arena roof three gas-masked men of the SAS sliding down ropes. . .



"Cleaving the Turk's head" at the Grand Military Tournament and Assault at Arms in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from the ILN of July 3, 1880.

The re-creations of Alan Sorrell

The National Museum of Wales has its headquarters in Cardiff, where it is housed in a building whose Edwardian grandiloquence suggests a somewhat static institution whose present is comfortably anchored in the past and whose future seems unlikely to change dramatically from its present. In fact this impression is all wrong, as we discovered on a recent visit there and after talking to the Director, Dr Douglas Bassett, an amiable Welsh geologist who is presiding over a bustling and expanding enterprise with offshoots sprouting in many parts of the territory it was set up to serve.

In addition to four well-established branch museums (a folk museum in the Elizabethan mansion of St Fagan's Castle, the legionary museum of Caerleon, on the site of the Roman fort of Isca, Segontium Roman Fort Museum



FROM OUR REPORTERS

and Turner House in Penarth, built by J. Pyke Thomson in 1888 for his private art collection) the National Museum has opened five more in the last decade. These are the North Wales Quarrying Museum, in Llanberis, the Graham Sutherland Gallery at Picton Castle, Haverfordwest, a museum for the woollen industry at Drefach, an industrial and maritime museum in West Bute Dock, Cardiff, and a museum of 19th-century Welsh religious life, recently opened at Tre'r-ddol near Aberystwyth. The museum is also building an environmental centre in Snowdonia which should be open in a couple of years.

At headquarters the museum presents displays from its permanent collections to illustrate the history of Wales from some 200,000 years ago (the museum possesses an axe of this age made from local Cardiff quartzite) to the present day (there is a splendid permanent but changing exhibition above the main hall devoted to the work of modern artist-craftsmen). The museum runs a service for schools which includes the distribution throughout Wales of portable exhibits on loan to secondary schools, teachers' centres and colleges of education. There is also a spectacular, and beautifully displayed, collection of French Impressionist works, and a lively programme of special temporary exhibitions.

It was one of these that gave us the opportunity of visiting the museum recently, for it has put on display an exhibition of the work of Alan Sorrell. For many years Sorrell contributed drawings for The Illustrated London News, most of them "reconstructions" (he did not like the word, and nor do we, but we have failed to find a more accurate one) of archaeological sites as they once might have been. Sorrell's capacity for taking pains and his insight enabled him to transform the archaeologist's science into imaginative art, and he gave the kiss of life to many archaeological reports in our publication.

Alan Sorrell's first work for the ILN was a reconstruction from Roman remains in Leicester of what was then thought to be a basilica. We published it in 1936. He did many others, particularly in the 1950s, when he travelled in Greece and Turkey, and perhaps most memorably in the early 1960s, when he was commissioned to record for us the monuments and places which were to be flooded by the building of the Aswan Dam. His last work for us was not a reconstruction but a record of a monument nearer home—the pier at Southend-which we published in 1971, and which reflected his own concern at the threat to its continued existence. Sorrell died in 1974.

The works on view in Cardiff are mainly those commissioned by the museum, many of them vivid reconstructions of ancient monuments and castles, including the painting reproduced here of Harlech castle as it is believed to have looked when it was completed in 1290

Zimbabwe revisited

by Roger Nicholson

The author knows Zimbabwe well. He first went to Rhodesia with the Royal Air Force in 1951, and later was based there as a journalist for 12 years. Between 1962 and 1965 he was an opposition member of the Rhodesian parliament. He resigned from the UFP caucus in 1964 and in 1970 he was deported from the country under the UDI emergency regulations. He recently returned to Zimbabwe, and he reports here on his first visit to the country for ten years.

The joke used to go: "This is your captain speaking. We are about to land at Salisbury Airport. Please put your watches back 20 years."

The advice still has some validity. At the airport the immigration officials are white, sport short back and sides, and are officious. There is clearly still a need to keep a sharp look-out for troublestirring liberals. Outside, the arrangements for taxis are cheerfully disorganized. Black acquaintances fall on each other like old friends and informally fix transport to the city with a smoothness which augurs well for the survival of some form of capitalism in a country which might go Marxist.

There are a number of new buildings breaking the Salisbury skyline. Most are attractive, some are handsome, but they all belong to the 1960s style. The receptionists at the hotel are white, the porters black. The white children uniformly still wear school blazers and look fit and well, big for their ages and openfaced. The white shop assistant invites the visitor to move ahead of two waiting black customers in the queue, and the confused commissionaire at the government department is a white pensioner: "Nkomo? Not here."

The public and private gardens remain beautifully tended and a joy. At Salisbury Golf Club they are still serving what tastes like the best anchovy toast in the world and a polo match carries on at Salisbury Sports Club.

All this, it can seem, is taking place on board the Titanic; the band is still playing and so far nobody has bothered even to rearrange the deckchairs. This atmosphere is real enough, but it is a superficial description of only one aspect of the new Zimbabwe. And it is likely to be short-lived, based as it is on a euphoria compounded of two understandable emotions and one which is barely credible

There is total relief that the war is over. There is also surprise at the impressiveness of Mr Mugabe's performance as Prime Minister and the moderate tone of his statements so farboth very different from the image built up of him as the ruthless, Marxist, terrorist leader. What is barely credible is that some whites still seem to think that the society they knew in Rhodesia for so many years will last.

One of the things which is certain about the new Zimbabwe is that white society will not be left alone. The whites lost the war. With it they lost a way of life which was seductive, questionable and now must be untenable.

The economic and cultural gap beteen the wealthy white suburb of Highlands and the near-subsistence townships of Harare and Highfields just 12 miles away across Salisbury is a microcosm of the Brandt Commission report on the north-south gap. But in Salisbury the government power base is located in these townships.

The key to understanding the new Zimbabwe is simple: it will be a black country governed by blacks for blacks. There will be a need and probably a welcome for whites who have special skills and capital for as far ahead as anyone can see. Many of the present white population of about 220,000 do not come into this category, and some of those who do are going to find the changed circumstances impossible to adjust to.

Most of the problems facing Zimbabwe flow from the painful changes from a white- to a black-run country which are going to take place. But there are other, special problems. Some flow from the aftermath of the war. Hundreds of thousands of people are homeless. The cattle stock has been decimated and the previously efficient diseasecontrol machinery eroded. The three separate fighting forces have not yet been welded into one, much reduced army, and there are still marauding gangs of former guerrillas.

The government is an uneasy coalition between Mr Mugabe and Mr Nkomo and their parties. This uneasiness is part historical, going back to the split in the nationalist movement in the

1960s, and part tribal.

There is also the problem of Zimbabwe's geographical location. Arguably it is the second most important country in Africa, after Nigeria, south of the Sahara. It borders with the Republic of South Africa across the Limpopo for hundreds of miles. The government of Zimbabwe subscribes to the OAU policy on South Africa, but needs to live on a day-to-day basis with its wealthy and relatively powerful white-governed neighbour. Manifestly it wants to see black rule in Pretoria, but it cannot afford to be a military springboard for it.

The problems are immense, but they are not hopeless. Ian Smith was not a gifted phrase-maker and the few he will be remembered for he would probably prefer historians to leave out of his footnote: UDI was to be "a ten-day wonder"; there was not to be majority

rule "in my lifetime" or, in more exalted mood, "never in a thousand years". He also once said, "We have the happiest Africans in the world." In its context at the time this was just one of his many profound misreadings of political developments in southern Africa. But in another sense he was right. The inhabitants of Zimbabwe are a happy, relaxed people. This is one encouraging factor.

There are others. Though the quality of the economic infrastructure will almost certainly deteriorate, which will have an adverse affect on economic activity overall, the economy should retain four strong elements. Given average luck with the seasonal rainfall, the country should remain net self-sufficient as a producer of basic foodstuffs, and able in some areas to export significant quantities to the adjacent, less wellplaced African territories. It should also be possible to resume and develop the export of foodstuffs to Europe.

Next, Zimbabwe is rich in a wide range of minerals. Mining exploration, extraction and processing are all activities which can be satisfactorily carried on by a combination of external investment capital (largely white), professional skills, and indigenous labour.

Third, Zimbabwe has a useful spread of secondary industry. Without question this area was stimulated by the impact of economic sanctions and the shortage of foreign currency which they provoked. Most of the industrial units are not well placed to compete against South African counterparts. In practice that should not be a great problem, and they are well placed to serve both the home market and the markets in the adjacent African territories.

Lastly, there is tourism. Zimbabwe is a spectacular country. It is vast (about four times the size of the United Kingdom but with one-eighth of its population), it is varied, and it is different. It can offer the tourist a view of traditional Africa with the comfort of Europeanstyle amenities.

After all that has happened in Africa these past 20 years, the safest view to take about the future of Zimbabwe would be pessimistic. With the continuation of the sort of sensitivity that Mr Mugabe has already shown in Salisbury, and sympathy and understanding and help from the UK, the EEC and the United States, this view need not be fulfilled and it is important not only for the future of Zimbabwe itself that the pessimists are proved wrong

US nuclear bases in Britain

by John Reed

The US military presence in Europe has been an important part of the West's defence for more than 30 years. Current plans to increase the nuclear deterrent in Britain are analysed in this article.

As events in the Middle East bring the extent of the United States' future military commitment to Europe under close scrutiny, there are proposals for a significant increase in that part of its nuclear deterrent permanently based in the United Kingdom. These plans, which if they come to maturity could lead to the stationing of about 160 mobile, truck-mounted Tomahawk cruise missiles among the major UStenanted airfields in East Anglia, have already aroused controversy.

The arguments are predictable, and the Easter protest marches and the spate of anti-nuclear leaflets circulating in East Anglia will undoubtedly not be the last we shall hear of them. The Belgian and Netherlands governments have already shown signs of indecision when confronted with claims that acceptance of cruise sites would place their homelands firmly in the nuclear firing line. In response, the Nato chiefs claim that the Tomahawk and the up-rated Pershing 2 missiles are essential if they are to compensate for the Warsaw Pact forces' massive numerical superiority.

The reality, however unpalatable it may seem, is that the presence of even a large force of cruise-borne nuclear weapons in East Anglia could make little difference to the vulnerability of an area which has long been in the front line of Nato's defences. However that vulnerability is the negative side of the argument. The US presence is designedly a deterrent and has worked for more than 30 years. Paradoxically the East-West missile balance has now reached the point at which vulnerability may increase if the new weapons are excluded.

When ex-President Richard Nixon spoke recently on TV of the US having provided Europe with the opportunity to prosper behind a defensive screen, none of his otherwise critical co-panellists dissented. The US presence in the UK has been a vital part of that screen since the earliest days of the Cold War, but it was not until 1965, when President de Gaulle issued marching orders to all foreign servicemen based on French soil, that it began to assume its present form. The US Air Force's squadrons of tactical strike and reconnaissance aircraft, which would have a crucial mission in the mêlée that would follow an outbreak of fighting in Europe, were dispersed to bases in Germany—arguably too near the killing ground-and to a handful of former RAF airfields in East Anglia. By then strategic bombers which had flown parts of their missions from them for nearly 20 years had returned to their home bases in the US, and new arrivals were grouped under the command of the South Ruislip headquarters of the Third Air Force.

Changes of tempo in international relations, periods of austerity and policy reversals subsequently forced expansions and contractions in the shape of the command until eventually operational control of the 330-plus aircraft based in the UK passed to the Germanbased Headquarters United States Air Force Europe. The headquarters of the Third Air Force—now located at Mildenhall, Suffolk—assumed its current role as provider of administrative and logistic support for the aircraft at the seven major bases, 21,000 forces and personnel and their 26,000 dependants, and as the single point of contact with Whitehall in all matters affecting UK-based servicemen.

Meanwhile the roots thrown out by the US-tenanted installations have dug further into British soil. Bases like that which has grown around the wartime emergency landing fields at Woodbridge and Bentwaters have developed into self-contained communities. As the main base for the 108 Fairchild Republic A-10 Thunderbolt 2 "tank busters" of what is to become the USAF's biggest combat wing and a helicopter rescue squadron, Bentwaters-Woodbridge, although still nominally an RAF station, has a US population of around 4,000 servicemen and 6,000 dependants.

At the same time the Third Air Force has acquired a new lethality for the 1980s. The A-10s that have replaced the F-4s are slow and ungainly in the eyes of an air force which has grown accustomed to "fast-movers", but a silent, smoke-free approach, exceptional manoeuvrability and devastating firepower make them one of the most potent weapons in the Nato arsenal. In the event of a crisis the A-10s would move to forward locations nearer the front, where they could operate from roads and unimproved airstrips in close support of Allied forces while retaining their Suffolk airfield as a rear base.

The A-10's deadly 30mm Avenger cannon can deliver up to 4,200 rounds of specially developed ammunition per minute, but is normally used in lethal short bursts from low altitude, and its arrival in Europe has significantly strengthened Nato's ability to defend itself against a massed armoured thrust. No one pretends that it will win wars but, said one combat-experienced pilot, "it sure as hell lowers the odds".

USAF tactical experts like to talk of the "synergistic" effect of the airpower at their disposal, and emphasize the massive cumulative firepower that they can commit to the support of Nato ground forces. In this comprehensive array the A-10s are aligned with the 90 Suffolk-based "swing-wing" F-111s from Lakenheath, and 75 others from the 20th Tactical Fighter Wing at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. Both wings are tasked with long-range, low-level strike missions, but unlike the A-10s the F-111s have all-weather, day and night capability, can fly supersonic and are equipped with a terrain-following radar system enabling them to operate at a pre-selected height above ground at high speed. In war the UK-based F-111s could be expected to play a major part in Allied counter-air operations, attacking enemy airfields, fuel dumps and munitions stores, and flying missions to sever supply lines and disrupt marshalling areas. In this capacity they can operate at extended ranges in conjunction with tanker aircraft belonging to Strategic Air Command flying from Mildenhall and, since September, 1979. Fairford in Gloucestershire.

The extra tankers were urgently needed to support transport flights as well as those by strike aircraft. Each month about 350 transports, including 18 of the giant C-5 Galaxy freighters, call at Mildenhall's purpose-built cargo and passenger terminals, bringing with them 2,000 tons of urgently needed freight and carrying 9,200 service passengers to and from the UK. Mildenhall, with its own squadron of 16 C-130 Hercules transports, its ability to handle the big freighters and ideal situation for operating flights to Nato's exposed flanks, provides the USAF with an airlift cross-roads on stable soil that forms a vital part of the global network of routings that would, in an emergency, be augmented by large numbers of civilian aircraft to fly complete combat divisions from their US bases to Germany.

However airlift and tanker operations are only two of the tasks carried out by units based at the 1,017 acre Mildenhall airfield. The 3,000-plus personnel stationed there also provide staff for the Third Air Force's headquarters as well as for the wing controlling the four EC-135 airborne command post aircraft supporting US European Command, and numerous smaller units. There are other support tasks, too. RF-4C Phantoms from RAF Alconbury provide reconnaissance sorties for Nato commanders, while a second fighter squadron from the same base has been formed from air-to-air combat experts who act as the "bad guys" in training exercises throughout Europe. Flying F-5E Tiger IIs, the "Aggressors" are as well versed in the tactics of Warsaw Pact air forces as many of their own MIG pilots, and regular opportunities to pit their skills against their cameras and tape recorders undoubtedly enhance other USAF pilots' chances of survival.

Nine other bases and installations have either administrative or standby flying missions. The base at Chicksands, midway between Bedford and Luton, plays a key part in electronic security and communications operations and provides a workplace for a number of smaller tenants, while at Wethersfield a 400-man unit of airfield construction specialists, known as a Red Horse squadron from its Rapid Emergency Deployable Heavy Operational Repair Squadron Engineering title, is retained to deal with wartime runway damage at any of the UK bases.

All Red Horse squadrons could also undertake peacetime construction tasks at the bases, but in normal circumstances these are handed down to British contractors via Whitehall. A recent, protracted dispute involving employees of a UK contractor engaged to build shelters at four airfields has, however, given rise to some misgivings. The USAF has not yet been directly involved in the dispute, but a two-year delay has left much of the tactical fighter force without protection against nonnuclear attack. The dispute is an ugly one which could yet be further complicated by Nato insisting on a foreign contractor being engaged to finish the work. and though there is no suggestion of a deliberate attempt to obstruct the USAF in its mission, the matter highlights the problems that can bedevil even the most stable international landlordtenant relationship. It is the stability of the US base that led one USAF commanding officer to describe his installation as "an excellent investment of our resources", and there is no doubt that Nato planners are anxious that the mainly regional outcry against the cruise missile should be temporary.

The current US commitment to Europe includes more than 1,000 combat aircraft (including those of the 2nd and 6th Fleets and those held at readiness at US bases) and exceeds the combined combat strength of the Royal Air Force and West German Luftwaffe. On 1979 figures the USAF provided 564 of Nato's 3,151 Europeanbased combat aircraft, of which 308 were deployed for ground attack missions. The past decade has been expansionist for the Warsaw Pact armies and air forces. In Germany Nato faces more than 1,000 combat aircraft of the Soviet 16th Air Army, and elsewhere the opposition is equally daunting. There are, however, gaps in the Warpac armoury: it seems it could be at least 1982 before it acquires any significant form of protection against the low fliers or cruise missiles, even employing 1980 state-of-the-art technology. Thus in the current climate of international tension the deterrent provided by the US bases in the UK and by the new missiles seems certain to play a vital part in the intricate system that keeps East and West off a collision course

The last Olympics?

by Chris Brasher

Moscow may not stage the last modern Olympics, but nationalism and politics seem to be bringing about their demise. The author suggests an alternative.

on the Olympic rostrum, gold medal round their necks, watching the flag of thunders over the stadium? And maybe if the man with the gold medal was British, the flag was the Union Jack and the music was "God Save the Oueen". you may have wept too. I have.

But your tears and my tears are not shed for the same reason as those of the man on the rostrum. Our emotion comes from pride: pride that he is one of us and that he has shown the world that we, the British, are still mighty. Our tears are the tears of pride in our nation. And that is one form of nationalism.

His tears are the tears of pure happiness, shed in celebration of a dream fulfilled-the dream that one day he could climb the peak of excellence and stand alone on the summit knowing that at that moment he was master of his chosen profession, master of himself.

In the difference between those emotions-the emotions of those who watch and those who achieve-lies one of the reasons why the Olympic Games as we know them must and will die.

Not this year in Moscow, nor I regret in 1984 when the Games will be held in Los Angeles, but soon thereafter this modern mammoth must lose momentum and fall to the ground mortally wounded. And I, who started a love affair with the Olympic ideal way back in 1952 in Helsinki, will not mourn because the lady I loved who, once, could transform pure physical effort into an experience of spiritual beauty, has now become a raddled old tart.

It may seem strange for me, making part of my living from television, to blame it for this decline, but I can prove that this, the most powerful tool of communication known to man, is the instrument by which the Olympics will die. But first I must explain what it has been used to kill

The Olympics are a dream of youth. Sometime during his idealistic teens a boy reads about, or sees, the exploits of a man who excels above all others and he dreams of emulating him. That is what distinguishes man from all the other animals-the desire to reach upwards into the unknown. Robert Browning said it in two lines:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed

soldier-Marlborough or Wellington:

but now one is a cigarette and the other

Or what's a heaven for?" That desire to reach upwards and explore himself and the world is present in might have dreamed of being a great

You have seen strong men weeping, of being William Pitt-but who behaven't you, as they stand to attention comes Prime Minister at the age of 24 in this century? Or Clive of India-but where is the Empire now? Or Scott of their nation raised in victory as its music the Antarctic or Hillary of Everest-but where are the unknown places of the earth? Indeed even he who dreams of being an astronaut is now probably no longer a teenager but a man in his 20s facing the reality of job and mortgage.

No, the dreams these days are either about rejecting the materialism of the world and venturing forth to help others (which is why the subject of sociology is so overcrowded) or of becoming Kevin Keegan or David Wilkie or Steve Ovett.

For the vast majority it is only a dream which fades in the harsh light of reality but some hold on to it like John Doe, my imaginary teenager who is determined that one day he will hold a world record and go to the Olympics like his hero Sebastian Coe. He needs luck because he will never succeed on his own: the luck to be born into a family that can support him mentally and knowledgeably, or the luck to come under the guidance of a good teacher or Let us assume that all goes well and

as he develops he progresses through school competitions to a youth championship race held in the middle of a major championship meeting at the Crystal Palace-a meeting that is televised. If John Doe wins, or is placed prominently and promisingly, he will be approached by an ex-international athlete asking whether he would like some assistance with his gear, say a free pair of spikes and training shoes. There is nothing wrong with that: an industry based on sport likes to, and should, support sport. The trouble occurs-and idealism flies away-when this escalates from a free pair of shoes into a payment of several thousand dollars, paid surreptitiously "under the counter".

Let me give you actual examples from the 1968 Olympic Games held in Mexico City. These were the first Games to feel the real impact of worldwide television. By 1968 satellites were able to beam live television into every country in the world and the audience was incalculable. What a prize for a manufacturer if he could get his product on to the feet of a man whom the world was going to see win an Olympic gold medal.

Thus it happened that an American athlete performed in the Olympic stadium one morning in a pair of spikes made by firm X. He then went to lunch most teenagers. Once upon a time they and sometime during the break a representative of firm Y handed him \$6,000 and a new pair of spikes which carried the logo of Y. The athlete went out into a boot. Once they might have dreamed the stadium that afternoon and duly

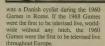
The reason that the money changed hands was the presence of TV, that most powerful means of communication for any manufacturer. Two years later when the football World Cup was also held in Mexico I remember sitting at home in front of my television watching England play in Guadalajara. I noticed a space behind one of the goals-the only space within view of the television cameras that did not carry an advertis-

When I turned on the television for England's next match in Guadalajara that space was filled with the word "Mothercare" and so, the story went, that enterprising British retail chain had paid about £6,000 to have their name in a Mexican football stadium. It was probably cheap at the price because there was nothing else on British television so the women of Britain-or rather those who might shop at Mothercare-were exposed to the message. There is nothing illegal or immoral about this; it makes good commercial sense. I tell the story to show how external forces build up and begin to take control of sporting events that are big enough to command world-wide television. And there is no sporting event

bigger than the Olympic Games. But to return to John Doe. His youthful idealism is now tempered by the reality of life. He must have money to keep himself well fed, well housed and highly mobile so that he can get to the training venues. But under Olympic rules he is not allowed to get that money from his sporting prowess-and vet sport takes up so much of his time that he has little opportunity to earn a living outside it. So he accepts undercover payments knowing that they are illegal by the laws of his sport.

To me the solution is easy. I see no talent for music who devotes his life to becoming a concert pianist and, when he succeeds, can command a large fee for performing at the Royal Festival Hall and a young man with a talent for running who can thrill and lift a crowd of 18,000 at the Crystal Palace. And yet he, the man at the Crystal Palace, can accept no fee. To me, a labourer is worthy of his hire and the days of the amateur are long since dead. If a man has the ability to entertain others, let him be paid openly and honestly, thus abolishing the hypocrisy and cynicism which turns the idealism of so many John Does into opportunism.

But this is the least of the problems facing the modern Olympics: drugs are a more dangerous enemy. I do not believe it is any coincidence that the first Olympics competitor to die of drugs



The drug concerned was Ronicol which, to my knowledge, had been used by the first men to climb the Eiger north wall in winter. It is a vaso-dilatory drug which helps to open up the small blood vessels in the body and on the Eiger was used to prevent frostbite. In Rome it was used to increase the blood flow of the Danish cyclist. But there was no need for it because the temperature on the day of the road race was nearly 100°F and at that temperature, with the maximum exertion of a major race, all the blood vessels were already fully open. When Ronicol was administered the heat was overlooked and the Danish cyclist died.

Much the same thing happened to Britain's greatest-ever cyclist, Tommy Simpson. During the famous Tour de France Tommy died on Mount Pelyoux through a combination of a drug. caffeine, heat and the terrible mistake of a bystander who handed him a tot of neat brandy

Most drugs can be detected very simply. Nowadays there are instant tests difference between a young man with a of the leading competitors and if any stimulant has been taken the athlete can be disqualified. But in the 1960s another class of drug was introduced to the Olympic scene: anabolic steroids. These were commonly used in medicine to help old people metabolize their food. Sportsmen used them together with a high protein diet to help build muscle and, more recently, to help the body recover quickly from hard training sessions. It took more than a decade for the scientists to produce a proper screening test. It was, in fact, a British scientist. Professor R. V. Brooks, of St Thomas's Hospital, London who invented and perfected the tests.

> But the tests are expensive and take time so we have had occasions-during the 1976 Olympics for instancewhen an athlete has taken his gold medal in the Olympic stadium and only



Top, the closing ceremonies of the Melbourne Olympics, 1956, as athletes march past the flags of competing nations to symbolize the Olympic spirit. Above, Chris Brasher (centre) in the 3,000-metre steeplechase at Melbourne, which he won, setting a new Olympic record of 8 minutes 41.2 seconds.

weeks later been disqualified.

There is another problem: an athlete can use anabolic steroids during his winter and spring training and then stop taking them for three weeks before the Games His muscles have benefited throughout many months of training so that his performance during the Games is enhanced. Observers like myself believe-but we have no proof-that the majority of medal winners in the "heavy" events (shot, discus, javelin, weight-lifting) in the last three Olympic Games have taken steroids during their training build-up. And that to me is the negation of sport.

The use of anabolic steroids has become so widespread in the top echelons of so many sports that I have heard it said that we should accept them as the norm. But that philosophy ignores the fact that steroids have long-term effects about which we know very little. But the eminent medical men I have consulted believe the long-term effects include a higher incidence of certain cancers and a higher likelihood of impotence in men. And the changes in women are horrifying: a deepening of the voice, alteration

of hair growth-indeed the masculinization of the female.

Only stringent screening in the weeks preceding the Games will eliminate this menace, a menace produced by the need to win. That need is the result, in my opinion, of the biggest threat to the Games today: the use of nationalism. We in the West are guilty of it but if I have to choose one nation to illustrate my point it must be East Germany. On the one side is the material wealth of West Germany: abundant food, luxury clothes, consumer goods within reach of most citizens. On the other side is mighty Russia, leader of the Eastern world. Sandwiched between it feels the need for an identity of its own, a pride in a nation whose frontiers were set by the armies of 1945. The vehicle it chose to prove its nationhood was sport, but not all sports because it did not have the money or resources to build a structure from base to apex in each one. So it picked its sports and it is no coincidence Afghanistan. that it chose football-the universal sport-and most of the Olympic sports, particularly those that get maximum television coverage: track and field,

Nothing is left to chance: schoolchildren are screened for talent, sent to special schools and training centres and those who emerge are given unlimited time to train under the finest coaches and monitored regularly by the finest sports medicine service in the world. The result is that in their chosen sports the sportsmen and women of East Germany, fewer than 17 million of them. can beat those of Britain (56 million). West Germany (61 million) and France (53 million). Indeed they can beat any country in the world except Russia (259 million) and the United States (216 million)-and they can give those two giants a run for their money.

It is magnificent propaganda transmitted, instantly, around the world by television. Through their sportsmen and women they proclaim the greatness of their nation, the correctness of their poli-

If we just think back to that Mothercare advertisement in a Mexican stadium, we can begin to appreciate the advertising value of their Olympic victories, a value so large that it is impos

sible to put a figure on it. There are others, also, who wish to get their message to the world and use the televised Olympics to do so, the Black September gang for instance. In 1972 in Munich they took Israeli hostages in the Olympic village within 100

vards of the specially constructed Olymnic television and radio centre. I can remember looking out of a window in the TV centre and seeing a masked terrorist on the balcony of the Israeli quarters. In 1976, in Montreal, the African nations used the Olympics to convey their message to the world that nobody, not even New Zealand rugby players, should have any sporting contacts with South Africa, And now in 1980 the politicians of the West are using the Games as their weapon, almost their only weapon, against the Russian invasion of

And so the Olympic Games have become the battleground for commerce (we shall see it at its height in Los Angeles in 1984); for dissident groups such as

the Black September gang: for nations to prove their nationhood; for politicians to protest and punish another nation. The Olympics cannot survive under such an onslaught and I, for one. shall not be sorry to see them die.

And yet I would like to see a phoenix arise from the funeral pyre because I still believe in the need for young people to aim for excellence and to meet together in peace and friendship-the friendship of young men and women of all nations, creeds and colours that I experienced in the Olympic villages and stadiums of 1952 and 1956.

If it is to happen we must first abolish nationalism. Competitors must no longer be picked by national committees as representatives of their nations. That is not only wrong but also unfair. There are probably half a dozen American sprinters and at least half a dozen British distance runners who are better athletes, far better, than the majority of those who take part in the Games but they must stay at home, watching the television, because each nation is allowed no more than three competitors for each event.

No, selection in future must be on merit and flags and anthems and national uniforms must be abolished. The greatest Olympic ceremony that I have ever seen was the result of a suggestion by an Asian child and it was adopted for the closing ceremony of the 1956 Games. It was very simple. All the competitors mixed higgledy-piggledy and marched, or rather walked, into the Olympic stadium to show themselves to, and to thank, those who had supported them with their applause during the

We are moving towards this again: I am glad to report that in Moscow in July the Union Jack will not be flown at any ceremonial, nor will our national anthem be played. Instead British medal winners will honour the Olympic flag, the five circles representing the five continents of the world, and they will do it to the music of the Olympic song.

Finally the Games must find a neutral home, and where better than in an internationally protected enclave, a sort of Vatican City, situated in Greece, the ancient home of the Games's

I believe it will happen and all the troubles that have beset the Olympics in 1980 have done much to hasten the process. In February this year the Greek Prime Minister, Mr Karamanlis (now President of Greece), renewed his offer of a special Olympic site hard by the ancient remains of Olympia. Lord Killanin. President of the International Olympic Committee, has appointed a special commission to examine the possibilities and this commission will make its first report to the IOC at the

So, out of the terror of 1972, the protest of 1976 and the politics of 1980 may rise a new Olympics, an Olympics of idealism in which young men like John Doe should reach beyond the accented bounds of possibility and thus experience the happiness which Robert Browning describes as "heaven"

The Yorkshire **Jumpers**

by Andrew Moncur

One of the best-known names in show jumping is Harvey Smith, that tough Yorkshire character whose gritty personality pleases the crowds as much as do his fine feats of riding. Now his son Robert is treading hard upon his father's heels.

which brings together Britain's bestknown show jumper, his heir apparent, walls, grey sheep, green fields. and an up-and-coming younger brother, operates from a business-like headquarters on the edge of Ilkley Moor. It is difficult to get much closer to the solid bedrock on which Yorkshire stands. and that pretty, gritty, green-and-grey landscape suits Harvey Smith down to the ground. For the time being it suits his elder son, Robert, pretty well, too.

Harvey fits the place and the place fits the image. He is the abrasive Yorkshireman, with arms like a wrestler's and a chin like a hot cross bun, who has through hard work found room at the top. He has emerged as a national figure by combining native skill with horses and natural talent for controversy

He is at least as well known for the gesture he made which upset Douglas years ago as he is for all his show jumping successes. The publicity from that incident reinforced the image and Harvey was not slow to follow it up.

The book he published a year later was called, predictably, V is for Victory. When he went on tour as a wrest-Moor, Super Sportsman of the Seventies and a great character"- the bout finished with Harvey triumphantly sitting on the back of his opponent, a tough Liverpool docker, both hands raised in the familiar victory sign.

It would be difficult to get much friend who has known him since the start of his show jumping career is prepared to believe that the man and the image have become saddled with one model 20 years ago.

That goes some way to explaining where he can get away from the public In fact, he is down to earth and relaxed. He is not, in any sense, a light man.

might well emerge as super-sportsmen father. This struggle is clearly a spur

Smith and Sons, the family concern of the 1980s. It is a masculine world set against a hard background of hills, stone

Anybody calling at the Smiths' farmhouse sees first a shiny brass version of the V-sign that Harvey has adopted as a personal symbol. This one is attached to the kitchen door. In the living room, where a dart board occupies one corner and confirms the masculine atmosphere, hangs his favourite painting. It shows a little tailor standing on a single plank bridge over a stream. The large figure of the squire is on the bank, waiting for the tailor to clear the waywhich he plainly has no intention of doing. Harvey likes that: "He's saving, 'Look here, you big bastard, I was here first . . . " It is impossible not to think of Harvey, refusing to budge for anybody

It is to his 600-acre farm at High Eld-

wick (visitors asking directions on the Bunn at the British Jumping Derby nine way there soon discover that Harvey Smith is better known than High Eld wick) that he returns from his constant and gruelling round of competitive events throughout Britain and overseas. He tries hard to drive home in his large blue Mercedes each night but it is not always possible. Last year he spent 151 ler-billed as "Harvey Smith of Ilkley days out of England, experiencing the sort of exile-but none of the financial advantages-usually reserved for a tax

Harvey is now a professional. The three dozen horses kept at the farm at any one time are his; all prize money passes through his hands; all horse sales closer to the archetype. But at least one and sponsorship deals are his affair. He is, of course, ineligible for the Olympics.

Robert, 19 years old, is an amateur, described as a farm labourer. If his daily duties on the farm include riding out another over the years. And he has a some of the best show jumping horses in shrewd idea about the character that a the country, then that is just his good quiet, young Harvey Smith adopted as a fortune. He also has the good fortune to be regarded as one of the most promising young horsemen in Britain today. another reason why the farm on llkley He was shortlisted for the team that Moor suits Harvey so well. It is a place would have gone to Moscow had the equestrians not decided against taking world. There, sitting in his socks to eat a part in the Olympics, and he admits that plate of stew, he does not project the im- a medal would have meant a great deal age of the aggressive Cock o' the North. to him-not just competing: his target would have been nothing less than a gold, gaining which would have done On the moors he can get on with much to help Robert in his struggle to schooling his horses and his sons, who emerge from the shadow cast by his

which impels a young man with a well Harvey recognizes the sharp edge to developed sense of ambition. Robert's competitive drive, the attack "I just get out there and go to win and winning brings me out of the shadow." he said. "There was a lot more of the shadow business when I was in ponies. Everyone said, 'You'll not do what your dad did.' So I went out and I did it.' "People can't say that any more. There is only you in the ring. There is no one else with you." The truth of the matter is that Robert does not want to be as good as his father. He wants to be far and away better-and he wants everyone to know it. "I want to be the best. I am not going to take second place to nobody. If you want to do something you want to be the best at it. It is something for me to "My dad is only one of the top riders.

only one of the best-I want to be top.

good I want to be."

"If people want to see how to ride

Plenty of people in the sport are

they will come to see me. That is how

aware of Robert's potential, and plenty

are quick to point out that he has a long

way to go before he matches his father.

At the top level there is a general reluc-

tance to discuss them in the same

breath, because Harvey is regarded by

his peers as one of the very best-al-

though some of the sport's major cham-

pionships have eluded him

that marks him out from other competitors in a sport which has leapt in popularity since television took it up. It is not a quality that Harvey detects in his vounger son, Steven, Where Robert has an immense will to work and to win, and the killer instinct, Steven has natural flair. Robert, tall and lean, is now well established as a British senior international. Steven, who is a year younger and even taller, has been a member of the British junior team for two years and clearly will go far. It is a source of considerable pride to Harvey that both his sons are following his path. "I am very lucky being a top sportsman and having two lads who are in the same sport as me," he said, "Unfortunately in sport sons never seem to be as good as their He is not the top rider. There are seven fathers. But I seem to be fortunate in or eight others. People think it is a big having two lads who are going to be son-beat-father thing. It is not. He is

The sons are aware of their fortune in having a flying start in the sport, an advantage which their father did not share. "Other people have good horses but they probably have only one of them. I can pick from four or five. I am very lucky in that way," says Robert.

Harvey is also aware of Robert's advantage. "I was fighting and looking for horses and he has them there provided," he said. And good luck to him.

Harvey was born on December 29 1938, at Gilstead, Bingley, Yorkshire, the son of a builder. He was still in short

trousers-or, rather, brown leggingswhen he started to ride his older brother's pony in local shows. When he was about eight he borrowed a neighbour's pony, named Simon, for gymkhanas-but he had to work for the privilege, and so did Simon.

First thing in the morning they set out together on a milk round, following a 3mile route and dropping off deliveries all the way. Pony and boy then shifted bales of wool from one mill to another before making the return journey, collecting the empties en route. Harvey was then allowed to take Simon over the jumps in the afternoon.

Simon's reward for a lifetime of hard work was not, as it happened, very sweet. At the ripe old age of 26 he was struck by lightning as he stood in his field. Harvey has done rather better.

He was, like his elder son, a restless boy, "I always wanted to be doing," he said. "I could never sit still in a classroom. My mind always wanted to be off. To keep me still for two or three hours is punishment."

That restlessness led him to the first horse he owned. He skipped school for a day and went to York where he found. and later bought for £33, a promising animal named Farmer's Bov. He also invested £50 in an old van, which had previously belonged to the Fifty Shilling Tailors. The show was on the road.

It turned out to be a winning combination. Harvey became leading show-

1959. Twenty years later, to the day, Robert Smith won the same title on another bargain-priced horse, Video, which cost £950 and has turned out to be a top-class performer, under the Smith and Sons training programme. That horse, like its stable-mates, adopts the sponsor's name when it is ridden by Harvey, the professional. It becomes Sanyo Video, a name familiar to millions of television viewers who follow the sport (and that is a compelling argument for the sponsors).

There was less money in the show jumping world when Harvey broke into the rankings. After leaving school at 15 he entered the harder school of the building trade, working on a building site. "There were maybe four or five apprentices and 30 or 40 men. There was no way you could step out of line. They would give you a back-hander-so you

got into line and worked," he said. He would work all week on the building site and compete in his own time. He married at 21 and his wife, Irene, bought chickens and set up an egg round to help to support his drive for success: "She used to keep us on £5 a week," Harvey recalls.

At that time Harvey was noted, when he was noticed at all, for his quietness and his determined, hard work. There was not the faintest whiff of controversy accompanying him. Farmer's Boy and the tailor's van on their ramblings around the country. He stayed in line.

It was at Northampton, in 1958, that jumper of the year on Farmer's Boy in the young man from Yorkshire first

took part in a big show, competing made some off-the-cuff remarks about against a young man from Wales, Harvey Smith and David Broome have been friendly rivals ever since.

David Broome, whose success has matched Harvey's, has no doubt that the competition has been good for both of them. "I think we have been a great asset to each other. If it was not for him I would not have stuck at it so hard and I think he would pay me the same compliment," he said. "Whenever you beat him it is an achievement. You never beat him easily. He is always a tough nut to try and crack."

Broome's view, Harvey's public face has changed remarkably. "He is a different character now," he said. "When he was a young man, 20 years ago, he was very quiet," His metamorphosis into the bluff, pugnacious Yorkshireman has been complete-and Broome believes that he detects the model on which that character is based. When Harvey was becoming established Fred Trueman, the fiery Yorkshire and England fast bowler, was at the peak of his cricket career. "Harvey, I always think, set him on a pedestal. Where Freddie Trueman is a natural, Harvey chases that image, which I don't think is the true Harvey," he said.

vincing performance. Harvey has worked hard and performed well, winning grand prix if not the big championship events. And he has stuck his chin out to the squire from time to time. The best known occasion remains the incident at Hickstead in 1971 when he raised two fingers of his right hand towards the balcony overlooking the Devil's Dyke after completing his round to win the event. He explained later: "It was a V for victory: it was meant to show how delighted I was that Mattie Brown had become the only horse ever to win the British Jumping Derby in successive years.

Douglas Bunn, owner of the All-England Jumping Course, interpreted the gesture in a rather different way. The horse was later disqualified and Harvey forfeited the £2,000 first prize because of his "disgusting behaviour". The prize was eventually restored.

By then Harvey had become big news. One admirer felt moved to compose a ballad, whose final verse read: "That showed 'em, thought Harvey

They've not got the better of me, And just to make sure that they knew it. He put up his hand in a V."

with relish.

Douglas Bunn remains a great admirer of Harvey's horsemanship, and he recognizes the type of sportsman that Harvey is. "If you take athletes generally some people have to get themselves worked up and others have to achieve a certain kind of serenity. It depends on their make-up," he said. There is no doubt about Harvey's tendency. "He gets himself worked up occasionally. He has lost a few things through getting himself worked up," said Bunn.

More controversy followed. First, at a football supporters' dinner, Harvey my dad."

Princess Anne's readiness for Olympic competition. "Harvey Smith says Anne is not good enough" said the headlines.

Then he was accused of mis-treating a horse which had given a disappointing performance in a Nations Cup event in Aachen. He was completely exonerated but that sort of publicity sticks.

More recently he was back in the news when Robert gained a place, for the first time, in the British senior team by becoming the youngest rider ever to win the King George V Cup. He was picked to appear in Dublin while his That quality has not changed. But, in father, named as first reserve, was dropped from the team. Harvey promptly told the selectors that Robert's horses would not be available. As first reserve he was automatically reinstated, taking his son's place. Harvey, the professional, was determined that he should ride in the event and that his sponsor's prefix should be used.

The consequent upset was, according to Harvey, blown up out of all proportion. Robert understood perfectly. "He accepts what I tell him, that is part of his success," Harvey said. Robert's recollection is slightly less happy. "It was not the best of subjects to talk about for a time," he said. There is no doubt that it hurt. But he can now say: "He is True or false, it has become a conthe owner, it's as simple as that. I ride the horses he provides. If he doesn't provide them I don't ride.'

Since then Smith and elder son have travelled as members of the same team and Harvey has enjoyed success as chef d'équipe-as well as outstanding British rider-on the North American Fall Circuit. Harvey, who used to train with the Yorkshire-based wrestler Big Daddy, no longer goes into that ring now. But he has no intention of stepping down yet as a show immer. "While the sport is demanding and quite physical, at the end of the day you are only navigating. As long as you are sharp and alert and don't lose your eyesight you can keep going. I have not got a white stick yet. I shall just pick the big competitions. The ones that count.

Back home, on Ilkley Moor, the success is carefully put together by the family firm. There the horses, often animals others have overlooked, are chosen and developed. "You find that horses find you. They come to you. When you go out and look for horses, that is when you get into trouble," said Harvey, who has no intention of buying success. Anyway, it would hardly be possible today when an established top horse could fetch £60,000 or more.

"Our horses are the working tools of our trade. I am a professional horseman and I need horses. I also need the farm where I can keep the horses and I need the acreage to exercise them. If you have an acreage like we have you can work them and you know they are in peak condition. It is one unit.

In return, the fruits of success are invested in more acres of Yorkshire. And at the heart of that family business is an asset which Robert identifies: "There is no one knows more about horses than



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Museum of the Year

The Natural History Museum in London has been chosen as Museum of the Year for 1980. The museum receives a cash prize of £2,000 and The Illustrated London News trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore. A special award of £1,000 for excellence within the field of fine art, sponsored by Sotheby's, has been given to the Sainsbury Art Centre at the University of East Anglia, Norwich. An award of £1,000 for the best small museum, sponsored by Imperial Tobacco, has been given to the North Holderness Museum at Hornsea, in North Humberside, and a further special award, again sponsored by Sotheby's, has been given to the Manchester Museum for its Mummy

This year's winner is known officially as the British Museum (Natural History), and as its name implies has its origins as the natural history department of the British Museum. Under the Act of 1963, however, it operates entirely independently, under its own separate body of Trustees and with its own Director, Dr R. H. Hedley. The museum was instructed under the Act of 1753 to "be preserved and maintained not only for the inspection and entertainment of the learned and the curious, but for the general use and benefit of the public". It has frequently been noted that these objectives seem virtually incompatible, but in recent years the museum's administrators have been making a bold attempt not only to maintain its standards of scientific research most of it of course out of sight, but also to take advantage of modern developments and display techniques to present a new face to the general public.

The result has been a series of exhibitions designed to make the museum more effective as a place of public education. The first, on human biology, opened in May, 1977; the second, an in-

troduction to ecology, in October, 1978; the third, on dinosaurs and their living relatives, in May 1979; and a fourth, on man's place in evolution, has just opened.

All these exhibitions provide original visual and educational experiences. They excite and stimulate, and have caused a good deal of vigorous debate in the museum world. The judges may well have added to the controversy by their choice, but they recognized that the museum's management have woken a sleeping giant and made the Natural History Museum a place worth arguing about, and above all worth visiting.

The North Holderness Museum at Hornsea, in North Humberside, which wins the Imperial Tobacco award, is a small private museum created by a local general practitioner who is also an international ornithologist, Dr J. E. S. Walker, and his wife. It is a folk museum set in an 18th-century farmhouse, outbuildings and gardens, containing exhibits relating mostly to the domestic life of the area.

The Manchester Museum Mummy Project, which receives a special Sotheby award, is a university-based project under which every mummy in the museum's collection was X-rayed and subsequently displayed to demonstrate techniques of mummification and methods of burial as well as showing in most dramatic form the ancient Egyptian belief in an afterlife. The exhibition is unfortunately a temporary one, with a life-expectancy of less than a year.

Two other museums were highly commended by the judges this year. They were the Captain Cook Birthplace Museum at Middlesbrough and the Battle of Britain Museum at Hendon. Both museums were on the judges' short-list, and will receive £500 each from The Illustrated London News.

Photographs by Charles Milligan.

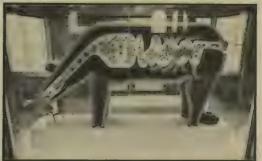


The Sainsbury Art Centre at the University of East Anglia, Norwich which received the Sotheby award for excellence within the field of fine art.













Some of the displays, employing the latest visual and mechanical aids, at the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, whose series of exhibitions on human biology, ecology, dinosaurs and their living relatives and man's place in evolution has made it an exciting and stimulating place to visit.

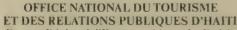
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"Help them grow old with dignity"

Music schools in harmony

by Tony Aldous

With their precise but often conflicting requirements, musicians make exacting demands on architects. But at two music schools in Cambridge and Snape, a new building and a conversion respectively, results have been achieved which satisfy the needs of both parties.

Photographs by Charles Milligan.

Musicians are not the easiest clients for the architect. They are charming people, usually, but with exacting and in a sense conflicting requirements. They make loud noises, but insist that they should not hear other people's loud noises. They tend to want relatively small and intimate rooms in which to rehearse as ensembles without audiences, but demand that these should have the same acoustic properties as larger concert halls full of people.

Two music schools in East Anglia—one a new building being constructed in stages for Cambridge University, the other a conversion of maltings buildings at Snape alongside the Aldeburgh Festival's concert hall—appear to fulfil their requirements, but in very different ways.

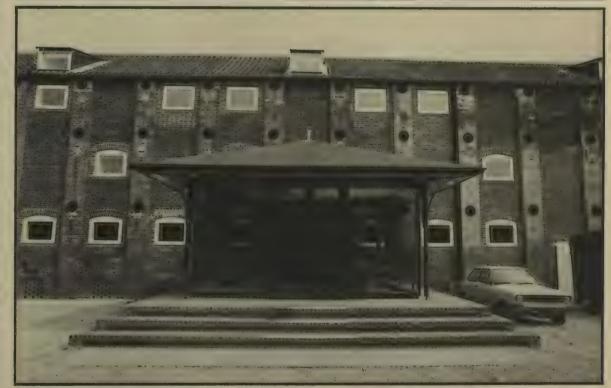
The Cambridge music school was the response to dire need. Until completion of the first stage of the new building three years ago, a Music Faculty of 150 people was making do with premises in Downing Place adapted in the 1930s for a music school of 50. When Sir Leslie Martin retired from his chair of Architecture at Cambridge in the mid 1970s, he felt free to accept a commission from the university to design a music school for his former colleagues.

The Music Faculty's brief to Sir Leslie and the two members of his practice, Colen Lumley and Ivor Richards, who with him designed the building, called for an auditorium seating 500, to serve not only the faculty but the university's music society and university musicmaking generally; lecture and seminar rooms, including one lecture room to seat 75 people; practice rooms for individual musicians or small groups; a library; an administration section; a student common room; a workshop; storage for musical instruments; fovers for the concert hall; and display space for the faculty's remarkable collection of historic instruments.

But since money was scarce and had for the most part to be raised by public appeal, the project (on a site in Sidgwick Avenue) had to be designed in a series of stages, each capable of operating without its successors. The decision to build the auditorium first, at a cost of some £400,000, has been amply justified. As a venue for public concerts it has given the Cambridge musical public a taste of the quality they are invited to subscribe to and this is now continuously lubricating the flow of contributions towards the £1 million needed for the first three stages.

Stage 2, handed over by the builders in the spring, contains the large lecture room and a series of seminar and prac-





Exterior views of the two music schools: top, the new building at Cambridge; above, the converted maltings at Snape.

tice rooms. Here the need to design the building in stages led the architects to make the music school not one large building but a series of buildings grouped round courtyards. This decision brought a number of other benefits: several handsome, mature trees could be retained; the separation of the

units aids sound insulation; and movement is not along straight, institutional corridors but through agreeable social areas round and between courtyards and the musicians' working spaces.

The nature of acoustic insulation is worth noting. Sound travels through the air and through solid structures and it is

in the latter respect that the acoustic insulation of buildings most often falls down—as tenants of many post-war flats and houses know to their chagrin. In Cambridge the architects have solved the problem by building each practice or teaching room as a self-contained box, with its walls, floor slab and



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Music schools in harmony

roof separate and insulated from its neighbours—acoustically but not visually isolated, emphasizes Sir Leslie. Another basic rule of acoustics may be worth noting: give interior surfaces too much resonance rather than too little. Curtains can then be provided to add to sound absorption.

The first impression of the 500-seat auditorium is of sharply-raked seats rising up from the stage or platform and of natural timber walls. Then there are long side galleries with loose chairs, rather like open, extended versions of the side boxes in a theatre. But look up, and then comes the surprise, for above, where you might expect the ceiling of the hall to be, is a huge void, above the roof trusses. Through a lattice-line grid of natural wood a member of the audience, craning his neck, can detect ventilation plant, lighting and all the technological equipment that designers of concert halls ordinarily hide away. This is fun, but the reason for leaving these elements exposed is a thoroughly practical one. The hall needs that extra volumerepresenting perhaps 30 per cent more on the ceiling height—to provide the reverberation time: the length of "acoustic bounce" that makes the hall work.

Stage 3 of the scheme, supplying a rehearsal room for 40 to 50 people behind the platform or stage, is now under construction with completion expected in the autumn. The stage itself, incidentally, merits notice: it allows three permutations. Start with the maximum stage area; remove one slice from the front of the stage and your audience seating stretches forward and downwards below a higher platform front; take away another slice of stage and you have an orchestra pit to facilitate the performance of opera.

When stage 3 is finished the music school will have cost around £1 million, but the appeal to the public and Cambridge colleges for funds aims to supply other facilities-including a library, public foyers and a student common room—at a cost of another £500,000. A Victorian house and stable-block, which have provided transitional accommodation on the site and were originally to have been demolished, will now almost certainly be incorporated into the complex for ancillary uses. Yet although a considerable amount remains to be added, including the final rounding-off and landscaping of the buildings, their architectural character is already plain to see. The exterior has two main elements: walls of buff or yellow brickwork (solid and load-bearing, for dense structures are good acoustic insulators), and a zinc-clad roof. Over the auditorium this takes the form of a pitched roof with triangular "fins" projecting from it, their zinc cladding laid diagonally. These fins are in fact the ends of the roof trusses. Natural light penetrates the hall, making it a much more pleasant and relaxed place than if it depended entirely on artificial light.

The Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies at Snape, converted from maltings south of the Maltings Concert Hall, is very different from its Cambridge counterpart. The budget of around £250,000 was considerably tighter. The specification called for a rehearsal-cum-recital-cum-lecture room to be created out of the "turning bays" wing of the maltings, which runs south from the concert hall, and for the conversion of a further wing at right angles to this into practice rooms, a common room and a library for the school, with foyer, cafeteria and office facilities. The architects were Arup Associates, designers of the Maltings Concert Hall.

The requirements for the recital room were exacting. The client asked for a room smaller and more intimate than the concert hall, but with the same reverberation time so that performers could be sure of comparable acoustics. The brief also asked for sufficient flexibility to seat up to 150 people for recitals and lectures, or to have a clear floor for rehearsal work. This the architects, somewhat against their own judgment. provided by means of removable raked seating. The designers now accept that this was right, as the room is used much more frequently for public performances than they had expected (a dozen or more times a month), and the caretaker has worked out a system for removing or replacing the seating in about 30 minutes with only one helper. The acoustic problem was solved, as at Cambridge, by pushing the roof up. Set on the original pitched roof of the building is a longitudinal wooden box, internally providing extra height and volume and externally looking like an extended version of the louvred ventilators traditional on Suffolk maltings. Internally it adds considerably to the volume of the rehearsal room and produces the right length of reverberation. Timber boarding on the sloping ceiling and textured lime plaster on the walls help to produce a pleasant, warm atmosphere.

The wing of the building at right angles turned out to be of much less robust construction than had been expected, and here the architects had the problem of raising ceiling heights in a brick shell which depended on lateral iron or steel tie-rods for stability. They solved this by inserting a replacement bracing system with new concrete floors at the required levels, cutting away the tie bars, and re-siting the iron terminal plates on the face of the building.

The Cambridge solution to sound waves travelling through structures, of building each practice or seminar room as a completely insulated box, was not possible in the existing building at Snape. Besides, the budget did not allow Arups that degree of perfection in sound-proofing. So the architects adopted two main sound-proofing devices: they arranged the layout of the first and second floors so that no two practice rooms were next to each other, either horizontally or vertically, and they specified carpeting throughout the stair and corridor areas.

Changing economics, more stringent





The 500-seat auditorium at Cambridge; left, the rehearsal-cum-recital-cum-lecture room at Snape.

bylaws on thermal insulation, and the different nature and requirements of the two buildings led the architects and their client to place more emphasis on energy conservation in the music school than they had in the concert hall. The music school conversion had as high priorities the laying of insulating felt under a roof re-tiled with original and second-hand pantiles, and central heating from a new boiler-house. Many buildings on this exposed coast suffer in certain weather conditions from having no adequate defence to keep out bitter north-easterly winds from the saltings, but the music school has an elegant, spacious, glazed porch big enough to accommodate a dozen people sunbathing. It is the scheme's one really new external feature and is in some ways also the most memorable and attractive.

So there they are: two very different music schools, one newly built, the other a conversion; the one commissioned by a stable music faculty "in residence" for its own use, the other by a trust attempting to provide for a great variety of visiting teachers with different expectations and requirements. The two buildings have both been built to tight budgets; both seek to combine the teaching of music with frequent public performances; and both have achieved facilities and an atmosphere for both teaching and listening which should be an inspiration and a delight

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Of course it is right that we should assist in alleviating suffering throughout the world, but we must not forget those in need here at home. The many, for example, who face the twilight of their life alone in want. All too often they are the very ones who have devoted their own working lives to the care of others as nurses for example, teachers, almoners, or widows and daughters of the professions. These are the deserving people you will be helping if you contribute to the N.B.I. Please write to us and learn more about our work

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The gentle Irish novelist

by Julian Critchley

Jennifer Johnston is a writer who spans two Irish literary traditions and has so far had three novels published. Two have been adapted for television and, says the author, her fame is growing.

Jennifer Johnston is a novelist in earlymiddle life who lives in Londonderryalthough she is careful not to use the "London". She is an Irish writer but in no sense a typical one and her fame is growing. The British may be bored with the problems of Ireland but we have nothing to fear from her, for while she wears her heart on her sleeve she carries no chip on her shoulder. She is not a Celt. Her background is that of Protestant Ireland, but of the South. Her father and grandfather were lawyers who practised in and around Dublin, members of what was once called the "Ascendancy". Brendan Behan called them "Protestants on horseback".

Two of her novels have appeared recently on television. Anglia produced Captains and the Kings, and the BBC showed earlier this year an adaptation of Shadows on our Skin. Last year she published her latest, and I believe her best, novel The Old Jest. Shadows was set in contemporary Derry and puts the present troubles in the background of a story of a friendship between an 11year-old boy and a young woman school teacher. The friendship-and it is nothing more—provides the peg around which Jennifer Johnston casts a cynical and impartial eye over the ancient feuds waged by the rival tribes of Ulster.

But it is not as an observer of present discontents that she is most remarkable. The theme of *Captains* and *The Old Jest* is the uneasy coexistence between the Anglo-Irish and the Irish-Irish in Southern Ireland in the 1920s, a period during which the Ascendancy was obliged to come to terms with the prospect and the reality of a Catholic, nationalist Ireland, and submit to rule by a new set of masters.

So revolutionary a change seems to have gone largely unchronicled, at least in fiction, but Jennifer Johnston has taken the theme as her own and portrays with a master's touch the slow processes of withdrawal as the stuccoed villas of the "British" upper-middle class became steadily more shabby, and the rooms of the great houses were closed up one by one, only to be re-opened eventually by Americans.

There is little violence. The "West Brits", or at any rate the least adaptable among them, simply fade away: some leave for England or for service in India—for the Ascendancy had a strong military tradition; others, such as the Johnstons themselves, came to terms with the new Ireland and became as Irish as everyone else. Miss Johnston and her husband are both Protestant by origin but are supporters of a United Ireland, which in the North is the Catholic



cause. The Johnstons look more naturally towards Dublin than Belfast, a feeling that is not always reciprocated for as Miss Johnston will assert "in the South we were taught that all Northerners had three heads".

Her first novel Captains and the Kings was published in 1972 and won the Robert Pitman Literary Prize and the Yorkshire Post Fiction Prize. It is the story of an old man, a widower who lives alone in a large house with no company save for a treacherous gardener. He befriends a local boy "who could have been any age between a large seven and 17" only to be betrayed by a series of misunderstandings. The book is a study of loneliness in which the passing of political power and social status is mirrored by the growing decrepitude of the old man alone in a house of disrepair. The story is beautifully observed, sad but not morbid, with its counterpoint the contrast between the village priest who is vigorous and decisive and the Church of Ireland parson whose fluttering good intentions are never quite enough. It is not an easy book to put down.

Jennifer Johnston has a sharp eye for the old. "I am very fond of the old," she says. *The Old Jest* is the story of an encounter in a troubled Dublin in 1920 between an 18-year-old girl, Helen, and an IRA man on the run, the meeting itself providing a somewhat muted climax to a novel not of action but of observation. It is in no sense a thriller. The heroine is herself Anglo-Irish, the grand-daughter of a General who sits in his senility watching the distant railway line through field glasses for the visitor who never comes.

The family, which includes Aunt Mary, who substitutes for Helen's dead mother, and Bridie the cook, converse in a Chekovian manner, spectators of events they disapprove of but cannot understand. On a fine day they can look across the Irish Sea to the mountains of Wales or, less ambitiously, towards the Church of Ireland graveyard below. They are under siege but do not really know it, their life-time assumptions challenged by the "Shinners", "West Brits" of the *rentier* class who rather than attempt a game of bowls are content to play bridge and tennis. It is a gentle book, wise and funny.

Jennifer Johnston and her husband live 300 yards inside Britain in a large house on the west bank of the River Foyle. They have four children and her husband another four from a previous marriage. That 300 yards puts her at the mercy of the Inland Revenue who are far less kind to scribblers than are their Dublin counterparts. In the South authors do not pay tax, an act of generosity on behalf of the community which no British Chancellor would contemplate. It is not the books that are so profitable, says Jennifer Johnston, it is the spin-off, the television adaptations. Were not the BBC so broke I would suggest it televises The Old Jest.

Jennifer Johnston may have changed sides, thus neatly avoiding the dilemmas which so many of her characters find impossible to resolve, but it may be that there are no sides, which is what after all she is trying to say. She straddles the Irish literary tradition in which the Protestant and Catholic Irish can field teams of roughly equal merit. For the "Prods", Shaw, Swift and Sheridan; for the "Micks", Joyce, O'Casey and Edna O'Brien in goal. Yeats kicked with both feet. In a wider context she may not be as funny as Bainbridge or as smart as Murdoch or as profound as West but she possesses a quiet lyricism, an acute sense of period and a gentleness which makes her very much the Irishwoman to watch. Who was it who said that nothing good ever comes out of Ireland?



LITERARY VILLAGES: 7

Selborne

by E. R. Chamberlin

Though he scarcely moved outside his own district. Gilbert White, perpetual curate of this small Hampshire parish, is known throughout the world for his minute and exquisite observations of the flora and fauna that flourished in and around the village towards the end of the 18th century.

Photographs by Tim Graham.

"The parish of Selborne lies in the in notebooks or in letters to cor-Hampshire, bordering on the county of of London, in Latitude 51 and near midway between the towns of Alton and

Thus Gilbert White opens his Natural History of Selborne with a precision that can still benefit the modern traveller who, using those 200-year-old directions, can pinpoint the tiny village within seconds on the Ordnance Survey man. It is this precision that accounts in large part for the undying popularity of a book whose subject is the wild life of an obscure English parish, for the Natural History has the attraction of any exquisitely worked, tiny object. Endearingly, the writer unconsciously shrinks his scale to match: thus, the gentle hills of Sussex become a "vast range of mountains": the little parish of which he treats is seen as "a vast district", and he enumerates the 12 as though they were provinces of some

rural empire Gilbert White was born on July 18. 1720, at Selborne, where his grandfather had been vicar, and he died, on June 26, 1793, about 300 yards from his birthplace. During his early manhood White was obliged to go on the percerinations of the scholar in holy orders, first as a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and then to the curacies that became available. But he never travelled farther than the Midlands, gravitating again and again to his Hampshire village. He was an Oriel man and the living of Selborne was in the gift of another college. He was offered livings elsewhere but largely refused them, preferring to accept curacies in the Selborne area. In 1784 he took up residence as curate there and remained in the village for the rest of his life.

"I am, at best, but a venerable vegctable, remaining on the same spot like a cabbage for months together," he wrote to a friend towards the end of his life. But though his body, by choice, roamed within only a few square miles his speculative mind ranged endlessly questioning, observing, recording either

extreme eastern corner of the county of respondents. For the recording was all, with that precision that was to make Sussex and not far from the county of him a literary immortal, Hilaire Belloc Surrey. It is about 50 miles south-west once remarked that the ultimate test of a perfect command of English was the ability to describe the tying of a shoelace without resort to illustrations and this in effect was what White achieved. Had he been an accomplished artist, it is probable that his writing would have suffered. He had one constant goalthe need to describe the specimen before him in words that would enable his correspondent not only to see it but be able to fit it into that supremely satisfying classification system which the 18th century was engaged in making.

But besides the scientific need to

describe. White also had a deep well of

compassion, an ability to recognize that the non-human inhabitants of Selborne shared the same world as the human and had rights. Sometimes the recognition is subtle, implicit: he tells how one winter he discovered a water rat's neighbouring parishes with proud care burrow well supplied with potatoes, and the reader unconsciously empathizes with the little creature snug in its strawlined burrow under the frozen fields. Sometimes the description is explicit, as with the tragedy of the hen crow. He describes, with his customary exactness. how a pair of crows nested year after year in a particular oak tree. Then the oak was felled: "The axe was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted in the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall, but the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way the bird was flung from her nest: and though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground."

The Natural History is written in the form of letters to correspondents. Most of his life Gilbert White had widened his physical horizon by corresponding with fellow naturalists and when he came to write the book he fell instinctively into the epistolary form that gives the work a kind of artlessness. But he is in fact employing the art that disguises art, for there is little doubt that he had long had publication in mind and he had a shrewd eye for what the public wanted. In a produces the most water, .



letter to a brother about the brother's own book he remarked: "Your bookseller must be consulted a little in the title nage and advertisements as he knows best how to throw in little savours and alluring circumstances to quicken the appetite of the buyer." Gilbert White's book was a generation in the making. for again and again he put off publication though urged to publish by his innumerable friends. In 1782 his close friend John Mulso wrote to him: "Another winter has passed without your Essays. I have no more to say than that you are a timorous provoking man. You defraud yourself of a great credit in

According to White's great-greatnephew, Rashleigh Holt-White, who published his letters in 1900, there was a family tradition that he feared that the world would "laugh at an old country parson's book". Never was an author more incorrect about his book's reception. As the Warden of Merton College remarked when the book was at last published in 1789, "It has slipped into the world unnoticed save for a few advertisements. The time will come when everyone will want a copy."

White's book is concerned almost exclusively with the non-human fauna of Selborne: the few references to human beings are in the main concerned with abnormalities-a boy who ate bees, a man with leprosy. Judged on this evidence, the Reverend Gilbert White would seem to be a person with no interest in the human race whatever, but his letters show an entirely different side of his personality. Although a bachelor, he was surrounded by young peopleat one stage he calculated that he had 61 nieces and nephews-and he goes to great trouble to keep in contact with them. He is the nicest possible kind of pedagogue. Writing to his nephew Sam he passes easily from a consideration of Hesiod and Virgil to "take two pieces of spunge of equal size, weight and softness and hang them by strings over an upland pond in foggy weather, the one as near the surface as possible and the other several feet above the water. Then I would desire you to squeeze the snunges in the morning and see which







Above left, White's home The Wakes has been considerably added to since he lived there; above centre, his study; above right, the butcher's shop which so distressed him. Left, his garden hide,

His style in the letters has a gentle humour, touched at times with 18thcentury earthiness. Lamenting the hard winter he writes: "My rick is now as slender as the waist of a virgin-and it would have been much for the reputa tion of the last two brides I married had their waists been as slender." He describes the problems that arise over the collecting of specimens. "The reason that my brother sent only the head and feet of the vulture was because he had no other part. The bird was found dead and floating in the sea. Some fishermen ate the carcass... and gave him the head and feet." He touches on the difficulties of collecting before the days of refrigeration. "Where only a wing or a leg or an head are sent, you are to suppose the whole specimen was too

stale and too far gone to be preserved." The dominant feature of the 18thcentury Selborne is also the dominant feature of the 20th-century village, "a vast hill of chalk rising 300 feet above the village . . . called The Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees." White loved this spot. He and his brother John built a zigzag path up to the summit-creating a simple, effective piece of work whose basic design has remained unchanged for two centuries. The brothers also set up an "obelisk" or large standing stone to act as focal point at the summit: Gilbert White would have been considerably amused to know that within a century its origins would be forgotten and it would be solemnly described as part of a druidical structure. Every visitor with breath to spare makes a kind of pilgrimage to the summit, whence through the great beeches the beautiful little village can be discerned lying in rich meadows. Throughout Selborne there lie

unselfconscious memorials of the man. all the more poignant and effective because of their apparent fragility. The spring called the Wellhead still produces copiously crystal-clear water.



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Selborne

"This spring produced, September 14, 1781, after a severe hot summer, nine gallons of water in a minute, which is 540 in an hour and 12,960 in 24 hours or one natural day." In the garden of his house, the little brick path he made because he hated getting his feet wet as he walked to his hide, still exists though the bricks can easily be prised from the soft earth. In the footpath outside the house, the cobbles that cost him exactly £1 to lay form a useful and handsome part of the village scene. Immediately opposite his house is the butcher's shop which so distressed him by its appearance that he planted four lime trees "to hide the blood and filth". Two of the limes remain, their trunks hiding the little building which is now an attractive part of the village fabric.

House-martins continue to gather and twitter under the eaves of his old home, The Wakes, as they did in his day, causing him endless fruitless speculations about where they went in the winter. The rambling old house has considerable additions to the building that he knew, but the garden is essentially unchanged with its uninterrupted view to The Hanger, and even the sundial that he so carefully set up in 1788 after it had been "blown down".

The Wakes is today a museum, and it is one of the pleasanter ironies of history that this home of a man who never willingly travelled more than a mile or so

from his village should be preserved partly as a memorial to a man who died on the other side of the world, in the Antarctic. When The Wakes came on the market in 1953 an appeal was made for funds to establish it as a museum, and Mr Robert Washington Oates made substantial funds available on condition that part of the house should be used as a memorial to Captain Lawrence Oates, the "very gallant gentleman" who perished during Scott's ill-fated expedition. There is a cheerful incongruity in passing from the rooms devoted to White and the English countryside to those on Oates and the Antarctic, the eye moving from fieldmice and robins to penguins, from the elegant furniture of a Georgian parlour to sledges and harpoons.

The house and grounds are administered by a board of trustees and the present professional curator is Dr June Chatfield who is a specialist—a malacologist—but also a general naturalist and profound admirer of the non-specializing curate of Selborne. "White a scientist? Very much so. He was one of the first to observe, actually look at what was before him and describe it instead of repeating what other people recorded."

About 15,000 people pass through The Wakes each year. In a manner that White would have strongly approved, the place is not simply a museum but a working field centre. Attached to it is a starkly modern building which, oddly

enough, becomes an integral part of the mellow old courtyard. The Gilbert White Field Studies Centre is administered by the trustees but, currently, Hampshire County Council makes a grant of about £4,000 a year towards it, for through this unassuming little building each year some hundreds of schoolchildren obtain what is probably their first informed view of their own environment. The centre is run by another specialist, Jenny Streeter, a marine biologist, who with a mixture of firmness and enthusiasm guides her volatile charges through the working life of the countryside. At the end of the visit, the children will know something of the rural England that is taken for granted, whether it is the structure of the land underfoot, the animal population of a Hampshire village or the means of harvesting hops.

Despite its proximity to the commuter centres of the south-east, Selborne is an integrated, fairly self-sufficient village. The steady flow of visitors attracted by the memory of Gilbert White probably contributes to the success of The Selborne Bookshop, which specializes in countryside topics and which is a rarity in a small village. But the post office and general store is for the use of the villagers and the two pubs, the Queen's Hotel and the Selborne Arms, are also true "locals".

The Queen's Hotel must be one of the few pubs in the country to double as a publishing house, producing as it does

The zigzag path up The Hanger was built by White and his brother.

W. S. Scott's excellent guide to the village, now in its sixth edition since 1950. The hotel, originally known as The Compasses, was the scene of what appears to have been a remarkably drunken wedding party in 1783. White says of it: "A young mad-headed farmer came out of Berks to marry farmer Bridger's daughter and brought with him four drunken companions. They set all the village for two days in an uproar... After they had drank all the second day at the Compasses they ranted and raved [until] six in the evening they took the bride (who wept a good deal) and carried her away for Berks. The common people all agree that the bridegroom was the most of a gentleman of any man they ever saw." The Compasses changed its name at the time of Victoria's diamond jubilee as a compliment to the Queen, one of the few breaks in continuity since White's day.

The old curate was buried in his beloved village, his only monument being a mound of turf and a plain headstone bearing his initials. Selborne's burial register for that year of 1793 tells a succinct story. On May 25 George Tanner, Senior, aged 80 was buried "by me Gil. White, Curate": so also, on June 10, was Mary Busby, aged 16. Then on July 1 is an entry: "The Reverend Gilbert White, MA aged 72, buried by me Chas: Taylor—Vicar."





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Marines in the Arctic

They advance like ghosts across a snowscape frozen under the moon. white on white. On the coldest of clear nights the northern lights flicker across the Soviets are expected to mount in any the sky, but on this night they ski by future conflict. But a skilled and well moonlight alone, playing follow-myleader across the snow slopes and into and harry a Russian advance, and this camp. There are four of them, returning is where the Arctic and Mountain from a long-range ski patrol, looking. Warfare Cadre comes in. Its Mountain and raisins, chocolate bars, toffees, like astronauts in their camouflage white Leaders now combine their earlier roles smocks, overtrousers, hoods and packs. Even their Armalite rifles are whitened with strips of tape.

The camp lies almost under the nomadic existence. A number of its shadow of a great ice-fall at the end of a Mountain Leaders are attached to Their troubles begin when the tem-

Nato's northern flank, as well as providing them with a valuable reconnaissance alps north of Narvik. asset that can operate in one of the most hostile environments on earth.

its present form for just over a decade. having come by several stages almost snow-shelters and brushwood bivouacs back to the role originally envisaged for and how to get the most out of their it in the Second World War by the specialized clothing and equipment: the mountaineer Frank Smythe. The first thermal underwear, quilted undercoat generation of instructors were moun- and trousers, "moonboots" for wearing taineers who trained commandos in in and around the tent, the "headover", mountain warfare. Towards the end of best described as a polo-neck sweater the war the emphasis switched to without the sweater, which comes in amphibious landings and cliff assaults handy for keeping one's face warm at and the instructors became Cliff Leaders. In the post-war years such gloves that have two thumbs to themspecialist skills were no longer required one to accommodate the thumb and the and for a short period in the 1950s the other for the trigger-finger, should it be Cliff Leaders became Reconnaissance needed. They have learned the cramped Leaders. A decade later the Royal economy that makes tent life bearable;

Marine Commando assumed what how to hold back chaos by keeping remains to this day its main defensive everything in its proper place, how to role on land, that of meeting the Russian dry out socks without burning them. threat to Nato's extreme northern flank. That role is about to be strengthenedalthough it could never match the combined assault by land, sea and air that equipped defence force could impede with the equally specialized skills of Arctic warfare. The cadre leads an extraordinary

Norwegian valley, 500 miles north of regular commando units and all will the Arctic Circle; a cluster of small tents take their turn in active service in linked by trenches through the snow. Northern Ireland. But its main base is at When the patrol comes in there is a Arbroath in Angus and from here in "wet" waiting for them, coffee in September it begins its training year, "pussers" or service issue aluminium drawing some 25 potential Mountain mugs masked with tape on the rim to Leaders from volunteers in the Royal prevent lips being scalded or frostbitten. Marine Commando. Most are senior The temperature is about -4°C, warm NCOs with perhaps one or two junior for February in the Arctic and even too officers, experienced men who have warm for comfort. For men living and gained their parachutist's wings and skiworking in the snow, as these men are, instructor's badges. First they spend a the ideal temperature is about -10°C, month in Cornwall getting fit; learning when the snow stays firm underfoot and to climb on the cliffs, abseiling 200 feet does not melt on the roof of the tent. from helicopters and ending each day with a 7 or 8 mile run. Not surprisingly. perature rises and it rains; when their this is where the high drop-out rate is clothes as well as the walls and roofs of highest-although, more surprisingly, their tents are wet and the wind brings in they have only ever had one serious their most lethal enemy, the wind chill casualty. In October the unit moves to factor. During a combined military North Wales and spends a month learnexercise six weeks ago temperatures ing to live, day and night, in mountain dropped to -28°C with winds gusting terrain. In November it moves up to up to 40mph, producing a wind chill Scotland, to drop in rather dramatically factor of -60°C. The Norwegian Army by parachute on the island of Islay, withdrew its men from the field at where a generous landowner allows -20°C; those who had learned the them the free run of his estate. Here the techniques of Arctic survival stayed on. trainees are put through a basic survival Those techniques are taught and course, spending a week living rough off practised by the men of the Arctic and the land, eating barnacles and choice Mountain Warfare Cadre of the Royal seaweed and the occasional rat. The Marine Commando, an élite group of New Year sees them back in Arbroath, instructors known as Mountain Leaders where a theoretical course in Arctic conmade up at present of one officer and 15 ditions is followed by a month of crosssenior NCOs. As a service unit it is country skiing in Telemark in southern unique, playing the key role in the train- Norway. Then comes what will probing of commando forces-and, to a ably be the most severe bout of training lesser extent, other Nato forces-for all-that they are ever likely to undergo; the-year-round mountain warfare on the six weeks of the Arctic warfare instructor's course based on the fiords and

> to live out in the snow in tent-sheets, night, the curious mittens and over

how to keep boots warm (by giving them a place in one's sleeping bag), how to come to terms with the monotony of the 24-hour, 6,200 calorie Arctic "rat" pack with its dreaded Menu D (dried Chicken Supreme), and how to get rid of a daily snack-pack designed to be eaten on the move and made up of meatspread and hard tack, garibaldis, nuts dextrose tablets and boiled sweets known as "yellow perils" (give them to Norwegian children-who think British servicemen are wonderful!) They will also have learned rather

more specialized skills: scouting, pathfinding and escort duties in mountain country, establishing helicopter landing sites on frozen lakes, long-range ski patrolling and movement in hostile territory-including an eight-day patrol during which they have to evade Norwegian troops out looking for them, make contact with "friendly" Norwegian agents (very much in Heroes of Telemark style) and eat and sleep out of what they can carry on their backs. And when it is over they will also have learnt cold and when to give heed to it. There are always one or two on the course who either give up or, conversely, push themselves too hard. When their fingers or toes grow dangerously numb they do nothing rather than cause a fuss or slow the patrol down-and they end up being flown back to Britain with other

frostbite cases. on the course have been whittled back drastically. This year the fallout has been particularly high, largely due to the long spell of extreme weather in January. Of three officers who began the course only one remains. The Dutch marine commandos originally sent four have earned themselves a place in a rather special league-knowledge Those who complete the course three-day blizzard packed like sardines know they can meet the Arctic at its in a four-man tent without tearing each comes that rare comradeship of a group Royal Marines in any future conflict." sharing the same privations and having to work together to survive.

the glacier-where the cadre spends a spend more than seven months in the week practising crevasse and avalanche rescue and ice-climbing-has a distinct air of MASH about it. There is the same anarchic spirit that conceals the highly competent way in which everybody goes about their business. A line of skiers goes out, each man carrying some 80 pounds on his back. The man behind the OC loses his balance and slowly keels over. "Did you hear that shot,



The men enjoy sending themselves up: there's a lot of talk of "fast-moving, hard-hitting, one-man waves of destruction", and as in MASH there is also a great deal of affectionate disrespect for the man in charge, Captain David Nicholls, known simply as "the boss".

The cadre does not attract career men; it attracts individualists, each of whom marks the cadre with something of his own style. A number of the cadre's leaders have made their mark in outdoor pursuits in recent years, notably Mike Banks, Tom Patev (who was killwhat is for many people the hardest ed climbing) and Mike McMullen (lost lesson of all: knowing when to fight the at sea during the 1976 transatlantic yacht race). David Nicholls himself is high in the first league of Britain's iceclimbers: last year he and ML instructor Sergeant Dave Ford made the earliest winter ascent of the Eiger North Face: this summer he will be leading a Services expedition to the Western Himalayas.

The 31 years of Dave Nicholls's com-

mand have been, by his own admission. By the end of February, when the last the most rewarding of his life-and the phase of the training starts, the numbers most taxing: "I doubt if I'll ever have the same freedom of action and decisionmaking that I have now-although it's definitely a job for a man who's not married." He himself is 31 years old and single; a modest, self-contained man with a wild moustache and piercing blue eves. He has seen the work of the cadre men on the course and three have expand considerably in recent years, dropped out. But this wearing down putting an increasing strain on himself also has its positive side; those who have and his small band of instructors. He come through this far know that they returns from every foray to a mountain of paperwork: "In order to get out with the cadre I have to be up till midnightstrengthened by the respect for other but against that there's the pleasure of people's feelings and faults that you working with really good blokes and have to develop if you are to sit out a very high calibre NCOs. There's a lot of satisfaction in doing such a physically and mentally demanding job which we The unit has now been operating in worst on equal terms. They have learnt other's nerves to shreds. Out of this know could be the key to the role of the

> These feelings are largely shared by Captain Nicholls's fellow-instructors. Indeed, the little cluster of tents below nearly all of them married men who year away from their wives and families. "That's the number one drawback but that's service life-join the Marines and see the world," declares one sergeant. Before joining the course he discussed it with his wife: "She said that if I didn't go I'd always regret it. But knowing that it's worse for her than it is for you doesn't make it any easier.

Today it is ice-climbing among the sir?" he cries as he sinks into the snow. shimmering blue and green seraes of the





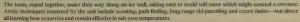


Above: Crossing open terrain on skis, loaded with full packs and weapons; an overnight camp among the seraes where the huge ice boulders give cover from the wind; ice-climbing, one of the particular skills of a Mountain Leader. The advanced technique involves the use of special ice axes called pterodactyls and spiked crampons on the boots.

glaciers. Dave Nicholls demonstrates, using the front spikes of his crampons and two short ice-axes with curved blades, known as pterodactvls, how to pick his way up a wall of sheer, rippling ice. Only when the training squad tries it out for the first time can the extraordinary skill involved be appreciated. Later in the day one of the Royal Navy's new Sea King Mark IVs choppers in to give a four-man patrol a lift up into the higher ranges. With its extended long-range capability and its boatshaped hull the Sea King turns out to be the cadre's ideal helpmate. It does not land, but rather it beaches itself in the snow and the four men in camouflage white leap out through a halo of whipped-up snow.

Tomorrow they will be falling, quite deliberately, into lakes through holes in the ice, so that they know how to get out again in a hurry and with their extremities intact. Next week they will be dropping down on the ice from 1,000 feet. Then more ice climbing in the gullies of Ben Nevis and a short break with their families before they move out to the Alps for three weeks climbing with the Italian Alpini. By then those who have lasted the course will have become Mountain Leaders Grade Two and earned themselves another £1.20 a week. In two or three years' time, if they are still keen enough, they will come back to train as Mountain Leaders Grade One-which is a little bit harder.

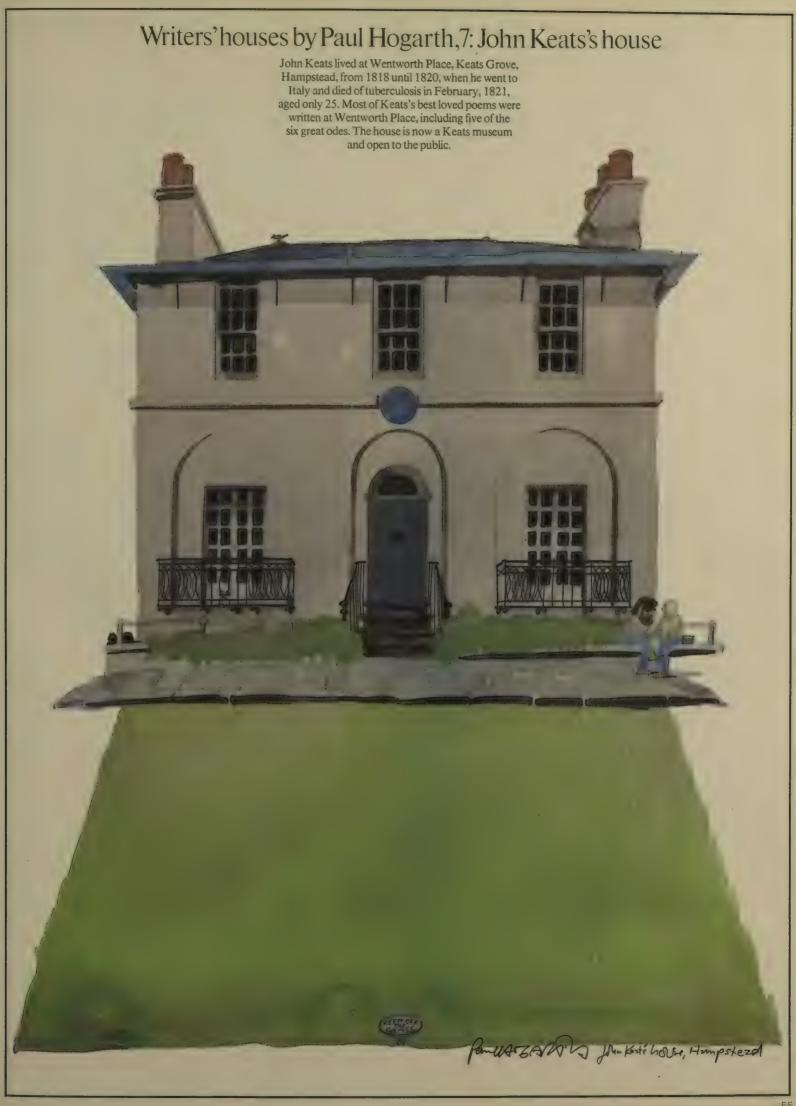
The pace is relentless, the standards daunting, the rewards considerable. "I can remember being out once on fighting patrol," recalls Sergeant Dave Ford. "We'd been out for six days without being detected. I can still picture a slope and a hut in the moonlight. I remember the boss saving 'Let's go' and setting off, then the next bloke and the next, all making beautiful open turns on hard-packed snow, all of us following the same track and striding out over the bumps. I can remember the feeling: how good it was to work with a group of men who were so competent."

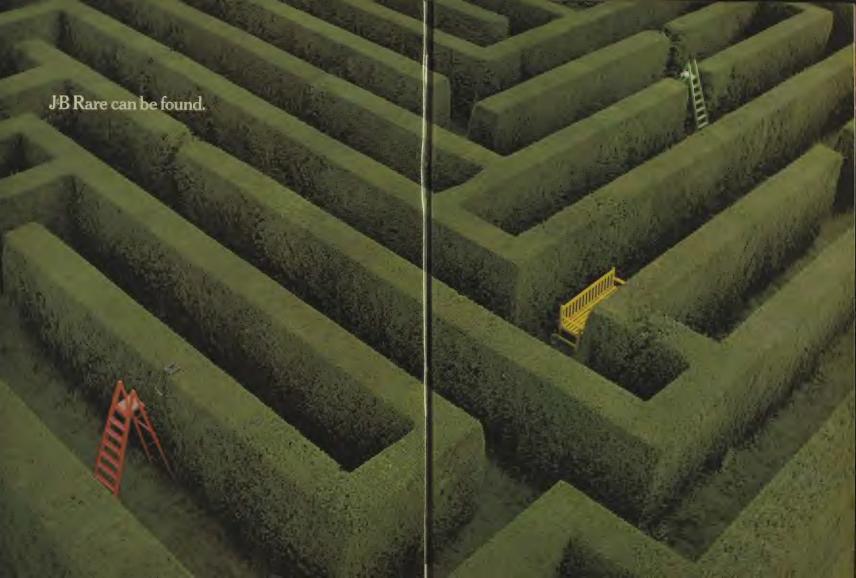






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The video revolution

by Adrian Hope

The market for video cassette recorders, which could revolutionize television viewing, is expanding rapidly. The author reports on the development of these complex machines and offers a guide to some of the equipment available today. This article is followed on page 62 by a report on video piracy, a potentially lucrative business for those involved in crime and pornography, including the Mafia.



Almost a quarter of a million British families now own or rent a video cassette recorder and they will already know what a VCR offers. For most people, however, the whole business of video is a mystery. Moreover it is unlikely that even existing VCR users really understand how the market has developed and will continue to grow over the next decade. But this is potentially valuable information because video recording is still a young technology and the sophisticated features and facilities now becoming available would have seemed impossible a year or so ago. What is more, today's complex machine, often containing a micro-processor control system, costs no more than the basic model of just a couple of years ago. VCR users who rent their machines are of course free to change to a more up-to-date model at the end of each year's hire period. Users who have bought their VCRs will probably want a replacement within a few years, either to take advantage of technical improvements or to replace an aging machine. A video recorder is a highly complex piece of mechanical and electronic equipment which most certainly does not last for ever. Even if no faults develop, the video heads (which record and play back the magnetic signal) can start to wear out after 1,000 hours' use.

Video has had a short but turbulent history. It had been widely recognized for many years before the current boom that there was no theoretical reason why a television signal should not be interrupted on its way from an aerial to a TV

The new V2000 video cassette recorder, jointly developed by Philips and Grundig.

set, recorded on to tape or disc and replayed at a later date. This is known as "time shifting". An ordinary audio tape recorder or disc record can capture sound signals with reasonable fidelity because such signals have a frequency range of only around 20,000 cycles per second, or 20,000Hz, or 20kHz. Although television, or video, signals take the form of electrical waves similar to sound signals, they move at a much faster speed. The TV signals which come down an aerial cable into the rear of a television set have a frequency range of up to five million cycles per second or 5,000,000Hz or 5MHz. In practice it is possible to cut some corners and record colour television with accompanying sound by capturing just 3MHz or three million cycles per second on a magnetic tape or disc. But even so, ordinary audio tape or disc records cannot possibly capture such rapidly moving waves with any degree of accuracy. They just crash one into the other and totally distort.

The most obvious way to record video signals is to speed up the rate at which the tape moves through the recorder, or at which a disc record rotates. Indeed some of the earliest attempts at recording television on magnetic tape used a modified audio tape recorder which ran the tape very fast. Video disc systems do, in fact, rotate a special disc record at very high speed. But high speeds bring all manner of different problems. One of the most obvious is that a reel of tape that runs for

an hour at slow speed will run for just a minute or so at the speed needed to record video.

The real breakthrough came just over a quarter of a century ago in the USA. The American firm Ampex had invested considerable money in researching a practical way of recording video signals on tape running at manageably low speed. After many setbacks the Ampex engineers finally succeeded in building a television recorder. It was a vast machine which cost, even in 1956, \$75,000 and it recorded only black and white pictures with very poor quality, but the die was cast. The Ampex machine ran the tape slowly past recording heads which rotated fast to lay a series of magnetic stripes across the tape. This system eventually became a standard for broadcast television stations around the world. Within a few years American and Japanese researchers had modified the Ampex system to reduce its cost and complexity. Whereas Ampex used four recording heads on a rapidly rotating drum, others succeeded with the compromise of two heads mounted on a drum which rotates obliquely to the tape. This head configuration lays down a series of helical magnetic stripes across the tape width; hence the now increasingly familiar phrase "helical scan" video. So far every domestic video recorder on the market uses the helical scan principle. Within a year or so we should start seeing a new generation of video recorders in the shops which return to first principles of more than 25 years ago. These new Longitudinal Video Recorders or LVRs run the tape rapidly past a stationary head.

In the 1960s low-cost, semi-professional helical scan recorders became available. These cost around £1,000 and recorded black and white pictures on reels of tape similar to those used in ordinary open-reel or reel-to-reel audio tape recorders. But the tape needed to be carefully threaded round the rotating head drum. This was not only a fiddly job but also presented the risk of damage to the heads; and these can cost anything up to £100 to replace. The obvious answer was to offer the public a foolproof self-threading system similar in concept to the Philips audio cassette or Super 8 film cartridge. Also colour recording was needed.

Sony in Japan, and Philips of Eindhoven, were the first to develop self-threading colour-capable video cassette recorders at relatively low cost. This development, now around ten years old, laid the foundation for everything available today. Sony offered the U-Matic system which was bulky and expensive, but very rugged. The U-Matic has now become virtually a world standard for industrial and semi-professional video recording and some small broadcast stations even use U-Matic machines for ordinary transmission.

Philips started to sell their VCR 1500 series in the early 1970s. These machines were first offered to the educational and industrial market and then to the public for domestic use. The

The video revolution

VCR 1500 never really caught on as an industrial tool, largely because the U-Matic from Sony was so much more rugged and reliable. In the mid 1970s the VCR 1500 did, however, attract domestic interest on a limited scale in Europe. The cassette, a rather bulky package of \frac{1}{2} inch-wide tape, offered up to one hour of continuous recording. The Philips recorder had three valuable features which are now standard on every domestic video cassette recorder. The VCR 1500 included a built-in tuner which enabled it to tune into and record either BBC or ITV transmissions off-air quite independently of a television set. As a result the user could watch ITV while recording BBC TV or record a programme while the TV receiver was switched off. The VCR 1500 also included a built-in modulator. This resembles a very low-powered television transmitter and enables the video recorder to play back its recorded signals off-tape into the ordinary aerial socket of a domestic TV. Finally the VCR 1500 had a built-in clock-timer of the general type provided on domestic cookers, which enabled the user to pre-set the recorder to tape a programme off-air of its own accord.

The VCR 1500 format was an exciting development and a key foundation for the current video revolution. Apart from some reliability problems with early models the main disadvantage was the limited playing time and high cost of the cassettes. These could contain only enough tape to record a one-hour programme and the cost of the one-hour cassette was between £20 and £25.

It became clear that the real future lay with longer playing times and lower "feeding" costs, i.e. lower cost of recording tape per hour. The obvious answer is to slow down the speed at which the tape runs through the recorder, past the rotating heads. The original Philips VCR 1500 used 1/3 inch-wide tape running at a speed of nearly 6 inches per second (14.3cms per second). Together Philips and Grundig (then a Philips licensee) modified the 1500 format to produce the 1700 series of machines. These are still on the market and use exactly the same cassette; but they run the tape at just under half the original speed. This offers just over twice the playing time per cassette (2 hours 10 minutes from a one-hour cassette) at under half the original feeding cost. Subsequently Grundig, on a go-it-alone basis, produced a Super Video Recorder. This still used the same cassette but ran the tape even more slowly. Some SVR machines are still on the market but the format never really became popular.

In Japan Sony and JVC, although united by their manufacture of U-Matic machines, secretly worked independently on a domestic format to rival those of Philips and Grundig. Sony came up with the Beta format and JVC developed VHS. Both companies invested so

heavily in the development of their own system that neither was prepared to back down and adopt the other system as a standard.

In Europe VHS machines have so far out-sold Beta machines, but the two appear almost equally popular in Japan. Moreover recent technical developments and strong marketing efforts by Sony in Europe suggest that the balance may well shift here as well. But whatever happens both the VHS and Beta formats will stay. There is really nothing to choose between the two: both use flat cassettes, rather like large versions of a Philips audio cassette, and both have $\frac{1}{3}$ inch tape running at a slower speed than in the Philips and Grundig systems. Both offer good pictures on the screen and an ever-widening range of facilities and features.

Philips and Grundig have jointly developed and are now starting to market a completely new format which is incompatible with all others including their own previous systems. This new European format, christened V2000, does however justify its late appearance in an already over-crowded market on several counts. The system uses $\frac{1}{2}$ inch tape, like all the others, and a flat cassette almost the same as that for VHS. But the V2000 cassette is a flip-over device comparable to but larger than an audio cassette. You record one, two, three or four hours of video (depending on the amount of tape in the cassette) and then remove the cassette, turn it over and record another one, two, three or four hours with the tape running in the opposite direction. This is possible because, like an audio cassette recorder, the V2000 system records on only half the tape width each time. This approach has obvious advantages: there is no need to rewind the tape and it is twice as easy to track down a particular item buried somewhere in the total recording duration. There is also a less obvious advantage: although the picture information on the tape is in all video systems recorded by rapidly rotating heads, the sound on all video recorders is recorded in exactly the same way as a conventional audio recorder, i.e. along a straight line at the edge of the tape.

The faster the tape moves in an audio recorder the better the hi-fi quality. The V2000 format can run the tape at relatively high speed (slightly faster than VHS and Beta) but still offer a longer playing time for the same length of tape because only half the tape width is used at each pass. Of course this places considerable technical demands on the equipment so Philips and Grundig have developed a wholly new control system (called Dynamic Track Following) which continually adjusts the position of the video heads to keep them perfectly aligned with the recorded tracks. The width of each magnetic stripe laid across the tape by the helically rotating heads is less than half the width of a human hair. The adjustment of the heads takes place continuously as they rotate on the spinning drum at 1,500rpm and well over 10 miles an hour!

The U-Matic is now ten years old and

still going strong, but has no relevance to domestic users. The original Philips 1500 is almost as old, but virtually extinct. The Philips 1700 still exists and machines are still available, often at less than £400. Usually, maximum playing time for each cassette is $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The Grundig SVR format is largely forgotten but machines may still be available at a similarly low price. Maximum SVR playing time is around 4 hours for each cassette. All three formats use the same basic Philips-type video cassette (although the SVR machines will only operate with batch-selected Philips cassettes with a special lug attached). Both the 1700 and SVR will eventually disappear to make room for the new Philips-Grundig V2000.

All VHS machines use a cassette which looks superficially similar to the V2000 cassette. The VHS cassette offers a maximum of three hours playing time and although cassettes for V2000 and VHS may look similar they are not interchangeable. All Beta machines use a cassette which offers up to 3 hours 15 minutes playing time. The Beta cassette is smaller than the VHS and V2000 cassettes and is not interchangeable with either.

The relatively short maximum playing time of the VHS and Beta compared with the new V2000 has not passed unnoticed by Japanese companies backing those systems. Neither has it passed unnoticed that the extended playing time available from a single V2000 cassette will bring the overall cost of feeding a video recorder down from the £20 or £25 an hour of just a few years ago to as little as £2.50 an hour. Currently the cost of Beta and VHS recording is around £3 or £4 an hour, depending on how carefully the user shops for tape bargains. Elsewhere

in the world the VHS and Beta formats are already starting to offer the option of low-speed recording. A switch on the recorder enables the tape in a standard VHS or Beta cassette to be run at super-low speed for extended playing time and super-low feeding cost, albeit with some reduction of picture and sound quality. As yet neither the VHS nor Beta firms in Europe have offered a slow-speed recorder. But when V2000 low-feeding-cost machines are on sale widely this could be their next move.

It is important to note that the incompatibility of the different formats described is in addition to the basic incompatibility of formats intended for different countries. This is particularly true where the distinction is between Europe on the one hand and the USA and Japan on the other. These geographical blocs use radically different TV transmission systems and there are more subtle differences, even between various European countries.

Before buying or renting any machine, the customer should look at more than the basic specification of a recorder and insist on seeing it demonstrated in conjunction with a relatively large-screen TV set.

All machines on the market have built-in tuners to record off air; all have built-in modulators to enable replay through the aerial socket of a conventional TV set; and all have clock-timers which enable machines to switch themselves on (and sometimes off again) at least once while the user is otherwise occupied. All can be used—with degrees of ease of connexion to cameras costing from a few hundred to over a thousand pounds—to make instant home movies on video tape. All basic machines are mains powered, but portable battery-powered machines are now available.

Starting from this baseline of standard features, machines now on the market with special features include the following:



Beta format. Of all video machines widely available, the Sony C7 Betamax arguably offers the most extensive range of features. These include freeze frame (display of selected still pictures from a normal video recording) as well as artificially speeded up or slowed down replay, for example for analysing sports. Perhaps most important, the C7 also offers "fast picture search", whereby snatches of a recording can be viewed on the TV screen as the tape winds fast through the recorder. Fast search is best described as like flipping through the pages of a book. The C7 tuner and timer can switch the machine on and off several times over a two-week period, changing channels in between so that the user can return from holiday to find several programmes recorded during his or her absence. The C7 also has a cordless, hand-held remote control which emits harmless (and legally acceptable) infra-red instruction pulses to the machine. Cost is around £700.



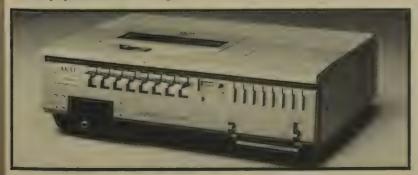
The Toshiba V5470B Beta recorder also offers fast picture search but with slightly less sophistication in other features and at around £100 less than the Sony C7. Toshiba's Bush BV6900 offers similar features at a similar price. Sanyo also sells Beta machines with similar features. A Beta system portable recorder and colour camera are due in the shops from Sony, but VHS has tended to lead in this field.



VHS Format. Although it was JVC who developed the VHS system, JVC's sister company National-Panasonic was the first to announce a VHS machine (the NV7000) with virtually the same features as the Sony C7. This should soon be appearing in the shops. Remote control for the National is so far only by means of a flexible wire rather than an invisible infra-red link. Cost in the shops of the NV7000 will be around the same as the C7.



At around £670 JVC offers the HR3660 with exceptionally good freeze frame, slow motion and double speed replay. (In general such "trick play" pictures have so far tended to be better on VHS than Beta.) At double speed the JVC recorder sound is electronically doctored to avoid the Donald Duck effect normally associated with fast replay of an audio recording.



The Akai VS9800 offers similar facilities to the JVC HR3660.



JVC also offers a portable VHS recorder, the HR4100. This is intended primarily for use with a portable camera (black-and-white or colour) to shoot instant video home movies with synchronized sound. But the HR4100 can be used at home with a mains power adaptor and tuner-timer (TU-41) to record programmes off air like a conventional mains-powered VHS system. The full double purpose system (portable recorder, mains unit, tuner-timer and colour camera) can be bought for well under £2,000, of which around a third is for the colour camera.



Panasonic and Akai also offer portable VHS systems at a similar price, and both mains and portable machines (made by JVC) are available under the Thorn brand name Ferguson. Sharp and Hitachi are among the VHS licensees now making their own equipment. Sharp for instance is moving into the UK video market with the VC6300, which like Sharp audio tape recorders boasts an Auto-Programme Locate Device. This APLD system will search out and replay a pre-selected passage of video programme. JVC will soon be offering a sophisticated machine which matches the Sony C7 and National NV7000 on features such as fast picture search.



V2000 format. Jointly developed by Philips and Grundig, V2000 machines are so far only available from these two companies. Grundig was the first in the shops with a saleable V2000 machine, the Video 2×4. This has automatic programme finding (comparable with the Sharp APLD system) and all the features which are standard on the V2000 format machine, such as flip-over cassette and Dynamic Track Following. Philips should by now have its own VR2020, Video 2000 format machines in the shops. It is too early yet to put a firm price on the new Philips and Grundig machines but they will certainly be selling for under £700. The latest news is that Siemens may be taking a financial interest in Grundig to help consolidate the European video market and give the Japanese an even harder run for their money. So far none of the V2000 machines can match the Japanese competition in sophisticated features such as fast search and slow motion, but this is promised for later models. Incidentally, many VHS and Beta firms are starting to offer "stripped-down" machines at low cost. These have a minimum of features but cost £100 or so less than their more sophisticated models.

The video revolution

What the future will bring—video disc and new video formats. All the machines so far described have in common the ability to record and replay programme material in time-shift fashion using helical scan technology. Two new and completely incompatible formats likely to appear in the next few years will also offer this facility, but through alternative technology. Both BASF in Germany and Toshiba in Japan have independently developed Longitudinal Video Recording systems which effectively go back to pre-helical scan principles. The LVR recording head remains stationary and the tape moves very rapidly. So how can BASF and Toshiba hope to achieve the now obligatory several hours' playing time from a single cassette of manageable size'? BASF use a relatively short length of tape which moves rapidly backwards and forwards past the stationary head like a shuttle. After each full pass of the tape length, the head steps a very small distance across the tape width. The result is a series of parallel, longitudinal tracks along the tape length.

Toshiba approaches the LVR problem differently. The Toshiba tape is formed as a continuous loop in a cartridge similar to the eight-track audio cartridges used in cars. Again the tape moves very fast past the stationary head and again the head moves in tiny steps across the tape width. So parallel longitudinal tracks are laid down along the tape length without the tape ever stopping.

Although both the Toshiba and BASF LVR techniques have been proved to work under controlled demonstration conditions, it remains to be seen if they will do so with sufficient reliability and efficiency to challenge the helical scan formats already in the shops. The main claimed advantage is the simplicity of mechanical construction of the recorder which could make LVR an inexpensive recording system. Another claimed advantage is the possibility of duplicating a tape at high speed by copying all the hundreds of longitudinal tracks simultaneously. This could make it possible to reduce the cost of pre-recorded video tapes since it takes two hours to copy a two-hour recording at the moment. But on the debit side the tape in an LVR machine must run at around 10 miles per hour which is a tall order technically.

The incentive to sell pre-recorded video tapes at low prices comes from the threat, or promise, of video discs. The idea of a video disc is not new. John Logie Baird was selling 78rpm shellac discs for his primitive TV system 50 years ago. But it is only re-

cently that firms around the world have succeeded in developing systems that can record up to an hour of high quality colour TV pictures and stereo sound on a disc superficially similar to an ordinary LP record. Literally dozens of different systems have been proposed but due to failures and mergers the list of commercial competitors has now narrowed down to three.

Philips of Eindhoven (allied to Magnavox, MCA and IBM in the USA and with heavy support from Pioneer of Japan) has developed a laser-based system. A laser in the player "reads" the reflections of millions of tiny pits on the shiny disc surface. These changes of reflection are translated into TV signals which are fed into the aerial socket of a domestic receiver. The disc has no grooves and, unlike competitive systems, can be handled because the laser "sees" straight through any finger marks. RCA in the USA (backed by CBS and Zenith) has developed a system which relies on a grooved disc. The RCA system does not, however, track the groove in the manner of an ordinary audio LP. The groove is smooth and merely guides a stylus which detects tiny electrical changes created by pits in the surface of the disc. This is possible because the disc is pressed from electrically conductive material. The electrical variations are actually caused by capacitance so the RCA system is known as a "grooved capacitance system".

In Japan JVC (backed by sister company Matsushita-National-Panasonic and now Thorn-EMI) has developed what might best be described as a cross between the Philips and RCA systems. JVC uses a grooveless disc with capacitance pits. The stylus is guided by a servo control system similar to that used for guiding the Philips laser. The JVC system is for obvious reasons called a "grooveless capacitance" disc system. Only the Philips laser system is on sale, and only in selected US cities, but it now seems likely that all three systems will be launched in the UK during 1981. Some companies, such as Sony, are still sitting on the fence over which system to back on the domestic market. Also most of the software companies, i.e. the owners of feature film rights, are hedging their bets by promising to make programme material available to the various systems on a non-exclusive basis. All in all, then, it is on the cards that a major commercial battle over video discs will be fought in public. It goes without saying that the three systems are incompatible and, just as domestic video tape formats are not exchangeable between Europe and the USA and Japan, so video discs will not be exchangeable across the Atlantic

The darker side of video viewing

by Gerry Gable

The death of Mafia chief Michael "Mickey" Zaffarano last February, at the very moment the FBI called to arrest him for his role as co-ordinator of the Mafia's multi-million dollar pornography and pirated film empire, caused ripples that have washed up on the shores of this country. Zaffarano had achieved what many thought was the impossible by getting the agreement of all the US major Mafia crime families to a common approach to marketing video pornography and pirated movies.

The Mafia's links with pornography were nothing new. For years various mobs had allowed sex shops and shows to operate in their respective areas on a basis of paying a levy for the right to exist, but gradually each operation found its way into the control of the Mafia. They set up film production companies to make the blue movies and these were rapidly followed by a network of distribution and sales companies which by the late 1960s had a range of national and international links. Then they entered the main European blue movie production areas such as Holland and West Germany.

When video machines became fashionable in the States they moved in at once, changing the structure slightly to accommodate the latest in technical trends. They found that alongside the production, distribution and sales of soft- and hard-core pornographic video tapes another highly profitable field was opening up to them. Film piracy was to earn them millions of dollars and lose

the US film industry an estimated \$700 million a year by the late 1970s. The combination of both pornography and piracy made this the most financially successful Mafia operation of the decade.

In the eyes of the man in the street it did not have the same criminal associations as drug trafficking or prostitution and as video was new the Law had in many instances not yet caught up with the criminal aspects of the mobs' business enterprises. So Zaffarano, who had started life in the mob as a violent enforcer and had later turned to organizing major airport robbenies, was now given the job of running the latest of the Mafia's crime operations.

First the West German blue movie industry was told to turn away from producing 8mm and 16mm films and go over almost totally to the production of video tapes. But it was Britain that held the main attraction for the Mafia. They had tried in the late 1950s and 60s to move in on our then emergent casino and gaming industry and for a long time it appeared that the hierarchy at Scotland Yard shared the same blinkered view that "the mob did not exist" as the late director of the FBI, Edgar Hoover. During a trip to the US the then Home Secretary Roy Jenkins was shown intelligence files on the criminal links with this country involving the Mafia. Jenkins acted swiftly, ordering the Yard to act against a number of Americans resident here and others who were coming in and out at regular intervals. At least for the time his strong line halted the mob invasion in its tracks.

During the next few years the Mafia worked towards a controlling deal in which they would take on board a leading British vice figure as a chairman of their operation in this country. A company was set up in a central American country as a conduit and cover for an alleged \$14 million investment programme which aimed to buy printing. distribution and bookshop outlets for both dirty books and video pornography. They were also to hire the technical expertise to run laboratories to transfer film to video tape. They wanted technicians capable of dealing with all three systems-PAL, SECAM and NTSC. They saw as a target not the established, "dirty-raincoat" customers but newly affluent young married couples. They hoped to spread a network of contacts who would build up a market for video over the next few years. The mark-up on both pirated and dirty video films is huge. A video tape selling for £70 may make a clear £55 profit for the "porn broker".

The biggest blow to the mob was the arrest of two of the men they had hoped to use as a front for their planned British operation, but the \$14 million is still in the kitty for this programme should police pressure let up at any stage. One of the major factors that hampers the police are the out-moded laws that deal with obscene publications in this country. Video is covered by the existing laws and convictions have been achieved in the courts but the fines for offences under

this law and for piracy are ludicrous compared with the possible profits.

Many police officers hoped that the Williams Committee report on pornography might make tough distinctions between what might be termed reasonable erotic literature and Mafia-produced tapes, films and magazines. The Committee however seemed to operate in a rarefied atmosphere and the final report does not include the word video at any point. Now the police see seizure of equipment as the vital element in any new legislation.

The mob, however, are reluctant to give up an ever-increasing market for their wares. British purchasing trends of home video are outstripping those of the US market per head of population. Nearly 60 per cent of all taped video films purchased are pornographic in one form or another. To service this growing demand Mafia couriers make regular visits to London to sell material ordered by a transatlantic call to New York or Hollywood or to display the latest films on their sales lists. They come in posing as tourists: one respectable looking middle-aged man and a mob enforcer to protect the goods. Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications squad and the Arts and Antiques squad, the latter being responsible for investigations into film piracy, have been fairly successful to date. But as they arrest one courier the market is big and potentially rich enough to support the payments of their fines and their fares home when they are deported @

Kapilavastu rediscovered

by K. M. Srivastava

The true location of Kapilavastu in Nepal, where Buddha spent the first 29 years of his life, had eluded archaeologists until, in 1971, the author began new excavations at Piprahwa.

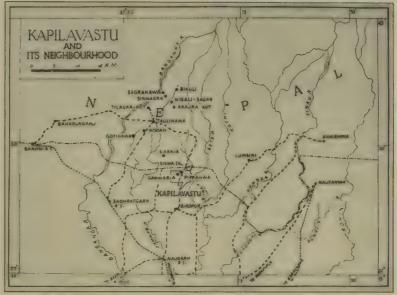
Identification of a lost town is among the archaeologist's most memorable rewards, for it brings the dead world to life and makes the ruins speak. The extinction of the religion of Buddhism in India over 800 years ago had such a sweeping effect that many towns and cities associated with it were completely lost. One such victim was the important town Kapilavastu, the location of which had eluded archaeologists. Gautam Buddha spent his first 29 years at Kapilavastu before renouncing the world in quest of salvation for humanity.

Lack of adequate data in the Buddhist texts forced archaeologists to depend mainly on the travel documents of two Chinese pilgrims, Fa-hien and Hiuen Tsang, who visited India in AD 399 and 629 respectively. However, further attempts to identify the towns in the 19th century failed largely because towns mentioned by the Chinese pilgrims, from which distances to Kapilavastu were reckoned, were also lost.

Concentrated efforts were made by A. Fuhrer, P. C. Mukherjee, V. A. Smith and others to locate Kapilavastu, particularly after the discovery of the Asokan pillar at Lumbini and an inscribed relic casket from the shrine at Piprahwa in 1896 and 1898 respectively. After the discovery of the Asokan pillar, recording the birthplace of Buddha, A. Fuhrer declared Tilaurakot to be ancient Kapilavastu. To corroborate his declaration, Fuhrer calculated the distance of Lumbini from Kapilavastu to be 16 miles on the basis of the travel document of Hiuen Tsang. However, analysis of the travel documents of the two Chinese pilgrims reveals that Fa-hien went straight to Lumbini from Kapilavastu, whereas Hiuen Tsang first went to Sarakupa and then to Lumbini. Sarakupa (Arrow Well) was the place where an arrow shot by Buddha in athletic exercises pierced the ground so that water gushed out to form a spring. According to Fa-hien the distance from Kapilavastu to Lumbini was only 50 li, or 9 miles.

Though the inscription on the relic casket coupled with the distance from Lumbini recorded by Fa-hien should have been enough to proclaim that Piprahwa, 9 miles from Lumbini, was ancient Kapilavastu, the view of A. Fuhrer in 1896 in favour of Tilaurakot continued to prevail, and with so much conviction among scholars that Kapilavastu was named in brackets below Tilaurakot in survey maps.

The interpretation generally accepted by scholars was that here was the



Terracotta seals bearing the legend Kapilavastu, right, which positively identified the site, were found in the eastern monastery at Piprahwa, top.

relic shrine of Lord Buddha of the Sakya community. The corporeal relics of Lord Buddha, according to Mahaparinibbana-sutta, were shared by eight communities, one of them being the Sakyas of Kapilavastu from which he hailed. J. F. Fleet, however, came out with another interpretation, according to which the relics were of the kinsmen of Buddha, massacred by the young Kosala King Vidudabha in revenge for being slighted by the Sakyas because his mother was a slave girl. Fleet presented this interpretation when he was not able to reconcile the date of the inscription with that of the death of Buddha; but in fact the kinsmen of Buddha were slaughtered during the lifetime of Buddha, and thus a much earlier date should have been assigned to the inscription. The new interpretation confused the whole issue of the identification of Kapilavastu.

V. A. Smith, a reputed historian, was another scholar who complicated the problem of the identification of Kapilavastu. In the first instance he declared that his identification of the Piprahwa site with the Kapilavastu of Fa-hien rests upon the pilgrim's description of his itinerary. A. Fuhrer's theory had, however, made such a deep impact on him that he tried to accommodate the two views, and concluded that Piprahwa was the Kapilavastu of Fa-hien, whereas the city round Tilaurakot was the Kapilavastu of Hiuen Tsang, thus giving birth to the unjustified theory of

No serious work was undertaken to

resolve the problem of the siting of Kapilavastu in the first half of this century. Mrs D. Mitra of the Archaeological Survey of India was deputed in 1962 to conduct exploration and excavation in Nepalese Tarai. During the course of her small-scale excavation at Tilaurakot, she could find no evidence to support the view that the site was Kapilavastu.

Amid such uncertainties the text of the inscription on the casket found by W. C. Peppe in 1898 at Piprahwa caught my attention when I was posted to Patna in 1970. A detailed study of the inscription made me confident that the shrine at Piprahwa was the relic shrine of Lord Buddha and that the original relics were still lying there untouched. The inscribed casket could not contain the original relics because of the wide gulf of time between the date of the inscription and the death of Buddha; the casket must have been placed in the shrine at the time of reconstruction. Once the relics were found, the site could be identified with ancient Kapilavastu. I therefore began excavation at Piprahwa in 1971.

Two burnt-brick chambers of an identical shape were found at a depth of 6 metres in a small trench sunk in the centre of the shrine in 1972. Placed side by side were a soapstone casket and dish, embedded below three bricks in the northern chamber. Two dishes and another soapstone casket were placed at different levels in the southern brick chamber. The casket in the northern chamber was 7 centimetres in diameter





and 12 centimetres high, whereas the casket in the southern one measured 9 centimetres in diameter and 16 centimetres in height. They contained charred bones. The relic caskets could be dated to the fifth-fourth centuries BC on the basis of associated antiquities. These caskets were stratigraphically earlier than the inscribed casket found by W. C. Peppe in 1898 contained in a massive sandstone coffer at a depth of

Further relic caskets datable to an earlier period and synchronizing with the date of the death of Buddha were a significant step towards the identification of Kapilavastu: the relics were undoubtedly those which were enshrined by the Sakyas of Kapilavastu, but the absence of any inscription left a margin of doubt about the identification of Kapilavastu in the mind of archaeologists.

In March, 1973, terracotta seals inscribed with the legend Kapilavastu were collected in large numbers from the eastern monastery, and their discovery clinched the issue of the identification of Kapilavastu. The lid of a pot, again inscribed with the legend Kapilavastu and found in 1974, further corroborated the identification. The word Devaputra on the pot lid indicated that the eastern monastery was built under the patronage of Kushan kings for the order of monks of Kapilavastu. The seals also established that the shrine which >>>





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vielded the caskets was first constructed by the Sakyas over their oneeighth share of the corporeal relics received at Kusinara after the cremation of Buddha. Subsequently the shrine was rebuilt twice, the earlier construction indicated by the massive sandstone coffer containing the inscribed casket and the later one by a single casket found completely smashed at a depth of only 10 feet by W. C. Peppe. During the last phase the base of the shrine was converted into a square and embellished with niches at regular intervals for the accommodation of sculptures, probably in Kushan times when image worship was introduced.

As a general practice, shrines were not built within the main township: being burials, they were always at a little distance from the main habitation area. In the case of Kapilavastu also, the main township was about 1 kilometre southeast of the shrine complex at Piprahwa. The ancient site was named after the village Ganwaria on account of revenue jurisdiction. Indications of Ganwaria being the nuclear complex of the town of Kapilavastu were available in the third season of the excavation at Piprahwa when a small trench on the southwestern fringe of the mound yielded a rich variety of antiquities. The site was at least 200 (EW) by 250 (NS) metres in extent with a maximum occupational deposit of 7 metres.

In conformity with the remains of a township, two massive burnt-brick structures with an impressive projected entrance to the east were brought to light at Ganwaria in 1975. The larger one, on the western fringe of the mound, was 38 metres square with an open courtyard in the centre and flanked by a covered verandah, the rooms and galleries laid all around them. The structure had five phases in all and there were 26 rooms with four galleries oriented to the points of the compass, in the last phase. A covered drain in the south-western corner of the complex was a new feature in Phase IV. Two majestic, projecting, bastion-like platforms were constructed at the entrance. The width of the outer wall of the structure was more than 2 metres and that of the inner one 1.7 metres. The cross walls were more than 1 metre thick.

Excavation in the lower levels of the larger structure revealed that the earliest inhabitants of the township lived in houses of mud walls with the roofs supported on wooden posts. One decomposed wooden post was *in situ*. Because of regular inundation the mud walls were badly damaged and the inhabitants built high platforms of compact clay for occupation.

The other structure, though smaller in dimensions, had certain special features. The central courtyard was paved with bricks and there was a well in the northeastern corner of the paved courtyard. In the last-but-one phase of this structure also a covered drain for the outlet of water was built on the south-western side. The entrance of the structure in the



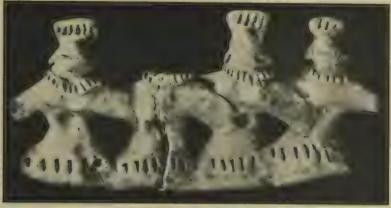
earlier stages was towards the east. Later on it was sealed with the help of a curtain wall and a narrow entrance, only 1.2 metres wide, was provided on the northern side. Unlike the larger one, the planning of the smaller structure underwent major changes in every succeeding phase.

Extensive structural remains, spread over a large area and corroborating the identification with the ancient township of Kapilavastu, were brought to light in subsequent years of excavation. The structures were both secular and ecclesiastical in character.

Among the secular structures, one house complex with a set of rooms was found close to the outer wall of the larger structure near the south-eastern end of the entrance. Remains of several other house complexes were encountered on the northern side of the larger and smaller structures. Located in a farther southeasterly direction was a block of a large structure, whose exact purpose could not be determined, comprising many rooms with two courtyards in the centre. It was built in two stages. A long drain originating from the courtyard of the earlier stage on the northern side travelled through the second courtyard and discharged at the southern end.

The ecclesiastical group of structures comprised four shrines, the second one towards the south-eastern side of the smaller structure being most magnificent. The shrine must have been important because it yielded a large number of Buddha heads in terracotta. One of the rooms just opposite the main entrance of the smaller structure was also converted into a place of worship with the help of moulded bricks.

According to the travel documents of Hiuen Tsang, the residential structures of the town of Kapilavastu were converted into shrines and monasteries in the later stages. The statement of the Chinese pilgrim was verified during the course of excavation in which residential structures were observed below the shrines. The rich antiquities of the first-second centuries AD made it evident that the place received the inspiring patronage of the Kushan kings, and during







Among the rich and varied antiquities found in the village of Ganwaria were, top left, a seated Buddha; top right, dancing figures in terracotta; above left, a decorated stone disc; above right, the bust of a three-eyed deity.

their régime religious activity was revived there and religious structures were raised over the residential ones.

The earliest occupation at Ganwaria started in the eighth century BC, whereas the occupation at Piprahwa had its beginning only after the death of Buddha when his corporeal relics were brought and enshrined. The construction of the monasteries at Piprahwa for the monks was initiated only after the erection of the shrine. Occupation of both sites ended in a devastating fire sometime in the fourth century AD.

Four periods of occupation could be discerned at Ganwaria. Period I, datable between about 800 and 600 BC, was characterized by mud walls, black polished ware, fine grey ware, red ware vases and dishes with red rim, black bottom and grey interior associated with the Painted Grey Ware in western parts of Northern India; red ware bowls and dishes with a mirror-like polish occasionally painted in black dots and circles; glass bangles and beads of terracotta, glass and semi-precious stones.

Appearance of the *de luxe* ceramic Northern Black Polished Ware and other associated wares, including a red ware painted in horizontal bands distinguished Period II, which could be dated between 600 and 200 BC. Bone points in a large quantity were reported from this period.

Period III recalled Sunga times with its beginning in the second century BC and end by the beginning of the Christian era. Though terracottas had made their appearance in the preceding period, their quantity and varieties multiplied in this period. A great advancement in the art was also

observed.

Period IV was characteristically Kushan, starting in the beginning of the Christian era and ending in the fourth century AD. Besides characteristic pottery, religious figurines in terracotta were an important feature. A large number of Buddha heads speak of the revival of the religion of Buddhism under the patronage of Kushanas.

Piprahwa being the shrine and monastic site, the yield of antiquities was externely poor. On the other hand the antiquities from Ganwaria, a town site, were rich and varied. Among the terracottas, mention may be made of beautiful heads of Buddha; Buddha seated on a double lotus throne in a contemplative mood holding the fingers of his left hand with the right; a threeeyed head; a head with a peculiar headdress exhibiting foreign influence; warriors; a drummer; dancing figures; a mother and child; moulded female figurines with elaborate coiffure and drapery, heavy ornamentation and decorated anklets. A decorated stone disc depicted a bull, elephant and lion interspersed by chakra, similar to those on the abacus of Asokan pillars. Other important finds were copper and silver coins: terracotta stamps, beads, bangles, a wheel and gamesmen; beads of glass and semi-precious stones; glass bangles; stone weights; chisels, sickles, arrowand dagger-heads, knives and razors in iron; copper bowls and a highly polished legged quern with a stone pestle. The last season of the excavation in 1977 vielded two hoards of coins contained in pots. One hoard was of 64 silver punchmarked coins and the other comprised 37 copper coins of Kushan kings

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The George Eliot Fellowship is issuing a number of commemorative covers in connection with the George Eliot Centenary

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First Daw Cover

Magic in wood

by Edward Lucie-Smith

Moira Kelly is a brave woman. At the beginning of what promises to be a nasty economic recession she has just opened a new art gallery, somewhat off the beaten track at 97 Essex Road, Islington N1, which is to devote itself to promoting new contemporary artists. But, as it happens, her opening exhibition, running until July 20, suggests she may have the flair, as well as the guts, to survive.

Two artists share the show and, significantly, both of them work in wood. The choice of material matters because it points towards a new orientation in three-dimensional work. In sculpture, the 1960s were the age of plastic and the 1970s that of scrap iron. When wood was used it was usually in the form of great big burly baulks, roughly nailed or clamped together. Not the sort of thing to have in your drawing-room, or even on your patio. Some of the work done by Fred Watson, one of the artists featured in the exhibition, is of substantial size, but it never completely exceeds the domestic scale.

Watson is, in London terms, a "new" artist, though he is now in his mid 40s. His only previous appearances on the metropolitan scene have been in mixed shows in the now defunct Artists' Market in Covent Garden. He is one of the most exciting sculptors to appear in England for some time. Not merely that—he marks a radical break with the tradition of the past two decades, and his use of wood (he also carves in stone) is only one part of his originality.

The first shock is that he is a figurative sculptor, working at a time when figurative work in three dimensions is often dismissed as hopelessly academic. The second shock is that he carves not figures or animals but still-life subjects—books, bottles, plates, vases of flowers, apples in bowls. As well as carving the actual objects, he supplies their setting—the shelf or table on which the objects rest. The objects and their setting are both shown life-size, neither smaller nor larger.

I suppose the viewer's immediate reaction is to ask why? Why on earth simply copy what can be found in the surrounding environment? Watson's subject-matter, and even some of the photographs of his work, suggest that he is a Super Realist sculptor, allied to painters and sculptors in America who try to make a completely neutral representation of reality, painting things exactly as the dispassionate camera sees them, making Madame Tussaud-like dummies dressed in real clothes. But one is dealing here with a very different attitude, and with a richer and more complex tradition.

Even a quite superficial examination of the sculptures themselves shows that they are not replicas in any accurate



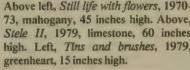
Bookstack, 1979, elm, 36 inches by 26 inches by 63 inches. Right, Five bottles, 1976, elm, 18 inches high.

sense. The wooden pieces are left unpainted, and the surface shows the rippling, shifting marks of the tools with which they have been shaped. You are always aware of the process of carving which has given the sculptures form. In the past carvers have openly delighted in their mastery over wood. One famous virtuoso exercise is the lace jabot carved by Grinling Gibbons in the Victoria & Albert Museum. Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries master carvers produced trompe-l'oeil items, though usually as part of a larger decorative scheme rather than as independent entities. Spectacular examples are the carved wooden pelmet boards imitating ruched cloth which appear in some very grand mid 18th-century interiors. Such work was never in its own











time classified as sculpture. it belonged to the realm of the applied arts, and brought into the sophisticated interiors created by men like William Kent and Robert Adam an element of folk tradition. One can look back, past these secular carvings, to the decorative woodwork created for churches in the late Middle Ages. One can also look soto-speak laterally, to folk-carvings of various kinds, advertising signs, innsigns, cigar-store Indians and all the rest.

Watson is clearly aware of all this as part of his own background. One reason for making the carvings (the first date from as recently as three years ago) was that craftsmen in the area where the sculptor lives, jobbing woodworkers and woodcarvers in the area in and around Newcastle, used occasionally to offer him their cherished tools when they retired. He was led to work in this way partly out of curiosity—to see what traditional tools and techniques would produce. If one looks at the vase of flowers which forms part of the earliest of all the wood carvings, one is soon aware that there is a fascinating relationship between the shapes of the clustering petals and the marks naturally produced by certain kinds of gouge.

Yet Watson is in no sense a folkartist. Like many of the sculptors of his generation he has felt the full impact of the modernist tradition, and has to some extent recapitulated the history of modernism in the course of his own development. On one of his tables, for instance one sees a Hepworth-like sculpture—a biomorphic abstract form, with a couple of holes pushed through it in the Moore-Hepworth manner. It is an early piece of Watson's own, an ironic recapitulation of things he originally did without irony. Brancusi was an even stronger influence on his development than Moore and Hepworth. Early pieces were imitations of Brancusi in Brancusi's own chosen materials of stone and wood. Later, trying to get away from the constrictions imposed by Brancusi's powerful personality, and responding simultaneously to what was happening in English sculpture in his own time, Watson began to experiment with Brancusi-like forms carried out in sheetmetal. The results, he now admits, were extremely thin and superficial.

His disappointment with these pieces led him to work as he now does. He began to feel that he could only use Brancusi, and at the same time overcome him, by so-to-speak turning Brancusi's aesthetic inside out. Brancusi's aim was always to simplify—to find the eternal abstract form under the skin of natural appearances. Watson opted for apparent naturalism, but using objects—the books, bottles and apples are all good examples—which had very definite, simple shapes. Arranging these to express formal ideas was one part of the task. Watson notes that a pile of books can be made to express a wide variety of such ideas: things in compression, things supporting one another, things leaning against each other and so forth. The other job was to find a unifying style, what one can perhaps call a language. It was necessary, for example, to distinguish between wood replicating wood, wood replicating cardboard and paper, and wood replicating glass, while at the same time retaining the inherent qualities of the material. The marks of carving, while always visible on close inspection, are very slightly inflected as the tool moves from one surface to another. At the same time everything is subjected to a degree of simplification, but no one part is simplified any more than the others, so that everything remains within the same convention. This effect is especially clearly visible, for obvious reasons, when one looks at the larger and more elaborate compositions. The result seems to marry Brancusi's intentions as a sculptor with those of Morandi as a painter.

One of the advantages the visual arts have over words is that they are much better at dealing with the absolutely quotidian. There is, for instance, no really convincing verbal equivalent for a Chardin still life. It is not too exaggerated to say that Watson's work sustains this kind of comparison, and operates in very much the same territory

A century of war

by Robert Blake

The Three Edwards by Michael Prestwich Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95

The reigns of these three monarchs aggregated just over a century. It was a period in which the country was transformed both socially politically, and it has a unity which does not depend merely on the coincidence of names. Edwards I and III were eldest sons, but Edward II would not have succeeded to the throne if his three older brothers had lived to a normal age. Edward I was so christened because of Henry III's admiration for Edward the Confessor who, as Mr Prestwich drily observes, "had displayed some of his own qualities of piety and incompetence". It was not a common name in the 13th century when the aristocracy spoke French rather than English, but it might nonetheless have been perpetuated but for the accidents of mortality. The Black Prince and his eldest son were both called Edward but both died before Edward III, who was succeeded by the Black Prince's second son, Richard of Bordeaux.

As Mr Prestwich shows in this scholarly and very readable study, the three Edwards were not in the least alike. The first and third had one thing in common-ability to win wars and to control their own nobility. Otherwise they were very different from each other. Edward I was in Mr Prestwich's words "formidable, ambitious and autocratic". He was, and was recognized to be, "a great King". He had a violent temper and he was also capable of much deviousness. His devotion to his first Queen, Eleanor of Castile, was exemplary, but no one can say that he was a particularly likeable character. Edward III by contrast was brave and chivalrous. He possessed a charisma which ensured the admiration and loyalty of his followers. He could be extravagant and self-indulgent. To quote Mr Prestwich again, "there was not the iron in his character that there had been in Edward I's, and the last vears of his life were a sad anti-climax".

Edward II, who bore no resemblance whatever in character to either his father or his son, was a disastrous monarchone of the notable failures of the Plantagenet dynasty. "The domestic history of his reign," writes the author, "is one of successive political failures punctuated by acts of horrific violence." The King had a regal appearance. He was well-built, tall and handsome. He was a good rider. But he had no idea of managing men, and his lavishness towards his favourites, first Piers Gaveston and then the younger Hugh Despenser, alienated the aristocracy. Homosexuality was regarded with horror in the Middle Ages. It was widely believed that a relationship of that sort

existed in both cases, though the charge was made openly only after the King's death. Whether it was really the case remains unproven, but Mr Prestwich considers that "it is hard to doubt a sexual element in his friendship". The King's incompetence as a ruler was balanced by the incompetence of his leading opponent and first cousin, Thomas of Lancaster, the richest earl in England who was captured and executed in the civil war of 1322. This was followed by a bloodbath-one chronicler records 25 aristocratic executions-and Edward II seemed to have eliminated most of his enemies, but seven years later he was himself eliminated by his wife and her lover Roger Mortimer, who were to be overthrown in their turn in 1330 after a coup engineered by Edward III.

The century of the three Edwards saw the creation of a united England and Wales. The same century saw the acquisition of great areas of France, but they were almost all lost during the last years of Edward III who virtually went bankrupt in the process. The toughest nut to crack, however, was not France but Scotland. The conquest of Wales was a colonial adventure by the English. It was similar in that way to the conquest of Ireland by Henry II in the previous century. The Anglo-Scottish war was as affair between two welldeveloped medieval monarchies, one of which had run out of male heirs and offered a golden opportunity to Edward I. The English King, invited to adjudicate between 13 claimants, chose the most pliable, John Balliol, and then asserted his own claim dating from Henry II to be overlord of Scotland. Even Balliol jibbed at this, and in 1296 Edward invaded Scotland, enforced abject surrender on Balliol, removed the Stone of Destiny from Scone to Westminster Abbey and set up direct English rule. He intended to extinguish the Scottish crown altogether, but resistance was too strong. None of the Edwards managed to crush it, and Edward III after capturing David II in 1346 decided to recognize his kingship in return for an enormous ransom to help finance the conquest of France.

Mr Prestwich illuminates many little known aspects of the period. There is not much here about the Church but we have already been told by other historians "more than all that is known" on that subject. He is very interesting on war, its techniques, logistics and finances. The English learnt many lessons from their ultimately unsuccessful campaigns in Scotland. Edward III and his government took far more trouble to plan their campaigns than Edward I. Mr Prestwich quotes the 19th-century historian, Sir George Wrottesley, who remarked that Edward III's army of 1346 was the best equipped of any to leave England prior to the Egyptian expedition of 1882. It was a century of war and the Kings held in high repute were those most successful in the military art.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Problems and Other Stories by John Updike André Deutsch, £5.95 A Soldier's Embrace by Nadine Gordimer Cape, £4.95 The Sidmouth Letters by Jane Gardam Hamish Hamilton, £6.50 Russian Hide-and-Seek by Kingsley Amis Hutchinson, £5.95

The Problems with which Mr Updike is concerned may appear to be essentially those of the America of the 1970s, a society with a faltering sense of direction and values where you cannot even be sure what a television commercial is supposed to be advertising. He moves around with his probing, analytic camera. "Arrive in some town around three...and vote on the motel you want." America is a hamburger kingdom, a conspiracy to make everyone happy. In "Nevada" young daughters take sides when their parents divorce, and in "Minutes of the Last Meeting" the Chairman seeks vainly to resign from a committee which as yet has no name or purpose beyond approving the activities of the Director who disappeared after its founding meeting.

But the disorientations Updike exposes have a wider application. In 'Guilt-Gems" a husband leaves his family because the cats are bad for his asthma and falls victim to a generalized sense of guilt which, however irrational, becomes irresistible when he is haunted by pellucid images of his past family life. Saper, in "The Man Who Loved Extinct Mammals", laments that his mistress "had too successfully specialized, was too purely a mistress, perfect but fragile, like a horse's leg..." These stories are vibrant with a subtlety of metaphor and simile, the images hard, clear-cut and telling.

Not only subtlety but an unerring precision of observation, the ability to make the physical aspects of a place almost tangible, and an instinct for the sadness of recollected experience are what distinguish Nadine Gordimer's sixth collection of stories, A Soldier's Embrace. How often she must make the reader feel, yes, that is exactly how it must be-as in "Time Did", where a middle-aged woman reconstructs the stages by which she discovers her lover has other women, and remarks "It's well known that when one is preoccupied or obsessed by someone there is this necessity to carry that person to the light of conversation." The title of the story "Oral History" denotes the way in which the savage destruction of a village during one of southern Africa's guerrilla wars inevitably becomes absorbed in the unwritten history of the black people, something that will always

be spoken of, never forgotten. We see the author here as a master of atmosphere—the darkness of the village is thick with heat and, as the people sit out drinking beer, the chief finds himself looking into the eyes of men who should not be there.

Jane Gardam's stories in The Sidmouth Letters do not have the same density of texture but she knows how to shape them towards unexpected climaxes. One of the best of them achieves a nice balance between absurdity and pathos in exposing the anxieties and confusions of a north-country mum who thinks her son is bringing home a Chinese girl. The title story is of more obvious appeal, the letters in question being, it is supposed, those sent by Jane Austen to her lover in Sidmouth. They are eagerly sought by an American academic, Shorty Shenfold; he is denied the Sidmouth letters by a former student, Annie, whose article on Austen he had published under his own name and whose interest in the letters is more direct than he realizes.

There is also here, in "The Tribute", a touching comedy of rewards and penalties, of human fallibility. Three women, relics of the British Raj who also remember embassy life in various capitals but are now living in reduced circumstances (one of them in Raynes Park), discover that their memories of Dench, the woman who had been nanny to their children, are fonder than the regard they bore her in her lifetime. On poor Dench's death they club together so that their belated acknowledgement can be published in the Daily Telegraph. This leads to the painful discovery that Dench's later years were much rosier than they had supposed.

Why should an expansionist Russia prize Britain beyond all other possible victims of annexation? Why, 50 years after the takeover (in Kingsley Amis's bleak scenario, Russian Hide-and-Seek) do these post-Marxist Russians, in spite of their good living, seem no happier than their English subjects? Loss of faith perhaps, or adding to an empire without finding a satisfying role? Judging by their uncomprehending response to official attempts to revive religion and the arts, the English have declined into a soulless apathy. Life is not oppressive though there is little indication of what they think about it. There is at least a strong hint that America did nothing to oppose the occupation.

What is clear in this otherwise teasingly vague and surprisingly unprovocative novel is that the Russians have lapsed into a decadence which the behaviour of its hero, Alexander Petrovsky, conceived as a cavalry officer with aristocratic pretensions, suggests we should see as neo-Tsarist. He is also a romantic revolutionary (21st-century style) who becomes involved in a counter-revolution aiming to liberate both English and Russians. But the novel lacks the inspiration of *The Alteration* in which Amis brilliantly sustained his fantasy.

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A home for the Elton collection

by Kenneth Hudson

Sir Arthur Elton died in 1973 and for the next five years there was much anxiety over what was to become of his remarkable collection of books, pictures and miscellanea relating to the Industrial Revolution and later technological developments. The problem arose because there was insufficient money in Sir Arthur's estate to meet the joint demands of estate duty and capital gains tax. The Treasury agreed to accept the collection in settlement of the tax bill and in due course it was shipped off to London, to wait there until a decision could be taken on the museum or gallery to which it was to be entrusted for safe keeping and display.

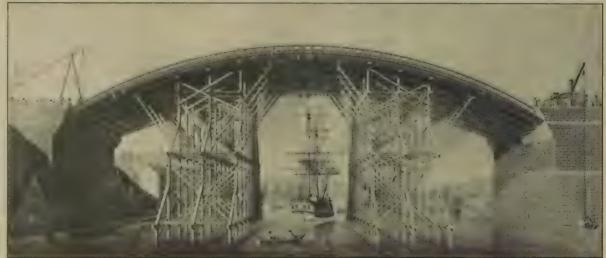
Not surprisingly there was fierce competition for the privilege and, in 1978, after a year or two of sharp-edged in-fighting and museum diplomacy, the Ironbridge Gorge Museum Trust won the contest, undertaking to provide facilities worthy of the collection. Ironbridge is closely associated with the Industrial Revolution and has many visitors and excellent research facilities.

There are one or two legends surrounding the collection and it is necessary to consider what it actually consists of. With good reason Sir Arthur's widow claimed recently that it was "well worth an award for the most misunderstood collection of the century". A not inconsiderable part of it is still at Sir Arthur's ancestral home, Clevedon Court—his executors gave Treasury what it was entitled to and not a scrap more. There are still some books on the shelves and pictures on the walls at Clevedon Court, mainly to do with Somerset and railways, and what had to be given up, the great bulk of the collection, is best described in Lady Elton's own words. "It embraces," she says, "railways, canals, metals, coal mining, civil and mechanical engineering, chemistry, electricity, the Thames and Channel Tunnels, the Great Exhibition, petroleum and aviation. There are rare pamphlets, Acts, Bills, maps, handbills, reports, company histories, a vast section on biographies, and a fastidious collection of travels, tours and guides.

Sir Arthur began forming this collection when he was at school, mainly as the result of an enthusiasm for railways, and he was still adding to it when he died. Much of the material he acquired was bought cheaply during the years when it was not highly regarded by collectors and consequently real bargains were to be found. But items for which he had paid only very small sums as a young man were fetching perhaps thousands of pounds by the 1970s and his estate paid the penalty. Ironically, Sir Arthur had played no small part in creating the new demand for material connected with early industry and technology. He made documentary films with







Sir Arthur Elton, top left, and part of his collection: an anti-railway sketch entitled *The Pleasures of the Rail Road—Caught in the Railway!* by Hugh Hughes, hand-coloured etching, 1831; and an illustration by J. Raffield after Robert Clarke of the cast iron bridge over the river Wear at Sunderland before the wooden supports were removed, aquatint, 1795.

the Shell Film Unit; helped to bring Francis D. Klingender's pioneering book, Art and the Industrial Revolution, to public notice; supplied material from his own collection for the exhibition arranged in Manchester around Klingender's book; and, more generally, gave active support to the industrial archaeology movement which was developing during the late 1960s and early 1970s

Sir Arthur's special contribution was to rediscover the enormous amount of attention devoted by 19th-century artists to industry and technology. By rescuing their work from indifference or oblivion, he made it easier for us to understand what our ancestors thought about the new railways, factories and industrial processes and to appreciate the pride they took in the prodigious national achievements in these fields. But it was not only the artists who were in danger of being forgotten. For a satisfactory historical record one needs a mass of minor and often anonymous literature, and it is the presence of this in the collection as much as the pictures that makes Sir Arthur's documentation so complete and so satisfying.

To have arranged, catalogued, photographed and indexed all the items in this splendid collection in such a short time is a remarkable feat. The display policy is more controversial. Some form of selection was obviously essential, but to have put the whole collection on show at one time would have required much more space. It was therefore decided to present the material to the public in two ways, by arranging theme exhibitions, each lasting two or three months, and by placing Elton items at carefully chosen and relevant points in the Museum of Iron, which occupies the Great Warehouse built by the Coalbrookdale Company in 1838. The theme exhibitions are shown in what is now called the Coach House Gallery, converted from the stable-block of Rosehill House, a former residence of the Darby family which is itself being restored. The coach house, like Rosehill, is a pleasant 18thcentury building and it has been adapted to make a most attractive gallery with exhibition areas on two levels. Of the two exhibitions held so far, one dealt with railway humour, and was illustrated by items from the Elton Collection. If the present rate of four exhibitions a year is maintained, visitors will have the opportunity of seeing between 250 and 300 Elton items each year, which one might fairly consider a generous ration.

Two special features of the Coach House Gallery should be mentioned. The first is the excellent range of coloured postcards showing pictures from the collection, and the second the amount and kind of attention paid to Sir Arthur as a person, a problem which has exercised the minds of David de Haan, the curator, and Neil Cossons, Director of Ironbridge, a great deal during the past two years. Visitors should certainly be told something about the man whose collection it was, but what and how much should that be? What form should it take? When the gallery first opened an exhibition panel was devoted to Sir Arthur, but the curator and his colleagues were not happy with it and it is being re-worked. Research among visitors may make a third version necessary, or may indicate that the pictures and mugs and printed handkerchiefs should be allowed to speak for themselves, which is quite possibly what Sir Arthur himself would have wished

Craftwork moves

by Ursula Robertshaw

Craftwork Gallery, until recently situated near the restaurant in Heal's, has moved to the restored Covent Garden Market where it continues to exhibit and sell work by some of Britain's best craftsmen. The pieces illustrated are all oneoff, though Craftwork usually has similar pieces for sale, or they can be commissioned. The box in the shape of a house was made by David West; the front is hinged and there are drawers inside to hold spices. Details are painted on. The quality of craftsmanship may be judged by the fact that West was asked to make a box modelled on Parnham House for furniture maker John Makepeace. The black glass bottle is by Peter Layton, a graduate of Bedford College of Art and Central School and one of the country's most esteemed glass-blowers. The handpainted silk scarf is by Marcel Aucoin and Ian Cooper, who collaborate to make silk clothes in lovely colours by a special resist method. The beaker, in repoussé silver with gold inlay, is by Michael Lloyd, who trained at RCA. The impressive stoneware bowl is by Jim Malone, recently elected a member of the Craftsmen Potters Association; and the delicate porcelain flask is by Maggie Andrews, who is soon to have an exhibition in New York. Jan Goodey made the silver, gold and metal pendant. She lives in the Lake District and its trees, rocks and flowing water inspire much of her jewelry

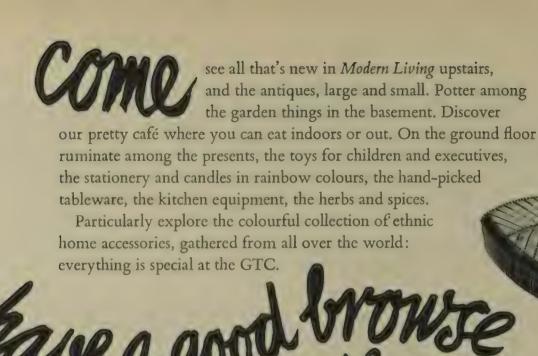


Black glass bottle with lustre swirls by Peter Layton, £26.40. Spice box in the shape of a house by David West, £54. Silk scarf by Marcel Aucoin and Ian Cooper, £40.50. Silver goblet by Michael Lloyd, £176.





Above left, large stoneware bowl by Jim Malone, £22; pink and straw coloured porcelain flask by Maggie Andrews, £31.95. Above right, pendant in gold, silver and other metals by Jan Goodey, with tree, rock and flowing water motifs, £149. All from Craftwork Gallery, Covent Garden Market.





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Revolutionary new telescope

by Patrick Moore

High in the Santa Rita mountains of Arizona, between 8,000 feet and 9,000 feet above sea level, is the world's most revolutionary telescope. It sits on the very summit of Mount Hopkins and from below, the observatory seems to be precariously placed; certainly the mountain road to it is not one to be negotiated by a nervous driver. The surface is fairly good, but the road is narrow in places and there are no safety rails.

At first sight the observatory looks like nothing more than a huge, almost square hut. It bears no resemblance to the graceful domes of, say, Mount Palomar or Mount Wilson, and is indeed built on a completely different principle. As the telescope inside moves round, so the observatory turns with it. Even though the building weighs 500 tons, the motion is amazingly smooth.

The telescope is known as the MMT-the Multiple Mirror Telescope. Instead of one immense mirror to collect light there are six. Each is 72 inches in diameter, and of "egg-crate" construction, weighing only about onethird as much as a conventional mirror of the same size. They work together; the light they collect is brought to the same focus and combined. The overall result is equal to a reflector with a single 176 inch mirror, and there are only two telescopes in the world larger than that: the Palomar 200 inch, which was made over 30 years ago, and the Russian 236 inch, which is frankly causing trouble and has not yet produced many worthwhile results.

The MMT does not even look like a telescope. It is short and squat with a maze of girders and wires, in the midst of which are the six 72 inch primaries. There is also a separate 30 inch mirror which is not connected with the main system and which acts as a guide. The mirrors are silica-plated and are accurate even by today's exacting standards.

The idea of using several mirrors in unison to produce a single image is not new, but until recently it was quite impracticable because of the immense difficulties of guiding and lining up. Without recent developments in computer techniques the MMT could not have been made. Another all-important feature of the design is the active laser control system.

Keeping even a few mirrors in true alignment, as with a conventional reflector, is difficult enough, and the problems are enormously magnified in the MMT. If any one of the six primaries is fractionally out of position the telescope will not perform properly. Manual adjustment is out of the question so a laser is used. This is a pencilthin beam of light, known technically as coherent light, which does not spread out and can therefore be very accurately positioned. A transmitter is used to

send a laser beam through the optical system, so to speak, ultimately producing what may be termed an artificial star. The required position of this artificial star is known. If the image is produced exactly where it ought to be, everything is lined up and the focus will be correct. If not, an automatic adjustment is made until the alignment is perfect. The laser control has to be kept in operation while the telescope is being used because conditions alter as the telescope shifts: gravitational strains, for instance, are quite enough to produce distortions unless immediately compensated for. Obviously the whole system is highly complicated, but by now it has been thoroughly tested-and it works.

The mounting is of the altazimuth type—the telescope can move either up and down (in altitude) or round (in azimuth)—and both movements have to be taken into account when the telescope is following an object in the sky. Conventional telescopes are mounted equatorially so the altitude movement looks after itself; this would be impossible with the MMT which is why the latest computer techniques are needed.

At an early stage in the planning the decision was taken to make the entire observatory rotatable, so that the slit is always in front of the telescope. Actually the two are driven independently, but there is an automatic safety device to ensure against collision. The whole observatory is so skilfully built that a small motor, developing only 30 horse power, is adequate to rotate it. Obviously the tracks for the wheels have to be kept clear and snow can be a problem. Recently there was another and unexpected hazard—a plague of ladybirds. Astronomers found to their dismay that the smooth rotation of the observatory was being upset by myriad squashed ladybirds in the tracks, and special sweepers had to be introduced to cope with them. They, too, worked well, and it may be added that they also proved able to deal with extra hazards such as dropped screwdrivers!

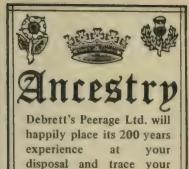
The MMT was not built as a single unit. The main mounting was made in Italy, the steel parts in Canada and the optics in California. Transporting them to the summit of Mount Hopkins, up that alarming road, was a major problem and on the whole it is surprising that the telescope was brought into action so quickly. There is constant maintenance and all the procedures are different from those in an ordinary telescope.

This being so, why build a telescope as complex as this? There are several reasons, one of which is sheer cost. The MMT has been made much more cheaply than a single 176 inch reflector could have been. Moreover there are positive advantages. The MMT is a prototype, the first of a whole new generation of telescopes. It may well be that mirrors of much over 200 inches aperture will present insuperable problems, if

only because they tend to distort under their own weight, however well they are mounted; and this could be the trouble with the Russian 236 inch. By using smaller mirrors in unison, this kind of hazard is greatly reduced. If it were possible to build an MMT with primaries of, say, 100 inches aperture, the result would be an instrument with a greater light-grasp than anything so far built; and there seems no reason why this should not be done. Also, the MMT has been built specially to be used with the new electronic equipment now fast replacing the photographic plate—just as, years ago, the photographic plate virtually superseded the human eye.

Astronomers who have used the MMT are unanimous in praising it. The end-product, so far as they are concerned, is much the same as with a normal telescope, and some interesting results have already been obtained. For instance, Dr John McGraw has been carrying out careful studies of a very peculiar star, known by its catalogue number of PG 1159-035, which is only of the 15th magnitude and therefore much too faint to be examined by any but a giant telescope. The star is pulsating with periods of five and eight minutes. This is the kind of behaviour that would normally be associated with a very small, super-dense star of the White Dwarf variety, but PG 1159-035 is not a White Dwarf. Its surface temperature is extremely high—at least 50,000°C and possibly as much as 70,000°C—compared with the modest 6,000°C of our sun. Moreover, it is approximately 7,000 light-years away from us, which is a great distance. At the moment its exact nature is uncertain, but there is every possibility that it is evolving extremely rapidly and may show permanent changes over a period of only a few years. This is something entirely new. Most stars change much too slowly for their life-stories to be followed directly; our sun has not altered much for several thousands of millions of years and will not do so for several thousands of millions of years to come. With PG 1159-035 we may be seeing a star evolving in front of our eyes, and if this is confirmed it will be of the utmost importance in theoretical astronomy.

The MMT has been operating for only a few years, but it has already proved its worth. Its designers have said that if they had to start all over again there is surprisingly little they would alter. Others of its kind will follow, and in the history of observational astronomy the Mount Hopkins telescope will probably rank as equal in importance to Galileo's first refractor, Newton's original reflector, or the great telescopes of Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar. Utterly unconventional, strange in appearance and housed in its rotating 'box" on the peak, it has shown that the future of Earth-based astronomy may lie with the MMT



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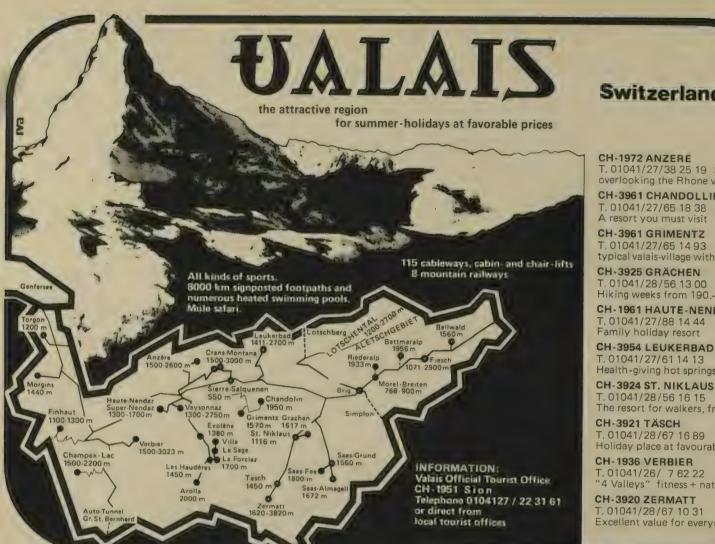
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A Greek enterprise

by David Tennant

In the summer of 1963 John Carras, a leading Greek shipping magnate, was cruising in his vacht off Sithonia, the middle "prong" of the trident of Halkidiki peninsula which juts out into the Aegean Sea east of Salonika, the second city of Greece. One stretch of coast, close to a small fishing village called Neas Marmaras, particularly impressed him as being an ideal site for a topquality holiday development, for it had sand and shingle beaches, numerous tiny coves, crystal clear and unpolluted water all set against ruggedly beautiful countryside dotted with pine trees and scrub rising to hills of grey stone. The area was virtually uninhabited-only a few goats, some poor quality olive trees

He took the first steps towards turning his dream into reality within a few months by buying over 4,500 acres of land along 6 miles of coast. Instead of hurriedly erecting some characterless high-rise blocks without regard to the environment and local conditions, as has happened all too often around the Mediterranean, he drew up an elaborate development plan bringing in experts from all over Greece and beyond. His aim was to create an enterprise that would not only be a successful holiday centre but would stimulate the whole area and be of benefit to the local community. Work started in 1968 and has been going on ever since.

The holiday complex—hotels, village, marina and so on—occupies only about 10 per cent of the estate. The bulk of it has been turned into a fascinating agricultural development. Although local people had maintained that vines would never grow there, more than one million now flourish and provide the grapes for the two million bottles of red, rose and white wine produced in the upto-date estate winery.

There are also 55,000 olive trees with a processing unit next to the winery, more than 37,000 almond trees and extensive orange, lemon and grapefruit groves. A small cattle farm provides fresh milk and several herds of goats ensure a plentiful supply of the tangy feta cheese. The various buildings connected with the agriculture have been landscaped and every effort has been made to retain the natural flora.

The biggest single project was the draining of a marsh and the creation of a marina, boatyard and space for local fishing craft. Before any structure went up electricity was put in, mainly underground, local water sources were tapped and piped and one of the most modern sewage disposal units in Europe was installed to prevent pollution of the sea. Over 100 miles of roads were built.

The first stage of the holiday village is now complete barring a few finishing touches. Built around the landward end



The holiday village of Porto Carras on the Halkidiki peninsula of Greece.

of the marina this is a small complex of stone, brick, wood and slate buildings on several levels with a spacious piazza and a scattering of ornamental trees and bushes. The architecture is a successful adaptation of the local Halkidiki style, in which wooden lattice-work balconies are prominent. There are a number of shops, a bank, a couple of tavernas and cafés and the charming Village Inn where guests can stay and have meals. The indoor theatre/concert/hall/cinema is named after the late Gina Bachauer, the pianist, who was a personal friend of the Carras family. There is also an open-air amphitheatre seating over

A start has been made on the second stage which will create a much larger village, again on a series of terraces melting into the tree- and vineyard-dotted countryside. Unfortunately work has stopped temporarily, leaving a number of odd and somewhat ugly structures. However they do not obtrude and can barely be seen from the hotels. Much of the rest of the tourist area is taken up with an 18-hole golf course (it still needs some time to settle down according to a colleague who is an expert golfer), a number of tennis courts, some of them floodlit, and quite superb stables and riding school with some 35 horses, all from the UK. Other sports in addition to swimming are yachting, wind-surfing and cycling with bicycles on hire for about £1.20 an hour.

The two hotels, about 500 yards apart, are a two-minute stroll from the sea and although contemporary in their design they have been restricted to seven floors and blend into the landscape surprisingly well. At night they are particularly attractive, looking not unlike cruise liners at anchor. Both have been planned on a grand scale: the Sithonia has 468 rooms and the Meliton about 20 fewer. The furnishings and décor are

luxurious and all bedrooms are airconditioned with individual controls. Each hotel has two restaurants and several bars; one has a disco, the other a Russian tea room, and both have fullsized, heated swimming pools and huge sun terraces. Between them and around them are trees and gardens, although they are not yet fully mature.

This new tourist development is named after its founder—Porto Carras. The two hotels opened towards the end of last summer and are now in full operation. Grand Metropolitan Hotels, the UK company, have signed a long-term agreement with the Porto Carras administration to run the hotels. Many off the staff have at least a working knowledge of English, but where they do not their friendliness makes up for it.

My visit at the end of April was a short one and the whole complex was very quiet as the staff geared themselves up for the season to come. I enioved several excellent meals although the Continental breakfasts served in the rooms were disappointing, with poor quality juice and luke-warm tea and coffee, faults which can be easily remedied. And I hope that Grand Metropolitan will not offer their table d'hôte guests a hamburger as the main course (even with oysters as a starter), which I saw on the menu one evening. Porto Carras is a top-class development which requires the best in every way. But I recommend the cuisine in the beautifully appointed L'Orangerie restaurant in the Sithonia, and the supper we had in the Village Inn was equally enjoyable.

During the main season, which runs well into the autumn, there are various excursions by coach and by boat from the resort. The monasteries of Mount Athos (barred to women) are reached by sea, and the recently discovered tomb of King Philip of Macedonia is at Vergina, an easy drive away. In the pro-

vincial capital of Poligiros there is an archaeological museum and the town has many buildings in the traditional Halkidiki style. I was told that the village of Arnea, also within easy driving distance, is one of the best places for Macedonian handicrafts.

Although the village of Neas Marmaras, which has a couple of typical tavernas, shops and bank facilities is nearby—you can walk there in 20 minutes—Porto Carras is comparatively isolated. Taxis however are readily available at all times and car hire is easy, as Hertz has an office there.

Porto Carras has its own marketing office in the UK-Sea & Land Overseas Agencies. They have a programme of one- and two-week holidays with flights from Heathrow and Gatwick to Salonika and then on by special coach, an interesting and scenic 90-minute drive. At either hotel a week ranges from £225 to £343 demipension, two weeks from £325 to £444 for each person in twin or double rooms. At the Village Inn with bed and breakfast the cost for a week is from £190 to £224, two weeks £238 to £284, On demi-pension you can eat in any of the restaurants paying any additional charges above the basic cost as required. Prices quoted include travel from and to London and are subject to surcharges. The current season operates until the end of October.

As car hire in Greece is among the most expensive in Europe Sea & Land have arranged special pre-booking rates for their clients. These range from £19 to £27 per day on a three- to six-day basis (slightly cheaper for longer rentals) which includes unlimited mileage and local taxes. Porto Carras is also featured in the summer 1980 programmes of several other operators and details can be obtained from travel agents.

July and August are on the whole very hot in northern Greece, so I would choose September or early October when the weather is sunny but not oppressive, and the sea is warm.

A development such as Porto Carras is not to everyone's taste and dedicated Hellenophiles will probably shy away and head for the nearest simple taverna. But this resort sets out to provide a holiday location of top international standards in attractive surroundings-and does so superbly well, even though it will take a year or two to reach maturity and there are still some problems to be worked out. About £58 million has been spent on it, much of which has gone into ensuring that the environment will not be harmed. Ouality is a criterion of the enterprise, and I look forward to its completion

National Tourist Organization of Greece, 165 Regent Street, London W1R 8DL. Sea & Land Overseas Agencies, 31 Southampton Row, London WC1B 5HW.



Walking in Italy

by Leslie Gardiner

Thirty-six years ago, as many a fugitive of war could testify, a walk through Italy was a walk through a peaceful green and golden paradise. Networks of mule-tracks covered the Apennines, forest glades abounded, with aisles of leafmould, and tratturi ("highways of the sheep") led you from one medieval hamlet to the next. If you descended to the strada bianca ("white road"-white with dust) you met nothing on it but an ox-cart. You saw the everyday life of a peasantry whose habits had not changed since Dante roamed the Casentino and Milton played the organ at Vallombrosa: grapes trodden in the old manner, women dragging brushwood on sledges, the postman trudging the hills and stopping everywhere for a gossip and delivering about three letters in the course of the day...

Much of this is gone. The hill country of Italy has released its population. Like mountain torrents, the peasants have streamed away to the valleys and towns. In fact, to speak of *paesani* now exhibits class-consciousness.

The green forest is now a wilderness, the chestnuts which supplied at least one meal a day for a million countryfolk run riot with no one to gather them, the mule-tracks are choked with brambles, the stone cabins fall into ruin and blackbirds fly out of their windows.

With patience you can still find ways to go on foot from top to bottom of the peninsula, from the Alpine foothills to the dome of Aspromonte in Calabria, on cobbled tracks and roads made for forestry jeeps. You hardly need use a main road, except to cross it. You see no more of the towns which mark your route-Bologna, Florence, Perugia, Aquila and the rest-than a distant prospect. And this does not mean you must take a tent, or use the fleabags in the lofts of a primitive locanda, because hill villages are better equipped nowadays with inns and pensioni (deserted, however, in winter) and often you will hit a tarmac trail not indicated on your map, which leads skywards to a smart new winter-sports hotel or a resuscitated "climatic station". The Italian will not walk if he can build a road, no matter how steep and perilous.

Italians do not understand walking for pleasure. "What are you doing up here?" the shepherd says. "Gathering mushrooms, or what?" But every Italian is an expert on walking. Establish yourself at the inn or monastery and announce your intention of crossing the watershed and you are positively bombarded with local knowledge. You find yourself squatting in a courtyard carpeted with maps. The forester leaps from one to the next, the Army sergeant who brought the maps follows him, contradicting everything he tells you, the inn-keeper underscores topo-



A typical forest hamlet in the Casentino, the valley of the upper Arno in Tuscany.

graphical features with thick black pencil, rendering them illegible; priest and policeman contribute conflicting advice.

This good-natured interference with one's plans should be accepted: it can throw up gifts of large-scale military maps, an umbrella, a walking-stick and, despite your protests, a basket of sandwiches and vermouth. Hill dwellers of Italy, even in these materialistic times, are not to be outdone in generosity. Well, the eccentric foreigner has brought colour and excitement to their lives. Go a little farther—for example, arrive at Caprese Michelangelo pretending not to know who Michelangelo was—and you can secure a place in village annals and become part of its folklore.

The Caprese region of Tuscany, where Arno and Tiber rise and almost ioin and flow their separate ways, is walkers' country; the high point of a journey down the 800-mile Apennine crests. Besides Michelangelo's birthplace, you can visit in the space of a day the natal villages of Paolo Uccello, Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Vasari, Fra Angelico, Sansovino, Luca Signorelli, Petrarch, all the Renaissance giants. Villages, half-abandoned now, are thickly strewn in forests of beech and chestnut. Their stones are indented with hammer-and-chisel blows, iron straps hold bulging walls in place, pantiles, broken and all askew, are reinforced with flagstones, doors tied up with old stockings. Inhabitants are aged. "Excuse me, sir, are you from the council?"—the sight of a stranger reminds them they have a petition to present.

Crossing the breezy Pratomagno, the "Giant Meadow" squeezed between the

Florence autostrada and the Rome railway but lonely as the Hindu Kush, I came upon the monument to Bert Hinkler, who crashed there in January, 1933, on his England-Australia flight. In the village of Cetica, where his body, gnawed by foxes, was brought after the snows melted, some buttons and a piece of wooden propeller are preserved and venerated like holy relics.

Many people like to walk where none has walked before. The Abruzzi highlands are ideal for that, though it is something of a scramble across the 9,000-foot rooftop of Italy if you deliberately avoid the ski roads and *tratturi*.

Others want to tread in historic footprints. A scenic and easily traced series of paths takes you from the Sabine villages above Rome to Arezzo in the Apennines and San Marino and Ravenna on the Adriatic . . . the trail of 49, the retreat of Garibaldi, forgotten in the cities but remembered along its route by some whose parents were in it. At San Gregorio in Sassola, at Santa Lucia, at Monterchi and the Ca' del Pino, they will show you the fountains at which the Red Shirts drank, the ravine where their little cannon fell to pieces, the inn bedroom from which the Liberator escaped, leaving a piece of garden statuary to impersonate him, the thatched house on the marsh where his young wife died.

When walking in Italy I travel light: an Italian Touring Club map (about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles to the inch, most bookshops); a toothbrush and razor; a change of underwear and socks (though in summer you can wash out your smalls and sunbathe while they dry). Autumn is the ideal season, with lots of chestnuts

and fruit to pick. Wash grapes if they have been sprayed for phylloxera, or you fall asleep for 24 hours. Anti-viper serum is recommended for the central highlands. You buy the pack for £3 at any carabinieri station and get your money back if you return it intact to any other. Accommodation in hill villages rarely costs more than £2 a night, including supper, unless the place happens to be a tourist trap. A knowledge of Italian is useful but not essential. The great attraction about walking in the Apennines is that you have the sense of absolute solitude, yet are never more than an hour or so from civilization.

If you prefer to have your walking holiday in Italy organized, the Ramblers Association will arrange this although their routes are confined mainly to Piedmont and the Dolomites. Full details can be obtained from the address given or from most travel agents.

The mountain huts currently cost around £3 a night and details of these are available from Club Alpino Italiano, Via Ugo Foscolo 3, Milan, Italy. Should you require hospitality in a monastery or convent it is best to arrange this in advance through the Archdiocese of the region concerned. Student hostels (about £2 a night), are listed in the Guide for Foreign Students which can be obtained free of charge from the Ministry of Education, Viale Trastevere, Rome

Italian State Tourist Office, 201 Regent Street, London W1R 2AY, Ramblers Holidays, Longcroft House, Fretherne Road, Welwyn Garden City A18 6PG, Hertfordshire.

Subaru's all-road winner

by Stuart Marshall

Who really needs a four-wheel drive vehicle? Certainly not the men about town who use Range Rovers and Jeep Cherokees as their personal transport because they fancy themselves at the wheel of something big and butch. And not even the countrymen whose Land-Rovers spend 95 per cent of their working life on macadam, not in mud.

They have all-terrain vehicles, built to cross deserts, ford torrents and climb hillsides, and yet they use them in a way that hides most of their virtues and highlights their defects. Most "on the road" owners of four-wheel drive, all-terrain vehicles have no idea what they can do properly driven across rugged country. What they do know (though some seem not to care) is that they are noisy, clumsy in confined spaces, and petrol swilling but, with all those gear trains in two final drives, two gearboxes and three differentials, great knobbly tyres and shapes as streamlined as barn doors, they cannot help being thirsty and clamorous.

Anyone who drives an all-terrain vehicle around town because he likes it is beyond the reach of logical argument on the choice of car. But the countryman, who may really need four-wheel drive traction now and again if he is to maintain mobility but has no use for it for most of the time, has an alternative. It is called the Subaru 4WD estate car.

With considerable modesty Subaru describe the 4WD as an all-road estate to differentiate it from an all-terrain vehicle. They make the point that it is not a cut-price substitute for a Land-Rover or Jeep. It will not climb slopes of 1-in-2, rock-strewn or deep in mud and it will not pull a two-horse trailer out of a churned-up paddock. For that kind of work you must have not only fourwheel drive but an extra set of low ratio gears. As the Subaru has normal-size wheels, one four-speed gearbox and good though not extravagant ground clearance, it must eventually stick if driven across really rough country.

All that having been said, a Subaru 4WD, driven with the right mix of determination and sensitivity, will cope with terrain on which many owners would not care to venture in Land-Rovers and Jeeps. For example, I have driven them all over military testing grounds consisting of hundreds of acres of sand and scrub mixed over the years by countless tank tracks into a gritty porridge. I have negotiated woodland tracks, steeply sloping and covered in leaf mould, on which any normal car must have come to a wheel-spinning standstill. The kind of road Subaru have in mind when calling the 4WD an allroad car is strictly a courtesy title.

Essentially, the Subaru 4WD is a front-wheel drive saloon or estate car, powered by a 1.6 litre, horizontally-





Top, the Subaru 4WD estate car, which can tackle thick mud or slippery slopes; above, the Subaru 1600 GLF.

opposed, four-cylinder engine mounted as far forward as possible. It has a normal, pleasant to use, four-speed gearbox but alongside the normal gearshift is another lever. This works a power takeoff on the side of the gearbox from which a propeller shaft transmits the drive to the rear wheels. It can be operated at any speed up to 50mph and you do not even have to declutch to engage or disengage rear-wheel drive.

I found this instant selection of fourwheel, as opposed to front-wheel, drive invaluable during last winter's brief spell of bad weather. On a steep hill the Subaru slowed as the front wheels lost grip on hard packed snow. In four-wheel drive it immediately regained adhesion and climbed strongly to the top.

There is nothing to show you are in four-wheel drive other than the exceptional amount of traction—and a small green warning light glowing on the fascia. If you try to go round very steep corners on dry surfaces, there is a warning tug from the steering. (This is because the front wheels of a turning car have to travel farther than the back ones. Unlike, say, a Range Rover, the Subaru has no centre differential to accommodate this "winding up" in the

transmission. It is only a theoretical problem; you do not need its four-wheel drive on dry, hard roads.)

For anyone living in a valley, where there is a risk of being snowed in after a light fall, or who has a weekend cottage at the end of a long, muddy track, the Subaru 4WD is made to measure. It is an unusually useful and adaptable car. On the motorway it cruises easily at 70mph in front-wheel drive, with no more mechanical noise than a conventional car and only a mild grumble from the boldly-patterned, on-off road tyres. It handles well on corners, despite having nearly 2 inches more ground clearance than the front-drive Subaru models it so closely resembles. And the suspension, though slightly beefed-up so that it can take a hammering over the roughest roads without protest, gives a firmly comfortable main-road ride.

Petrol consumption is about 31 to 33 miles per gallon of two-star for normal motoring. That makes the Subaru 4WD estate about half as thirsty as a Range Rover or Land-Rover and it is less than half a Range Rover's price: £5,233 compared with £12,396. The 4WD saloon is cheaper still at £4,983.

Like the estate it has four doors, a

nicely furnished though practical interior, and is equipped to the high level one has come to expect of Japanese cars. Standard items include a quartz digital clock, seats with head restraints and a push-button radio.

If front-wheel drive alone is sufficient, Subaru offer four-door saloon and estate models and a two-door coupé at prices ranging from £3,987 to £4,485. I tried the least expensive GLF saloon in the spring. It looked rather like a Honda and went in the manner of a mid-1970s Lancia, with a typical "boxer-motor" throb at low engine revolutions which disappeared as speed rose. The five-speed gearbox had a silky shift and overdrive top was ideal for relaxed motor cruising.

The GLF was not particularly fast for a 1.6 litre car, having a maximum speed of a shade over 90mph, but that would be enough for most of us. It climbed and accelerated vigorously in the gears, had accurate rack-and-pinion steering, rode well and returned 33mpg. In slow-moving traffic the transmission could snatch mildly if one changed gear carelessly, but otherwise the Subaru felt refined and well engineered—rather like quality cars of a few years ago

Revealing a character

by J. C. Trewin

A parodist once suggested in a few lines of dialogue the expository method of the old well-made play:

First Guest: Since Sir Arthur's poor wife died so suddenly in the hunting-field four years ago, Mrs FitzGeorge has been a constant visitor to The Grange.

Second Guest: Mrs FitzGeorge! But is she not the person who was involved in that unfortunate affair at The Firs in the year of her late majesty's diamond iubilee?

First Guest: Quite. The facts, as you remember, were these...

(So on for two pages.)

Enter Mrs FitzGeorge, followed by Sir Arthur.

Later dramatists have been subtler; but it remains true that the conveyance of information can be troublesome. Often writers do not wish to inform, or to show us their people, in performance, as more than the playthings of an hour. That is one reason why it is good to find again such a short piece as Terence Rattigan's *The Browning Version*—now at the National's Lyttelton Theatre—which contrives to tell us much about the past of the characters and, for that matter, their future.

This, in the right sense, is establishing the people. We realize what a tragic life the schoolmaster, Crocker-Harris, has had: insensitive boys in the classroom, a malicious wife at home. We understand why he was nicknamed "The Himmler of the Lower Fifth"; we know the wife's background and can relive the disastrous conflict of the years; we even know the lesser figures.

It is still a deeply troubling moment when Crocker-Harris, on the eve of retirement and thinking himself alone, breaks down after receiving a schoolboy's gift of Browning's version of the Agamemnon. Though I do not say that Alec McCowen as the grey, unloved, and vulnerable master, effaces memories of Eric Portman, who created the part in 1948, it is a performance exactly planned in tone and spirit; Geraldine McEwan is properly and peculiarly horrible as the taunting woman. They have a chance to relax during the second half of the night, the farcical romping of Harlequinade, with its choice of the disasters that a middle-aged actormanager-who happens to be rehearsing Romeo-could meet on tour. Deeply in the shadow of its partner, which has some cause to be considered the best short play since the war, it still strikes me as amusing nonsense, though here the people are so sketchy that we know little about them and are content to take what we get.

Ted Tally, the young American author of *Terra Nova* (Chichester Festival), is anxious to tell us a good deal, but he does it so fussily that I doubt whether anyone in the audience, ignorant of the



Geraldine McEwan and Alec McCowen in Rattigan's The Browning Version.

background of Scott's expedition to the Antarctic, his private life and the race with Amundsen, would have much idea of the story. The opening is cluttered with dreams and hallucinations, and the narrative gets mistier, especially as Amundsen, whom Scott never met in life but who has come at the end to be an obsessive rival, is shown again and again as a fantasy-figure, mocking and impelling. The play becomes dangerously self-conscious: we long for a straight, lucid statement of one of the bravest, if misjudged, enterprises in the record of Polar exploration.

In his effort to interpret Robert Falcon Scott, naval officer and obstinate visionary, Mr Tally finds little more than a sporting Englishman, burdened and bewildered. Hywel Bennett shows that he could get to the heart of Scott if he had the chance; as it is, an entirely wellmeaning play is troubled by such tricky irrelevances as the confusion of the dead Evans with Scott's young son, and other needless technical quirks. Some of the sledging passages are excellent and true; Peter Dews has been successful with his atmospherics and the Antarctic wind that shrieks round the icy plateau of the stage; yet all the while we are worried by the knowledge that the Amundsenfigure is bound to reappear, and that even the quiet splendour of Scott's last messages may be damaged by the desire to create a play instead of allowing the facts to speak "bold, and forth on" At the end Scott is no nearer to us.

David Storey, in *Early Days* (Cottesloe) tells us practically everything about one man; he is reinforced by Sir Ralph Richardson's vigorous portrait of a veteran gamely fighting aphasia, using a few devices of his own, and trying to reconcile the difficult present with the urgent past. But it is not among Storey's ampler plays. Except for his candid grand-daughter, the people round the

old politician are merely pencilled in. *The Browning Version*, 20 minutes or so shorter, has more real fibre.

Curiously—this is among the dramatist's mesmeric feats—we appear, while listening to The Hothouse (Hampstead), to know everything about the past of the few characters (officials, we gather, of an asylum) whom we meet on Christmas Day in a narrative at once menacing and enigmatic. The last phrase, which by now is a renowned cliché of theatre history, should be enough to identify the dramatist-Harold Pinter. It is after leaving the theatre that we discover, in the stilly night, our total ignorance of any of the persons we have seen and heard. The piece is a superbly theatrical confidence trick played by Pinter about 28 years ago when he was a young dramatistat the period, I suppose, when I was seeing him from time to time in a regional repertory theatre. For reasons of his own Pinter never took The Hothouse from his drawer. Today it emerges as a compellingly bizarre entertainment unprofitable to question. A cauldron of some kind boils over just before the last scene. During that interval almost everybody is massacred in an asylum riot: the vain and bullying administrator and his entire staff except the enigmatic-if I may use the word againsecond-in-command (James Grant), who will now take over.

Two Shakespeare revivals have been varied enough. We ought, by now, to know the people of *Romeo and Juliet* back and forth. But as directed by Ron Daniels at Stratford in a set of stark, white, mobile hoardings, the play was uncannily and sadly rootless. No one, the Nurse apart, had any particular background; the young men of Renaissance Verona lived in a leather-jacketed *West Side Story* atmosphere; their speaking, generally, reminded me—

from another text—of "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh". Only Brenda Bruce, whose Nurse was an honest masterpiece among the noise and fret, had any true substance; this was a lovely portrait, unmannered, never monotonous; acutely observed and phrased.

Mr Daniels was infinitely more at ease with the wandering Levantine exploits of Pericles (Warehouse) which he directed in the studio at Stratford last year and fitted, without minimizing, into a small space: Antioch, Pentapolis, Tarsus, a storm at sea, Mitylene, Ephesus and all. Shakespeare and possibly Wilkins tell us most of what we wish to know about Pericles of Tyre, his wife and child. Because Mr Daniels and his company have guarded and appreciated the language, the play expands readily into a narrative that is not impeded-as our predecessors used to think-by the brothel from which Marina escapes at Mitylene. She (acted by Julie Peasgood), Peter McEnery as a Pericles who wisely remembers sound as well as sense, Heather Canning zestful as the bawd, and Griffith Jones, in Gower's gentle couplets, are wholly at ease. I was sorry that because Mr Daniels raised so furious a storm, with flashes and thunder-rolls, a single rope and much swaying and pitching, we lost the splendour when Shakespeare's voice enters at "Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges Which wash both heaven and hell". The impact of this speech does almost enough, unaided.

Motherdear (Ambassadors) is also royally manned, though the chosen period, except for an epilogue in 1922, is towards the close of the last century, and the place is Sandringham. Royce Ryton who, as we recall from Crown Matrimonial, has a way with these family chronicles, concentrates on the character of Princess, afterwards Queen, Alexandra, and the relentlessly affectionate and selfish mothering that stunted her second daughter's life. She was Princess Victoria; and the best scene in a soundly-manoeuvred play is the improbable proposal to her, by the Prime Minister, Lord Roseberyfollowed by his brave but futile effort to win Alexandra's consent. Margaret Lockwood, if not the most obvious casting for Alexandra, Polly James as the girl, and Frank Barrie cope relishingly with what could be separated as a oneact play; the people involved do have full lives behind them.

People in *The Last of Mrs Cheyney* (Chichester) have nothing of the kind. By now, Frederick Lonsdale's creations, the jewel-thief, the determined peer and the rest are dim in their world of faded epigram. In the Chichester revival only Benjamin Whitrow, as the crook-butler, manages to be suavely in control. After 50 years or so nothing much is left to command. Without past, present or future, these characters, old bravura gone, die away

Excess and double vision

by Michael Billington

Bob Fosse is a brilliantly adroit American showman who has successfully made the transition from stage director and choreographer to movie director. And after three films (Sweet Charity, Cabaret and Lenny) dealing in some way or another with showbusiness he has now gone the whole hog in All That Jazz and made a semi-autobiographical movie in the Fellini style about a hypercharged, womanizing, Broadway director who even turns his own death into a spectacular finale. In the end the movie makes Narcissus himself look like an under-achiever; but at its best it has great visual flair.

The Fellini parallel is very striking. In the 1960s Fosse turned Nights of Cabiria into the musical Sweet Charity and here he has used Fellini's cameraman, Giuseppe Rotunno, to great effect. The film, in fact, traces a particularly hectic phase in the career of a chain-smoking, hard-driving stage and film director, Joe Gideon. He is mounting a Broadway musical, editing a film (Fosse's own Lenny), having an affair with a leggy dancer (the stunning Ann Reinking) and enjoying one or two other relationships on the side. Not surprisingly, he collapses and is admitted to hospital where he undergoes open-heart surgery. But so saturated is he with the showbiz ethic that even hospitalization turns into a series of dance routines and his own death into one of those television spectaculars where the subject ends up shaking hands with the audience.

There are two problems with the film. One is that the hero, Joe Gideon, emerges as a selfish monster: quite unlike the real Mr Fosse who, on first meeting, strikes one as patient, courteous and modest. The other problem is that the last 20 minutes seem formless and over-extended. Clearly it is intended as a morality play about the penalties of the success-wish, but it emerges as a bit of an ego trip that takes too long to reach its destination. An American critic years ago said of a Fellini film that it was self-indulgent, and then added the rider, "But what a self!" I never felt here that Gideon's self warranted this kind of treatment.

But, on the credit side, there is Mr Fosse's ability to animate a screen. I shall remember for a long time a sequence in which a rehearsal of a tame Broadway number is suddenly turned into a masterpiece of eroticism to the dismay of the producers ("There goes the family audience," sighs one of them wistfully): an experience that actually happened to Mr Fosse in the course of rehearsing Pippin. And for sheer elegant expertise it would be hard to beat the moment in which Ann Reinking and Erzsebet Foldi (as Gideon's daughter) stage their own staircase-descending routine in his Manhattan apartment. Mr





Fosse knows how to dazzle an audience and here he brings the best of Broadway into the cinema.

In the end the film is a little over-ripe and over-blown. It certainly gives an unsentimental picture of the world of Manhattan showbiz: while Gideon is in hospital a substitute-director is being sought and discussions are taking place with insurance companies about the amount to be picked up if he dies. But, for all its observant cynicism, it never seriously questions the notion that there are more important things in life than having a hit show or movie or television spectacular on one's hands. It is very much in love with the world it seems to deride. I also feel that Roy Scheider's Gideon, trim-bearded and black-shirted, is a little too aggressively self-assured; but I have nothing but praise for the women surrounding him, including Jessica Lange as an angel of death with whom most of us would happily make an appointment, Leland Palmer as Gideon's long-suffering ex-wife and Miss Reinking, who is easily the most exciting American actress-dancer since Ann Miller.

After the gaudy excess of All That Jazz, Volker Schlondorff's film of Gunter Grass's great novel, The Tin Drum, emerges as surprisingly cool, clear and self-effacing. It won an Academy Award this year as Best Foreign Film and the top prize at Cannes last year. But its success lies in its fidelity to the book and in its grasp of Grass's main

Roy Scheider as the hypercharged stage and movie director in *All That Jazz*. Left, David Bennent, stunted witness of events in *The Tin Drum*.

theme: that the refusal of the hero, Oskar, to grow up physically after the age of three and his recourse to beating a tin drum is a direct response to the grotesque evil of Nazism. As so often in art the horror of German fascism is expressed far better through Absurdism than graphic realism.

What the film also retains from the novel is Grass's double-vision, his lightning alternations between subjectivity and objectivity. We see a precocious child, Oskar, born in Danzig in 1924, who deliberately stunts his physical growth by hurling himself down a flight of cellar stairs. He bangs his tin drum, watches the Nazi rise to power, and uses his talent for breaking glass at a distance by joining a troupe of travelling dwarfs who during the war go as far as the Atlantic Wall. He witnesses the great events of history (including the first battle of the war in the Polish post office at Danzig) but always from the low-angled viewpoint of nil growth.

Schlondorff observes Oskar. But the film also gives us an Oskar's-eye view of the world around. This leads to one hilarious sequence in which the boy, squatting under a rostrum during a Nazi parade, beats his tin drum so that the Hitler Jugend band loses time and what should be a brutal, pompous march turns into the Blue Danube with the crowd gently waltzing. It is a scene that follows Grass's explicit intention ("Have you ever seen a rostrum from behind?" he asks in the book) and also demonstrates the thin dividing line between grandeur and ridiculousness.

All this might be as nothing without the singular performance of David Bennent as Oskar. Twelve years old at the time the movie was made, he has an astonishingly alert, slightly triangular face and eyes that fix things in their gaze like headlights. Brendan Gill put it perfectly when he said that "he makes the act of seeing—of seeing anything,

no matter how innocent—appear to be an act of diabolical possession of the thing seen". When Oskar tracks his mother through the streets of Danzig to some illicit assignation, Master Bennent also gives the impression that he is conjuring up the actual encounter from his brain. Angela Winkler as his mother gives a fine display of haunted passion and Charles Aznavour puts in a brief, effective appearance as a Jewish toy merchant. But when one remembers The Tin Drum it will be for the basilisk eyes of David Bennent.

What, though, will one recall of Andrei Tarkovsky's Russian film Mirror, which was made in 1974 and has finally reached Britain? Certain key images, I suspect: a woman sitting on a gate in the middle of a field while the wind sighs and moans through the trees; the same woman (the hero's mother) washing her hair and allowing the water to drain slowly through its separate strands; a boy throwing a hand-grenade into the middle of a shooting range; and exiled Spaniards suddenly breaking into one of their native dances in the middle of a room in Moscow. If cinema were simply a series of poetic and haunting images Mirror would be a great film.

Unfortunately, however, film is also a public, narrative art that often has to leap across national frontiers and it is here that Mirror creates problems. It is obviously a subjective biography of Andrei Tarkovsky himself, showing him at different ages up to and including the present. It is also the story of his mother, his father, the poet Arseny Tarkovsky, and of the world surrounding them: there are documentary shots of the Spanish Civil War, the fall of Berlin in 1945, the first atomic bomb and Chinese Maoist demonstrations in the 1960s. Schlondorff in The Tin Drum implies the world of public events: Tarkovsky often rather arbitrarily inserts them into a strange, poetic, allusive account of growing up in Russia.

I do not go as far as one colleague who thought the Soviet authorities were right to ban Mirror because of its obscurity: I just wish the film did not require so many footnotes to clarify it. But it is emphatically worth seeing if only for some magnificent sequences. Not since Antonioni in Blow Up has any director used the sounds of nature so effectively; and, as in the great Russian novels, there is a sense of the littleness of man when seen against the vastness of the landscape. One particular scene in which the mother (beautifully played by Margarita Terekhova) rushes back to a printing works for fear she has overlooked an error in a State Publishing House publication also captures poignantly the inescapable terror of life under Stalin. It is a dense, packed, allusive film that requires programme notes to be fully understood; but, although one has to work hard at it, it is still one of those rare films that dignify the cinema

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BALLET

Visitors from Flanders

by Ursula Robertshaw

During their tenth-anniversary season at Sadler's Wells the Royal Ballet of Flanders showed that they are an attractive and talented company, 38 dancers strong, which suffers from a malaise only too common in ballet companies today: a lack of a really good resident choreographer and, consequent upon this, a certain lack of overall style. The company's director. Jeanne Brabants, contributed three ballets to the repertory shown in London, one in each of the three programmes, but of these only Dialoog, an emotionally charged and athletic pas de deux for a couple in a state of angst, danced, oddly but effectively, to Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis. could be claimed as a success. The strong performances given by Vivien Loeber and Tom Van Cauwenbergh. both until recently with London Festival Ballet, did much to carry this work.

Cantus Firmus, another Brabants work, danced to appallingly coarse settings of Bach pieces (Johann Sebastian with ketchup) was cliché-ridden, with lots of prayerful hands, genuflexions and expressions of holy wonder—all except the dance for "Sheep May Safely Graze", which disconcertingly turned out to be a smoochy duet.

The third Brabants contribution, Grand Hotel, trod ground already fully explored in Layton's Grand Tour and Darrell's Such Sweet Thunder: Hollywood in the Golden Days. Here, in a silver, black and white Art Deco set by Mimi Peetermans, who also designed the effective costumes, film stars and personalities, ordinary hotel guests including a honeymoon couple, and a pair of comic burglars, cavorted about in dances intended to express the essence of their swollen personalities.

The best section was a pas de deux for the newly-weds, well danced by pretty little Karin Heyninck and Alexander Sombart, suitably coy and sentimental. The rest of the cast were not too successful in their personations, Jackie Coogan looking and behaving more like Norman Wisdom than The Kid of tearjerking fame, Mae West turning out a hearty pistol-packing Momma rather than a sex symbol alive with insinuendo, and Valentino dancing with a perpetual toothy smile instead of the smouldering, intense expression, all narrowed eyes and flaring nostrils, we know from the stills. The ballet ended with an exhausting Keystone Cops chase by the whole cast in pursuit of the burglars, who end up in drag. It was quite good fun, but the choreography lacks originality: we have been here before.

The other home-grown choreographer, André Leclair, contributed a sub-Béjart ballet for an all-male cast about a bird shaman, the sacrifice of one of his circle, and the victim's metamorphosis

into a bird. Various choreographers have been well inspired by Stravinsky's Rite of Spring, which has a similar programme: Leclair's work, which is called Ritus Paganus, is set to a score by Francois Glorieux which relies heavily on twitterings, screechings and other avian noises and is certainly less than glorious. The stage is dominated by a huge bird mask with illuminated eyes, the lighting makes generous use of red; but the choreography is obvious and repetitive, and there is no dramatic shape. It is hard to decide at exactly what point the sacrifice is made—and anyway by that time one might well have nodded off, for the work is much too long.

The company showed well in a lighter work, but one of talent, by the Nederlands Dans Theater choreographer Nils Christe: Miniaturen, danced to 13 short pieces by Stravinsky. It is full of unexpected movements, arrested jumps, sudden changes of direction and above all a quirky humour which mirrors the music, such as one duet in which the boy tries to amuse his partner, a snooty ballerina who remains, stony-faced, on point, while he writhes and contorts himself into Quasimodo figures to engage her attention. To no avail: icily she bourrées off and leaves him, literally, flat. There are several such good choreographic jokes, and not one of them goes on too long.

Kaleidoscope on the other hand, by John Butler to a George Crumb score, gave one intimations of immortality, for it seemed to last for ever. This was modern classical at its boring worst.

The remaining ballets, all imports, confirmed the company's talent. I look forward to seeing them again when they have weeded their repertory.

Meanwhile, welcome to three additions to Covent Garden's list: Troy Game, that machismo romp by Robert North, superbly performed by the Royal Ballet's men, obviously thoroughly enjoying themselves; Kenneth MacMillan's macabre, obscure, but fascinating study of an incestuous and corrupt family, My Brother, My Sisters, created for Stuttgart Ballet; and a new work by David Bintley to Andrzej Panufnik's Violin Concerto, called Adieu. This is a semi-abstract work, largely melancholy in tenor, inspired by Panufnik's political exile from his homeland, Poland. It does not quite succeed, despite a fine middle movement, a pas de deux for Merle Park and David Wall, and good moments elsewhere. The mixture of the literal, such as the salutation of the earth and the regretful trickling of a handful of soil between the fingers, with pure classical abstraction does not come off; and the designs by Mike Becket, which look as if they have been painted with mud and created out of old chenille tablecloths, are unflattering and unhelpful. However, Bintley is still only 22 and even this partial success contains good, inventive choreography

Investigating Fidelio

by Margaret Davies

Joachim Herz's previous productions in Britain, Salome for English National and Madam Butterfly for Welsh National, demonstrated his reluctance to accept either work at its face value and perceptively investigated the undercurrents which are part of each dramatic situation. The same probing approach marked his Fidelio at the Coliseum, the last new production of the ENO season. In an essay in the programme he posed a number of questions about the work and encouraged us to look beyond the triumph of conjugal love at the reason for Florestan's imprisonment, at the purpose of the minister's mission and at its outcome, not only for Florestan but for the other prisoners who may have been sentenced for criminal acts or for political reasons. He hinted at farther-reaching persecution than that of Florestan, at an oppressive régime and a liberation movement gathering momentum in the country, but his staging stopped short of overt politicization of the work and offered no specific answers to his own questions.

The stage designs raised further queries: costumes, by Eleonore Kleiber, suggested the Napoleonic period; a subterranean prison set, by Reinhart Zimmermann, which occupied the whole of the centre of the stage and clanged and rattled as the principals negotiated its metallic ramps to cross from one side to the other, belonged to a much later period and echoed the timeless, universal message of the work. Its dominant presence focussed attention on the plight of the prisoners who emerged from it through trap doors to be herded into a pitiful huddle on the roof-there being no garden-where they remained in full view until driven back. Individual reactions to the prisoners also helped to define the other characters: Leonore's compassionate reaching out to them, Jaquino's aggression and Rocco's matter-of-fact indifference. The sharpness of the characterization was a notable feature.

In the title role Josephine Barstow gave an emotionally charged and dramatically overwhelming portrayal; so committed was her performance that she allowed the tension of the situation to constrict her singing for much of the first act, apart from a fervent account of 'Abscheulicher", and the whole of the dungeon scene was intensely moving. Only in the final scenes of rejoicing could one have wished for a voice of greater amplitude, but it was a remarkably detailed and intelligent performance which registered both Leonore's moments of weakness as well as her resolution. After an impressive beginning Alberto Remedios's Florestan started to show signs of vocal strain, apparently taxed by the pace of the music. Rocco was roundly sung and portrayed with

cheerful insensitivity and sharp cunning by Dennis Wicks; the character was summed up in the restored speech in which he tells Leonore and Florestan they have him to thank for their deliverance. Eilene Hannan's spirited Marzelline and Geoffrey Pogson's badtempered Jaquino were sharply drawn and strongly sung. Neil Howlett forcefully conveyed the menace of the diabolical Pizarro and John Tomlinson sang authoritatively as an unusually youthful and vital Don Fernando. Mark Elder conducted a dramatically conceived performance, the main weakness of which was the horn playing and the main strength fine chorus singing.

The final tableau included a shadowy crowd of more prisoners in the background, stretching out their arms in supplication—a suggestion that the end was only the beginning.

Kent Opera, whose field of activity now extends from Norfolk to Devon, paid a second visit to Sadler's Wells Theatre during their spring tour. The need for economy and mobility which must influence the work of any touring group on a tight budget, allied to a 'back to first principles" approach by the company's music director, Roger Norrington, has created a distinctive production style. Visually sparing, it sets out to present operas as nearly as possible as composers intended they should be heard. In the case of La traviata this meant giving the score uncut, with respect for Verdi's markings and without additional high notes, in a production by Jonathan Miller, with designs by Bernard Culshaw based on Nadar's photographs of Paris circa 1850, which depicted a less ostentatious view of French bourgeois society and its demi-monde than is usual. The defender of the moral code, Germont, was soundly portrayed by Thomas Hemsley, while as its fragile victim Jill Gomez was appealingly unsophisticated. Least convincing in the first act where the brilliance of "Sempre libera" eluded her, she gave a restrained but deeply moving account of Violetta's death. Keith Lewis, a musical Alfredo, conveyed the plight of belonging to one world and being irresistibly drawn to the other. Mr Norrington's respect for the composer was reflected in his pacing and shaping of the music. In The Magic Flute, given with an 18th-century-sized orchestra and staged with the utmost simplicity by Norman Platt, he turned his attention to Mozart's tempo markings and conducted a brisk, cleartextured performance which complemented the fairytale elements of the work but skipped rather inconsequentially over its profounder implications so that the music of Sarastro and his officers lacked weight. The best singing came from Meryl Drower, a Pamina of warmth and depth, Peter Jeffes, an unforced, musical Tamino, and Alan Watt, a jovial Papageno full of character





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An experiment in Castillon

by Peta Fordham

A good friend of The Illustrated London News has just bought a French vineyard in Castillon. He is a wine expert and has close connexions with a number of growers in Bordeaux and Burgundy, including one of the bestknown French oenologists. We now have the opportunity to follow the vineyard's growth and development and to observe how modern techniques and mechanization affect the production of wine in a strictly controlled French district. Correspondence with readers recently has brought to my attention the fact that a number of them either grow grapes or are thinking of doing so and we hope, therefore, that occasional reports from Castillon will be of interest.

M Hubert André's property is the Château Moulin de Clotte. It is a small, compact area of just over 17 acres. The district is the Côtes de Castillon, one of the oldest vineyard areas in Bordeaux and full of historical interest. This region has for a long time made good, sound wine and is well liked in France, though its reputation is not so much known in England. The Château Moulin de Clotte is an old, well-established vineyard but, like so many others, it has been allowed to run down and is in need

of modernization and general overhaul, something it is now going to get.

The main reason for decay in wine areas at a time when demand is exceeding supply pretty well everywhere in known districts is, quite simply, economic. If the cost of raw materials, such as even the simpler fertilizers and equipment for spraying, is high indeed, it is as nothing compared with the enormously increased and ever-rising cost of labour; and not every small producer has enough capital for this vital necessity. M André's first task was to plan the annual work of his estate so that labour requirements were kept as small as possible. In due course he will also have to consider what, if any, replanting will have to be done.

His decision was a complete bouleversement of traditional practice. He decided to mechanize everything possible, and the gathering of the vintage was his first consideration, since this is the most bank-breaking task of the year. This was a courageous decision, since there are many arguments as to how well the existing machines perform and whether, in the long run, economies may be offset by consequential damage to the vines. The great châteaux, which are in a financial position to cover labour costs, remain firmly conservative.

M André sought the advice of Alain

Bonneau, oenologist to the association of wine-growers who make up the Club André Odinet and himself the proprietor of several flourishing estates of good repute. M Bonneau has mechanized some of his properties and his results have been good. It seemed at first that there might be one serious reservation—that the picker machine, which does not gather as much wood as does the human hand, might result in a lack of tannin so that the vinification would have to be watched and the tannin possibly adjusted. I am not quite sure how such additions would fit in with regulations; but, in fact, the whole thing was a false alarm. The completeness of the mechanical method enables skin and pips to provide all that is needed.

The savings are sensational. The machine with its driver can harvest the whole vineyard in one day: it would take 20 men one month to do the same work. What is more the machine can be used for 24 hours a day, so that if the weather is uncertain it can be used after dark, thus helping to avoid the risks of a wet vendange. A further addition, a sort of travelling vat called a foulobenne, greatly accelerates the extraction of juice. So the busiest time of the year is swiftly and economically covered. For the rest, it is reckoned that two people can deal with over $19\frac{1}{2}$ acres of day-to-day work,

technical help being needed only at harvest and possibly at odd moments during the year. The machines are hired: they do not have to be bought. Another substantial saving is that with traditional methods workers must not only be paid during the vintage, but also housed and fed—no mean expense.

Mechanization does involve certain preparations: a hard shoulder for the machine's progress; pruning so that the vine "presents" the bunches to the machine; and careful treatment of weeds. But a fellow-grower in St Emilion is convinced that he is getting a cleaner, better quality wine since mechanization, and M André is sufficiently encouraged to go ahead.

The wine, he tells me, is very similar to that of Château Haut-Piquat, a Lussac St Emilion, which is not far away, and indeed the whole area is very like Lussac. The grapes are not giving him concern at the moment, though replanting will have to be closely watched, the vines being of mixed ages, ensuring that heavy and light fruiters can balance each other out to the permitted total under Appellation Controlée. He has 75 per cent Merlot and 25 per cent Cabernet growing in a good situation on the hill of Castillon. I look forward to reporting on the first results of this interesting experiment

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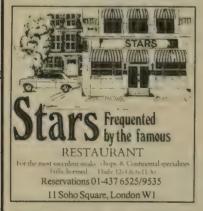
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FOOD

A brace of brasseries

by Nicholas de Jongh

The French have always managed to make shabbiness seem our house-style. They have adopted 20th-century hauteur as their posture for dealing with us, and even Occupation in the Second World War left them economically superior to Britain. How appropriate, how inevitable they must find it that we choose to live à l'anglaise and eat French.

The brasserie, however, is one Gallic institution that has never truly caught on in Britain; but Langan's Brasserie in Mayfair is one of the more commanding examples—even though it is not what a brasserie is supposed to be: the Oxford Dictionary defines "brasserie" as a beer saloon or beer garden.

Langan's, in its few years of life, has become a haven for the transient fashionables. The fact that Michael Caine was one of its founders has given it a certain showbusiness, international modishness and it tends to attract those who have become well known or rich rather than those born to money. Its huge, ochre-coloured, L-shaped room with large mirrors to accentuate the spaciousness is in harmony with modern paintings which look as if they have been donated rather than bought. There is a side bar, a pre-lunch or-dinner area where you can sit in leather chairs, and an evening jazz band. As I abhor jazz I would prefer to do without this; also the nearness of the tables means you are a little too close to your next-door neigh-

But I have lunched at Langan's with such a fastidious diner as the Leader of the House of Commons, Norman St John-Stevas, and even he enjoys being seen and eating there. The menu changes every day and the chef, Philip Shepherd, who is also one of the owners, tells me that they would have liked to have maintained the style of the French brasserie. "The idea is of an upmarket restaurant in down-market décor, getting away from stiff formality and patronizing waiters. I would have liked it to be like La Coupole in Paris, plus a lot of atmosphere, but that's not feasible in Mayfair."

The list of hors d'oeuvres was nearly half a page long with more than 20 items ranging from the old, indefatigable avocado vinaigrette and quiche lorraine to kipper pâté with whisky and a soufflé aux épinards, sauce anchois. My companion and I tried these latter, raresounding dishes after a brief session in the leather chairs for old-style cocktails, when three waiters in reasonable succession came to see if we had been served. I approve of this. It is better to be over-attended than to spend irritating time trying to catch the waiter with the downcast eyes. The alcohol mellowed the kipper paté and took away the sharpness of the fish's taste; the spinach

soufflé, in contrast, was made more piquant by the anchovy. For the main course we selected petits tournedos aux poivres verts (£5.95) and a huge slice of turbot poached in a hollandaise sauce. My meat was succulent, served well with French vegetables though a trifle over-peppered for my taste-buds; but the poached turbot kept faith with Langan's high reputation for fish. The plats du jour, though not outstandingly daring, are wide-ranging and include Dover sole and roast pork, one of the only two English main courses.

The glace au noix, sauce caramel was one of those home-made ice creams with reams of crunchy nuts in the rich sweet ice and thick-creamed caramel. Again the choice of desserts ranged wide, including chocolate mousse and yoghurt with honey and almonds. Mr Shepherd insists that everything, with the exception of the rather drab rolls of bread, is made on the premises-and it shows. We drank a Muscadet 1979 (£6.10) and the bill for two, including bar service for two cocktails, came to £36, which is undoubtedly expensive. But that is the price you pay for trendiness allied to pleasant surroundings, home-cooked food and a live band in Mayfair. Mr Shepherd supervises or oversees some 450 to 500 dishes a day and makes all the sauces himself. He has several years experience in French cuisine behind him.

For comparison's sake I went to La Brasserie in Brompton Road. The place is supposed, I imagine, to transport you to a pre-war Parisian brasserie and the large, open room decorated in yellow, with its lines of small sidelights, bound racks of newspapers, green-bordered mirrors and bar makes a pleasing impression. That is as far as pleasure goes. From the moment that my table, like the one next to me, was identified as rickety, nothing went right. The service was slow and disgruntled and the food matched. I had an avocado dish with mayonnaise and a few slivers of smoked salmon which was bland to the point of tastelessness. I followed this with a boeuf à la bourguignonne in large, unenticing chunks which I found difficult to consume and my companion had breadcrumbed chicken which scarcely tasted of anything much. We selected fruit salad and coffee served in a French coffee filter. The bill, including a halfbottle of Château Esclade 1970, came to £20. The brasserie is a rare phenomenon in London and some innocent passers-by may be tempted by this restaurant's unusual appearance to immerse themselves in what they believe to be unusual French cooking. You have been warned. In default of the true brasserie Langan's should do well enough

Langan's Brasserie, Stratton Street, London W1 (tel 01-493 6437/8). La Brasserie, 272 Brompton Road, London SW3 (tel 01-584 1668).



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MONEY

Unit trust portfolios

by John Gaselee

Unit trusts have lost their cloth-cap image. At one stage they were looked on as a way for the man in the street to take an interest in equity investments, since his resources were probably insufficient for a reasonable spread of direct shareholdings. Now, however, many unit trust management groups are trying to avoid dealing with the "small man" in view of high administrative costs. But there are some exceptions.

For anyone with a portfolio of shares who feels that his stockbroker does not give him enough attention (usually because it is not commercially worthwhile), unit trusts offer a good alternative. They are under constant professional management and, apart from having a wide spread of investment, the managers can take advantage of special offers of lines of stock in the market usually denied to individual investors.

Charges come in two parts. First there is an initial charge which has the effect of increasing the purchase price, so that it is allowable for capital gains tax purposes. Second there is an annual management fee, calculated as a modest percentage of the fund under management. That fee, plus the VAT to which it is subject, is deducted by the managers from the gross distributions of income. In other words, one is paying that management fee out of gross income, whereas normally, if an organization is paid for managing one's investments, that fee has to be met out of net income.

At one point, unit trust managers suggested that one should buy units in a trust and virtually forget them; the managers would be responsible for the investment. Now, however, that there are so many trusts on the market that is not necessarily a valid argument. There is much in favour of switching from one unit trust to another, particularly now with so many specialist trusts available.

One of the drawbacks to such switching is that it incurs charges. For instance if one switches out of a trust managed by one group, one receives the price that the managers pay for units they buy in. On going to the new trust, one pays the price that the managers charge for selling units (which is always higher than the buying-back price). There is, therefore, a loss.

There is also the capital gains tax aspect to consider. Before this year's Budget, to avoid the position of unit trusts paying capital gains tax in respect of their own realized gains, and unitholders paying the full rate of capital gains tax on gains when realizing units, the managers were paying tax on their realized gains at a rate of only 10 per cent, and unit-holders were receiving a 10 per cent credit when realizing units at a profit (if, indeed, any capital gains tax was payable). Now the position has been simplified. Unit trust managers,

and also investment trusts, can operate without paying any corporation tax in respect of their capital gains. To that extent they are tax free. Unit-holders, however, lose their capital gains tax credit and, if any realized capital gains exceed the annual exemption of £3,000, they are taxed at the full rate of 30 per cent capital gains tax.

This move favours the actively managed trusts and means that managers can concentrate on investment opportunities without having to worry about tax which may be payable in respect of realized capital gains. As a result the price of units should rise at a slightly faster pace than would otherwise have been the case, but anyone holding units pays the full rate of tax on realization if it exceeds the annual exemption.

By taking advantage of the annual exemptions it may be possible to build up a holding of units, or shares in investment trusts, without much contingent liability to capital gains tax. Even if it is intended to hold on to units, it may be a good plan to "turn them over" simply to establish a new and higher base figure for future capital gains tax calculations. This is done by means of a deal with the managers which can be undertaken for a nominal figure under which the units are sold back to the managers one day and the next day they are bought back. For capital gains tax purposes, however, the units have actually been sold (and, with any luck, the realized gain will be within the annual exemption), and they have then been bought again (at, of course, a higher price than the original purchase price).

That is one area where authorized unit trusts can score when compared with single premium unit-linked life policies. With the latter there is the right to switch between different funds operated by the life office and, unlike unit trusts, they will not be confined to equities and gilts. There are likely to be a property fund, a "cash" fund and, perhaps, a fund investing in commodities, etc. Over a 20-year period, up to 5 per cent of the initial purchase price can be withdrawn each year without any tax being payable at the time.

When, however, a single premium life policy is finally realized, the whole of the profit (taking into account earlier withdrawals which were tax-free at the time) is liable to higher rate income tax (but not standard rate tax). The tax position with a single premium life policy is just the same, even if the policy is linked to an authorized unit trust.

An increasing number of organizations are offering to manage unit trust portfolios for individuals. Sometimes they are offshoots of stockbrokers or insurance brokers. The aim is to keep the funds invested in authorized unit trusts but to switch them around to obtain the best return, depending on whether the main objective is capital appreciation or income, or a balance of the two

Small town gardens

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

Small town gardens can be bleak, often no more than squares of lawn or paving surrounded by narrow beds. Their owners may want good gardens but have given up in despair. If you feel like this let the July weather inspire you to plan improvements now and carry them out next winter. A change of layout and some new plants could work wonders.

A town garden, however small, should provide extra living space in summer and should look irresistible when seen from inside. Large, double glazed, hinged or sliding doors can serve as picture windows and open up to link house and garden together on fine days. You can make a garden picture in a tiny space; a sitting area can be surprisingly small, just wide enough to take a little table and a few chairs. It saves storage if you use sunroom-type furniture made of bamboo or cushioned white-painted wood which can be moved indoors and out with the sun. Boots' Provençal and Woodland ranges are covered with prettier materials than the usual florid offerings. You can have a permanent garden seat to serve as an eye catcher in reproduction stone or built of bricks and paving slabs. Raised flower beds at sitting height with wide-topped retaining walls, or simple, flat-topped masonry blocks act as extra seating or tables.

But first a garden plan must be drawn up. If your garden is of average size you can be adventurous. Using the lines of the house as starting points try to break up the space excitingly. Avoid sharp angles and vague, uncertain curvesthese never work; it is better to use straight lines that can be softened later with plants; and any curves could be segments of a circle. Most gardens are oblong so their longest line is a diagonal and some designs are based on a slanting diagonal axis with all cross lines at right angles to it. This confuses the eye as to the exact shape and extent of the garden, giving it depth and a touch of mystery. Awkward corners where the lines meet the perimeter can be masked with shrubs and climbers.

A long, narrow garden seems bigger if broken up into two or three smaller plots, each with a different character and not easily seen from each other. It also increases the apparent size of a garden to indulge in some discreet trompe l'oeil, narrowing lines as they recede from the view. You might experiment with levels using soil taken from one place to heighten others supported by retaining walls. People trip over a single step, so have two or three, remembering that garden steps should be much wider and shallower than those in a house. A pool adds light and movement and in a small garden is often best when raised. Outdoor lighting makes all the difference to summer evening entertaining and you can have outdoor electric

points for mower, powered tools or cooking gadgets.

A garden can be secret. To some seclusion is all important, others may be less worried about being seen than that they should see too much of their neighbours. It is difficult to sustain the illusion of living in a corner of Paradise if mundane figures can be seen mowing lawns or hanging washing in the middle distance. The boundaries of a large garden can be planted with trees and shrubs, but where every inch counts you must clothe the walls and fences, using trellis if necessary. Do not shut everything out. A tree, a tower, a distant view can be used as borrowed scenery and become part of your garden plan.

Use vertical as well as horizontal space and garden at all levels. I have mentioned raised beds which, if a garden tends to be dark, help to lift plants into the light. The sun shines on my working-height alpine bed for half an hour longer than on the paving alongside. Think in terms of aerial gardening with plants climbing, liana-like, on trees. A white wisteria looks dramatic on a dark cypress; another tree might take clematis, honeysuckle or a rose. Annual climbers—the cup and saucer vine, Cobaea scandens; canary creeper Tropaeolum canariense, with tiny, birdlike, yellow flowers; morning glories or evenrunner beans-can ring the changes on sunny walls. Climbers can be trained on light cross-beams or on wires to give shade and blur the view of your garden from neighbouring upstairs windows.

In a small garden plants and shrubs present a question of scale. Large plants with big leaves and flowers, such as hydrangeas or paeonies, can visually overwhelm little flowers, making them look bitty. You must decide whether you want a few, large, easily maintained plants or if you would enjoy caring for masses of small ones. As a compromise there are pony-sized versions of many shrubs such as Syringa velutina (palibiniana), a 3 foot lilac, and Philadelphus velleda, a 4 foot mock orange, while roses come in all sizes. Some clever gardeners manage small, organized jungles of great complexity, others rely on glossy greens, topiary, statuary, fine foliage and perfect finish.

The smallest garden can produce something to eat. Your one tree might be an apple, pear or plum. You can grow morello cherries on a shady wall and grapes, peaches or figs on a sunny one. Herbs look well among the flowers. Lettuces and radishes fill summer gaps where corn salad grows in winter. I have had great success with a compact bush tomato, Arla, which thrives in growing bags and am now trying it in the dehydrated Growboard, which is light to carry and swells when you add water. Its neutral colour is not an eyesore and the contents make a useful mulch next year and add to one's store of precious garden soil



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Cruelly stacked

by Jack Marx

Declarers who arrive at perfectly reasonable contracts, only to go down because the opposing trumps are cruelly stacked against them, may consider themselves entitled to at least some sympathy in exchange for their lost plus score. But sometimes they find that even this is withheld from them, since with a little more care or ingenuity they need never have been deprived of their just reward. On this hand from match-play, North-South at the first table had no cause for self-reproach on the grounds of their own bidding.

	43733	Dea	ici Dout
	♥ K3		Love A
	♦ KQ86		
	* 964		
void		•	Q108
QJ9	862		75
43			10952
KQJ	87		1052
	♠ AK 642		
	♥ A 104		
	♦ AJ7		
	* A3		
South	West	North	East
*	DBL	1 4	No

5 9

No

No

No

2 *

44

No

5 4

No END North-South were using the Italian Blue Club system, the artificial One Club promising upwards of 17 points. West's Double was part of an elaborate defensive network, for use on two-suited hands, against strong artificial openings and their responses; it denoted length in both the suit doubled and that of the opposite rank and colour. North's One Heart was also artificial, denoting at least six points including one Ace or two Kings. The other calls were natural or cue-bids. North's red-suit cue-bids were safe enough, even though without firstround control, since his first response had denied as much as an Ace and a King. As his trump support was no bet-

South won West's lead of Club King and rightly judged, when West renounced on the trump Ace, that there could be no hope at all unless East had to follow to four rounds of diamonds. He was delighted to find this was so, pitched his losing club on dummy's fourth diamond and ruffed a club in hand. He now impetuously cashed the two top hearts and ruffed his third heart with dummy's Nine. But East over-ruffed with Ten and still had a club for use as an exit card. He could not now be prevented from making his trump Queen at the end.

ter than it might have been, he wisely de-

clined South's grand-slam invitation of

Six Diamonds.

Declarer had slightly but fatally mistimed the play. After cashing diamonds and ruffing one club he should have entered dummy with Heart King and ruffed dummy's third club. Playing off Ace of Hearts, he will reach this position:

	♦ J95	position.
♥QJ ♣O		♦ Q 10 8
74	♠ K 6	

South can ruff his heart with any one of dummy's three trumps. East will over-ruff but will have become the victim of a trump end-play.

At the other table it was East-West who were using an Italian device, the Roman jump overcall. West bid Three Hearts over South's opening One Spade; this promised length in hearts and in the next higher ranking suit, ranking order considered circular rather than linear. Though their opponents did no more bidding, North-South feared possibly awkward distributions and with somewhat excessive prudence came to rest at Five Spades. South was quite equal to the task of making the 12 tricks he had not contracted for.

There is always a standing temptation to harass opponents who boast of their strength without indicating where it lies. Its advantage lies in upsetting their judgment rather than dislocating a well devised system.

		♠ AQ73	Dealer Wes
		♥AK6	North-South Gam
		♦ J 2	
		+A432	
4	964		1085
٧	J 108	3	♥ void

♦ 10875
♦ KQ943
♣ KQ 1065
♦ KQ 1065
♦ A6
♣ 98

 West
 North
 East
 South

 No
 1 ♣
 2NT
 DBL

 4 ♦ (!)
 DBL
 END

Despite the score and his knowledge that his partner had shown a minor two-suiter of sorts and that his side must be hopelessly out-gunned in top cards, it is difficult to be ecstatic in praise of West's bid. Nor does North's double of his least favoured suit seem very commendable when clearly he should have left the decision to his partner. However, it produced a modest plus score of 300.

anoon a	micros bin	3 3001 0 01 3	00.
West	North	East	South
No	1.	INT	DBL
2 +	No	3♦	3♥
No .	4 💙	No	4 🌲
No	5.	No	5 ♦
No	5 🔻	No	6 🔻

This West was better placed in having a right-hand opponent who had announced the heart suit, against which he discerned in his own hand some traces of defensive value. So he left his opponents unobstructed to bid themselves just one range too high. The tactic succeeded, for North-South bid competently to a good slam that failed only because of the highly improbable trump break. The resulting swing was 400 or 9 IMPs



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CHESS

Brainstorm blunder

by John Nunn

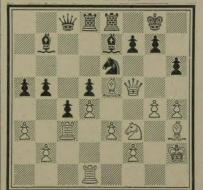
Although London has seen a number of international tournaments in the past decade there has not been an outstanding event to compare with some in other countries. That is until last April, when the Phillips & Drew Kings tournament gathered together many of the world's top players in the capital. Without a doubt this was the strongest event held in Britain since Nottingham 1936. Twelve grandmasters, including world no 2 Viktor Korchnoi, took part in the fortnight-long tournament. In one pleasant respect this tournament differed from the 1936 event since whereas 44 years ago the four British representatives occupied the last four places, two of the British players in 1980 achieved signal successes.

First, Tony Miles, who finished joint winner, had the best result by a British player this century. He has clearly returned to his tremendous form of 1977 after some slightly disappointing results last year, and has convincingly reaffirmed his status as Britain's top player. Second, Jon Speelman, who had given plenty of warning by his recent results, reached the grandmaster norm and has only to repeat this in one more event to gain the title. Curiously both these players were in trouble against bottom-marker Nigel Short and both swindled their way out of trouble, but otherwise their results owed little to luck.

Stockbrokers Phillips & Drew were the main sponsors but the Greater London Council contributed financially from their lottery and also provided a splendid venue in County Hall itself. My own play was a little below par and when things are going badly it is easy to find fault, but the smooth organization (courtesy of Stewart Reuben) and excellent facilities prevented me finding such a ready excuse!

Final scores were Miles, Andersson and Korchnoi $8\frac{1}{2}$, Sosonko and Speelman $7\frac{1}{2}$, Gheorghiu, Ljubojevic and Timman 7, Sax $6\frac{1}{2}$, Browne, Larsen and Stean $5\frac{1}{2}$, Nunn $4\frac{1}{2}$ and Short 2.

A second tournament, appropriately named the Knights, provided some younger British players with valuable international practice but was convincingly won by the experienced masters Botterill and van der Sterren.



It is White to move in this position which arose during the game Povah-Large from the Knights. White has attacking chances on the kingside but the immediate 27 P-N5 is answered by 27... P-N3 and 28... P-R4 closing the position. Perhaps 27 R-KN1 is objectively best but Povah had a remarkable idea (brainstorm?) involving a queen sacrifice.

27 Q-R5

Now threatening P-N5 since the reply ... P-N3 would leave the KRP undefended.

27 ... B-B1

Black intends ... P-N3 trapping the queen.

28 P-N5 P-N3

It seems that White must acquiesce to the blocking of the kingside after 29 Q-N4 P-R4 but this is where the sacrifice comes in.

29	PxP!??	PxQ
30	R-KN1ch	K-R2
31	B-B5ch	KxP
32	N-N5	Q-Q2

The most natural way of preventing NxP mate. Black had to avoid 32 ... R-K2 33 NxN and 34 B-B4 mate. The next few moves consist of White's attempts to renew the threat of NxN while Black defends against it. What is extraordinary is the calm way in which White proceeds, although a whole queen in arrears.

33 K-R1!

At once 33 NxN failed to 33 ... B-Q3, but now 33 ... B-Q3 allows 34 B-B6 while 33 ... N-N2 loses at once to 34 NxPch mating.

33 ... B-N2

Preventing 34 NxN due to 34 ... BxB but here Black missed a chance to refute White's sacrifice by 34 ...Q-K2! with a veiled attack on the KRP.

34 B-R2! R-KN1

Now 35 NxN loses after 35 ... B-K4 exchanging rooks, but 34 ... Q-K2 would still have won. Now White once again finds a quiet move to renew the NxN threat.

35 R(3)-B1!

In a panic Black decides to return the queen and in doing so throws away his last chance to win by 35 ... Q-K2 or 35 ... B-B3 36 NxN PxN 37 B-B4ch B-N4

35		B-K4?
36	BxB	NxN
37	BxQ	RxB
38	PxNch	K-N3
39	K-N2	

With equal material and oppositecoloured bishops the game should now be drawn but Black, obviously still in a state of shock from the preceding events, blunders horribly.

39		KxP??
40	K-B3ch	K-B4
41	RxR	Resigns

Many of the games in the Knights were every bit as imaginative as this example but unfortunately they were not visible to the public



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